Life and Career of Senator Robert Love Taylor (Our Bob)

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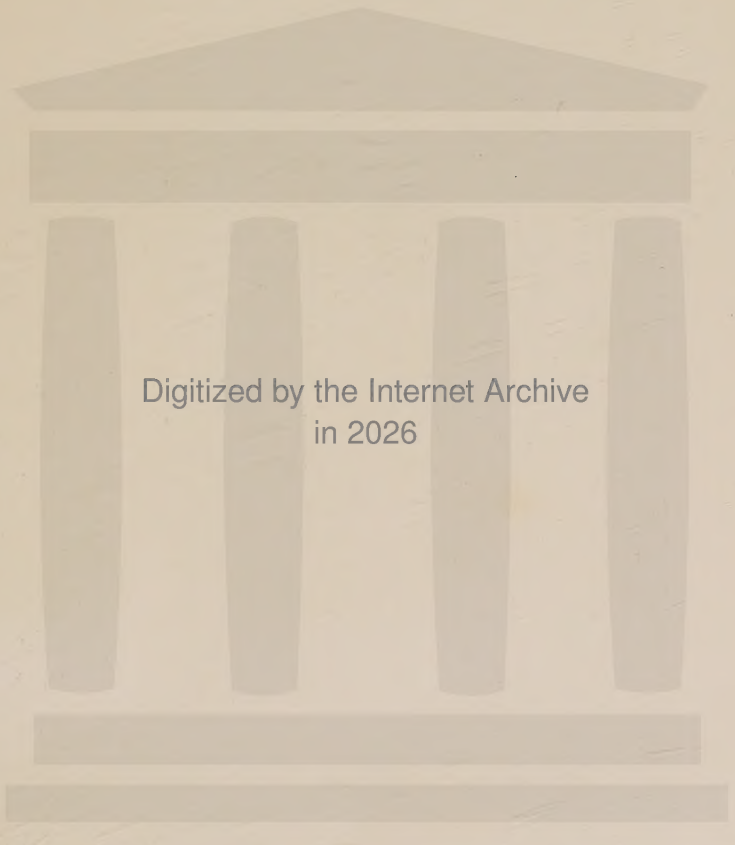

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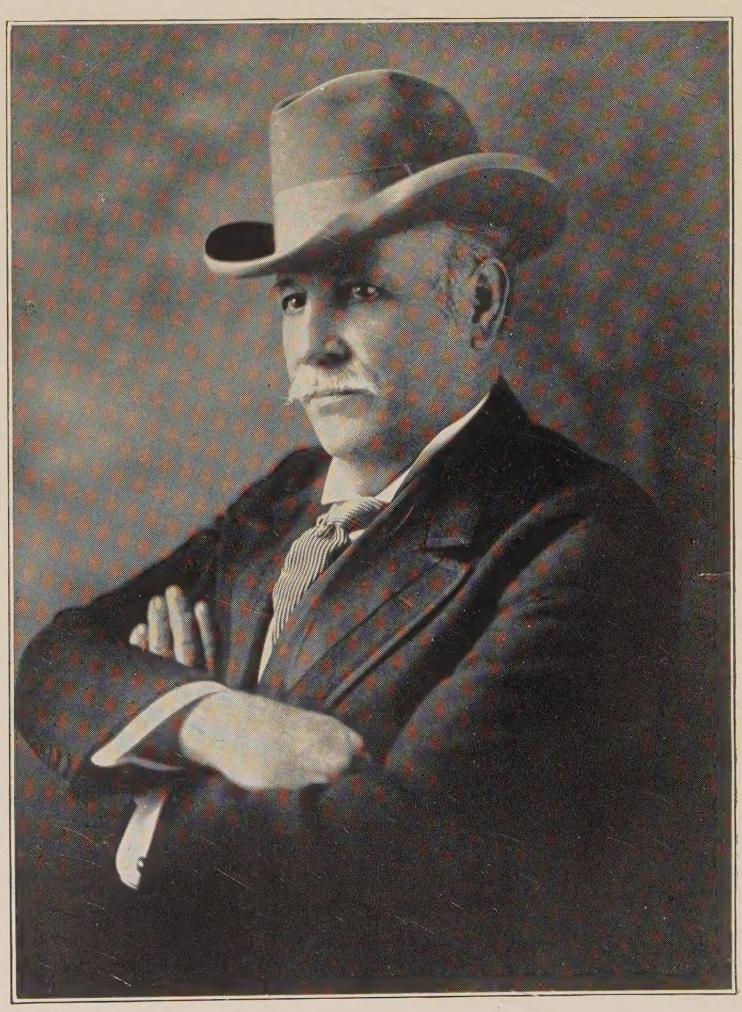

Senator Robert Love Taylor, from one of His Latest Photographs.

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LIFE AND CAREER

OF

Senator Robert Love Taylor

(OUR BOB)

BY

HIS THREE SURVIVING BROTHERS
JAMES P. TAYLOR,
ALF A. TAYLOR,
HUGH L. TAYLOR

Illustrated With Many Interesting Pictures of the Great Orator,
From the Age of Fifteen to the Age of Sixty Years,
Also With Views of "Happy Valley,"
Made Famous by His Lectures and Speeches.

THE BOB TAYLOR PUBLISHING CO.
Nashville, Tenn., U. S. A.
1913

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PREFACE

Immediately after Senator Taylor's death, even before his remains were deposited in the grave, there arose an insistent demand for his written life and lectures. While his body was lying in state in the Capitol at Nashville, being viewed by the passing throngs of weeping friends, hundreds were visiting the bookstores of the city in search of "Life Pictures," his latest work, containing a collection of his public addresses, lectures and magazines editorials. These were disappointed because the book could not be procured for the reason that it was "out of print" as a result of a fire in the publishing house, which destroyed the electrotypes, and old editions had been exhausted.

Soon scores of letters and messages began to reach each of the surviving brothers appealing to us to write the story of his life, and to compile and publish his lectures, suggesting that we knew him and his works better than others, and that, therefore, we were best fitted for the task. Convinced by this argument, and yielding to these importunities, we have performed the duty as best we could, and trust to the generosity of an appreciative and magnanimous public for a verdict of approval. Whatever else may be said, we have strictly tracked the truth in detailing facts, without a wish to give the slightest coloring. We have attempted to give only some of the most interesting incidents of his career as they occurred, from time to time, throughout his history—for to have attempted to relate *all* of them would have compelled us to write an additional volume if not many other volumes.

In addition to the biography of our brother, which is a work of collaboration, we have seen fit to insert some statements prepared by a few of his friends who knew him best, giving them due credit therefor.

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July 1930

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EARLY PICTURES OF "OUR BOB"

Age 15 years

Age 18 years

Age 20 years

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF SENATOR ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR, OF TENNESSEE, AFFORDING GLIMPSES OF HIS CHILDHOOD, YOUTH AND MANHOOD, TOGETHER WITH A DESCRIPTION OF HIS NATIVE HOME AND ITS ENVIRONMENTS IN THE BEAUTIFUL HAPPY VALLEY OF THE WATAUGA.

CHAPTER I.

EFFECT OF ENVIRONMENT AND HEREDITY ON CHARACTER; AND THE FAVORED ZONE OF ITS IDEAL DEVELOPMENT.

Always recognizing heredity as the chief factor in the formation of individual characteristics, mental as well as physical, the writer believes, nevertheless, that the innate potentialities of character and mental capacities in men are developed and actualized and ofttimes modified by environment. As a photographic negative is the potential picture of its prototype, to be developed into the actual by the conditions of light, chemistry and skill, so the infant is the potential man, bearing the impress of his progenitor or protoplast, to be developed, and perchance modified for better or for worse, by the mental, moral and material conditions of life that surround him. And just as a photograph may be made a composite of many different faces, bearing some feature of each, so an individual may be a composite inheriting and blending many different qualities and traits of character, mind and physique from a long line of ancestry.

All men are indued with certain potentialities—or germs, if you please—of good and of evil. Good environments will quicken the good, and bad environments the evil. We express substantially the same idea in the old saying that "men are the creatures of circumstances." The wandering nomad is the product of the conditions of the inhospitable desert; the savage is the child of the savage wilderness. The pagan and heathen are such because they are the

heirs by birth and teaching of false, idolatrous, material, man-made, and, therefore, fake religions. Bad citizenship is in great measure the result of bad government or of an ill-favored country, or both. Absolutism and bureaucracy, which constitute the ideal of bad government, are the father and mother of the destructive anarchist and nihilist. The highest and best types of peoples are, as a rule, the citizens and subjects of the best civil government, of whatever form. The better the country we live in, and the better its government and institutions, the stronger the ties that bind us to it; and the stronger those ties, the higher the order of our citizenship. Our love of country and its institutions is based entirely on what they can give us in return, and our good citizenship rests upon that love. The characters of men and even of nations, then, are to a great extent determined for good or evil by their surroundings; which is to say, they are *bred* as to character by the conditions under which they exist. The ignorant, the vicious and the criminal are bred in an atmosphere of ignorance, vice and crime; the enlightened, the upright and the virtuous in an atmosphere of culture and of virtue. The artistic temperament and the love of the beautiful are developed by association with the objects of art and with the beautiful in nature. But the writer believes that the profoundest impressions upon the minds and characters of men are received more largely from constant contact and association with the beautiful and sublime in nature than from art or any other temporary agency or influence; for nature is itself but the higher art of God, first model and primal teacher of all human art, whose tutorage is a breeding which no human art

can give. We maintain that climate, scenery, soil, and all the other resources and features of a country have very much to do in the forming of the character of its inhabitants. The cold, bleak and barren regions within the Arctic Circle can produce nothing better in the shape of man than the dull and stolid Esquimo, who, beyond the tenses of the verb *to be,* has never made a line of history. In those vast countries within the equatorial and tropical belts where perennial summer reigns, and where manifest nature spontaneously provides for the sustenance of physical life, we find the race deteriorated almost to the point of degeneracy by the enervating influence of the torrid heats and by the lack of the necessity of industrial energy. We find it under the sway and domination of the blind and unreasoning passions; volatile, unstable of purpose, intolerant of the wholesome restraints of law and civil government, and ever ready for change, revolution, strife, but rarely ever active in those wide fields of useful endeavor through which lie the paths of progress.

So it would seem, then, that the race can never thrive so well in those climatic extremes, and that for the higher—nay, the highest—types of men we must look within the limits of the North Temperate Zone, which furnishes every condition of nature suitable for human development. For it is within these limits that all history has been made and written; here lies the grand theatre of all the greatest actions and events which have signalized the career of man—the broad and resplendent stage on which the chief drama of human life has been enacted. Here is the cradle of the arts and sciences, of learn-

ing and civilization. It would be no exaggeration to assert that nowhere in this zone may be found a greater assemblage of those natural conditions favorable to the wellbeing, development and progress of the race than is to be found in this Republic, and nowhere in the Republic in more perfect complement than in those delightful regions of the country lying along the western base of the great Southern Appalachians.

If there are any spots on the face of the planet worthy to be described as paradisean in respect of beauty and grandeur of scenery, salubrity of climate, kindliness of soil and opulence of every other natural resource, it is here that some of these spots may be seen. Embracing the area bounded by the parallels 35 degrees and 36 degrees 30 minutes north (the golden climatic girdle of Mother Earth), stretching from the Appalachians to the Mississippi, or from the eighty-second to the ninetieth meridian west, lies the splendid State of Tennessee. Here, within the borders of this glorious region, nature has done her finest work in endowing it for the production of a type of men and women equal to the best and noblest of the race. Tennessee may as justly take pride in her sons as did the mother of the Gracchi in hers; for in every walk and activity of life they have acquitted themselves with high credit if not with the most distinguished honors. Many of them have borne a part in the making of some of the brightest, most glorious chapters of the history of this Republic. In the early days they were actors in that eventful drama of state-building so replete with thrilling romance and memorable tragedy. They were among the first of those dauntless and invinci-

ble pioneers of the rifle, axe, and Bible, who endured all hardships and braved all dangers in subduing and preparing a vast and hostile wilderness for the building of a mighty empire of states west of the Appalachians. The beginning and nucleus of that empire was the first permanent settlement in Tennessee by a community of pioneers known in our annals as the Watauga Association, on the River Watauga, in what is now Carter County, about the year 1768. The Watauga Valley had been previously explored about 1760 or 1761 by Daniel Boone, probably the first white man to set foot upon its soil. This settlement was made by pioneers from the then colonies of Virginia and North Carolina, conspicuous among whom were the Carters, and a little later the Taylors, ancestors of the subject of these memoirs.

In 1776 the territory now constituting the State of Tennessee was erected into "Washington District," in honor of George Washington, by the Legislature of North Carolina, to which colony it then belonged; and in the same year, or in the first part of the year following, *the first free and independent civil government in North America* was set up in Happy Valley by the Watauga Association, as a consequence of the neglect of the mother colony of North Carolina to provide adequate government, or any government at all, for her territory west of the mountains. The territory occupied by this Watauga Association embraced mainly the eastern end of the Watauga Valley proper, from the mouth of the Buffalo to its eastern extremity, and was in later years known as "Happy Valley"—a name given it by Hon. Nathaniel Greene Taylor, the father of Sen-

ator Bob, and suggested by that other famous "Happy Valley" imagined and described by Dr. Samuel Johnson in his celebrated philosophical romance of "Rasselas." There is perhaps no other region in America whose natural conditions can produce so apt a counterpart of Dr. Johnson's ideal vale in all its secluded charms as can those of its namesake—the Happy Valley of the Watauga. Besides all this, it is a spot that is hallowed by the fact that it is the real cradle of democracy and democratic government in the New World, and by the traditions, associations, memories, heroic deeds and romances of an heroic age—an age which produced men that were the peers of Leonidas and Miltiades and their armies, and women who were the equals of the Spartan mothers. Is there not a slumbering hero in every man—even the timid—who needs only the stimulus of occasion and circumstance to arouse and call him forth to deeds of valor? Has not this been demonstrated many times in the experience of ages? Here, then, were the conditions, occasions and circumstances to arouse and call him forth to deeds of valor. Here were the conditions, occasions and circumstances which made every man a hero and every woman a heroine. Here was the vanguard of the advancing Anglo-Saxon empire face to face with the savage tribes of an unconquered wilderness—the point of a wedge of steel which the Old World was driving into the New, rending asunder the barriers of a barbaric dominion and power that was cumbering the vast, rich, mysterious interior of a virgin continent, and thus making way for a useful and beneficent civilization. Here a mere handful of the flower of the Caucasian race, having placed them-

selves beyond the reach of easy or immediate support or succor from the colonies to the east and south of them, were aggressively confronting hordes of aborigines as fierce and brave, as treacherous, cruel and bloodthirsty as the Tartar warriors of Genghis Khan! And this at a time when the whole country was engaged in its struggle for independence. Here life was virtually a continuous military campaign. Every log cabin was a fortified camp. Their rifles never rested empty. They slept upon their arms by night, and stacked them in the fields of labor, in the houses of worship, at the public councils by day. Every male was a soldier, and every female a reinforcement in reserve, who became a fearless Amazon comrade in the hour of extreme peril. There were enemies in front and flank and rear, for the war of the Revolution was then raging in Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia, and British emissaries were inciting the Indians to greater hostilities against the white settlers on the frontier. Our annals and traditions tell us much of the story of that Revolutionary period, and also of the years immediately preceding and following, affording us a fairly good glimpse of the dramatic incidents and events which filled the strenuous career of our sturdy pioneer forefathers.

The paternal great-grandmother of the writer and of Senator Bob, Mary Taylor, nee Mary Patton, of Virginia, whom the writer knew well in his boyhood, and who died in Happy Valley about the year 1856, at or near the age of ninety, could relate at first hand many interesting stories of Revolutionary times, whose incidents occurred when she was a girl in Virginia, and also of the period imme-

diately following, when she came to Tennessee as the bride of our great-grandfather, General Nathaniel Taylor, who served under General Andrew Jackson in all of the Southern Indian wars and in the second war with Great Britain, during the first and second decades of the past century, and who died long before the writer was born. The stories of this grand old lady would fill a volume, and to undertake to give them here would be futile. The writer, in his boyhood, knew several other very aged persons who had lived through those stirring times of history-making, and was often spellbound by their narratives.

There was in our family an old negro, Solomon by name, whom we honored with the sobriquet of "Bonaparte" because he reminded us of the great Corsican in some of his traits of character, especially in the forcefulness of an indomitable will joined to a remarkably clear intellect, though totally illiterate, of course; also in his executive ability, his bravery and his fighting qualities. He knew nothing of what is meant by the word *fear,* most especially in his relation with "common niggers," among whom he was king. But in his old age he became a most devout Christian, which greatly softened his temper and assuaged his stormy nature. According to his own account of himself, he was born a prince in the old Congo kingdom in Western Africa; at the age of twenty-two was captured in one of its frequent civil wars and sold into slavery, and landed from a slaver at Charleston, South Carolina, not long after the Revolution, or about 1788, when he was bought by our great-grandfather, above-mentioned, and brought to Happy Valley. Proving himself, like

Plato, to be no ordinary slave, having learned English with remarkable facility and speed, and exhibiting a judgment and aptitude above the capacity of most of the ordinary white men of the neighborhood, the General made him his overseer and manager, and placed all his negro forces under his absolute command. They obeyed his orders with much greater promptitude than those of the General himself, for they *had to* or feel the sting of his unsparing lash. His agricultural operations from year to year on the estate were remarkably successful and profitable, for in those days good management was supplemented by a virgin soil of great fertility. Thus he served three generations as "boss" for each succeeding master, and virtually boss of the masters themselves and of their families, for he never hesitated to administer to the young sons of the family a sound drubbing when caught in mischief during the absence of the "governor" and the "missus," and this by their sanction. The writer, the future Senator Bob and all the rest have often felt the cogency of his arguments with the birch when caught depredating upon his dominions of the family garden and strawberry and melon patches. His *fundamental* reasonings on moral turpitude and the importance of early piety in these tragic interviews were by far more effective and convincing—especially to the young Senator-to-be—than the ablest efforts of a Kant or a Locke! But for all this, the more he thrashed us the more we loved the old darky, for when we happened to be "good" he was better and kinder to us, if possible, than our own parents, and immensely more entertaining with his innumerable stories. He would, at times of leisure, talk to us by the hour, tell-

ing us thrilling tales of African life in the Congo country; about lions, leopards, elephants, giraffes, baboons, monkeys and snakes, and his adventures with these and other kinds of wild and ferocious animals of forest, jungle and veldt; about the black tribes and their manners and customs; about the great Congo River, the largest in Africa, the second largest in the world, and next to the Nile in length; about his battles and exploits in the Congo civil wars; how he was taken prisoner in battle, sold to white men, and, bound with chains, placed in the hold of a slave ship; how he struggled to free himself, and by his struggles lacerating and bruising his legs and ankles, and then would show us their ugly scars. Then he would shift his story-telling to our own land and tell us about the early times in Tennessee, for he had known many of the original settlers—long since passed away—actors in that wonderful drama of the New World. He had known General John Sevier—who was called the "Thunderbolt of the Mountains"—and had heard him tell the white folks of his battles and adventures with the Indians and the British. He knew many of the particulars of the battle of King's Mountain, which he had learned from men who were there as participants in the ranks. His favorite oral historian was Private Anderson Kite, who went through that short but memorable campaign from start to finish. The old black Bonaparte would relate to us the interesting details and episodes of the expedition and the battle and their topography as described by the aged veteran; how, at the summons of General Sevier (then Colonel of Washington County), the men of Watauga assembled at the historic spot on our premises known

as Sycamore Shoals, and were there joined by Colonel Shelby, of Sullivan County (afterwards Governor of Kentucky), and Colonel Campbell, of Virginia, and their respective forces, all eager to meet a new enemy (the British) and try conclusions; how, before setting out on their march, they held Divine services, which were conducted with great fervor and impressiveness by the Rev. Samuel Doak, founder of Washington College, who took a text most befitting the occasion, from Judges 7: 18-20, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

The old negro would show us the exact spot where the venerable preacher stood, as pointed out by Private Kite, which was under a wide-spreading, ancient beech standing at the ford at the head of Sycamore Shoals. Then he would tell us how, upon reflection, it occurred to Colonels Sevier and Shelby that they were leaving their families and homes unprotected against the Indians, for every able-bodied man of these counties had responded with alacrity to the call, eager for the expedition, and not one was willing to remain at home. To meet the difficulty, the officers were compelled to resort to a *draft* to determine, not who should go to war, but who should stay at home!—the only *reversal* of the draft system in history, so far as the writer's knowledge extends—and shows the stuff of which those men were made. So one-eighth of the respective forces of the two commanders was detailed by this method to return and remain at home; whereupon the rest of the little army of Spartans, less than one thousand strong, took up their long and arduous march for King's Mountain.

But space and the scope and requirements of this work forbid the further recital of the story, whose glorious denouement is well known to those conversant with their country's history. It is only the aim of the writer to deal, as occasion requires, and as briefly as possible, with incidents and events tributary to that general history, but locally associated and identified with the history of Tennessee and her heroic pioneer settlers.

At many points in East Tennessee are the sites of various defensive works erected by the first settlers for their safety from hostile Indians and for repelling their attacks. On the Taylor homestead are two such sites of different periods, which old "Bony" often showed us as pointed out to him by Veteran Kite and others who saw them—one of an earlier date, situated on high ground about three hundred yards south of the ford at the head of Sycamore Shoals, name unknown or forgotten, and one of a somewhat later time, known as Fort Lee, situated on a similar elevation half a mile to the southwest of the ford and about three hundred yards below the old, original Grandfather Taylor residence near Gap Creek. These fortifications were not of an enduring nature, but were merely stockades—quadrangles consisting of lines of logs faced on two opposite sides and set in contact, face to face, in the ground, reaching to a height of eight feet above the surface, and pierced with loopholes for firing from within. Inside these quadrangles were log buildings for shelter and for dwellings and places of refuge for the settlers of the surrounding neighborhood in times of danger. In Fort Lee occurred a romantic incident which gave to General Sevier a beautiful bride.

In July, 1776, an expedition from Echota, on or near the Tennessee River, led by the Indian chief, Oconastota, was threatening the Watauga Settlement, and an immediate attack on Fort Lee, garrisoned by Sevier and his men, was hourly expected, but for some cause was delayed for several days. By reason of this delay, vigilance at the fort, whither the settlers had fled for protection, was somewhat relaxed. On the twenty-first of the month a party of women wandered from the stockade in quest of berries that grew in the adjacent fields. Among these was Catherine Sherrill, a blooming maiden of twenty. Tall, lithe and graceful as the Goddess of the Chase, accustomed from childhood to the stress of pioneer life, she was as strong and agile as a panther and as swift of foot as a deer. Kate had wandered farther away than the rest of the party, when suddenly a blood-curdling warwhoop smote her ears, and from the neighboring woods three hundred painted savages rushed into full view, intending to capture the stragglers and make an assault on the fort. Those of the party who had not strayed so far turned and ran, reaching the gate in safety, but it was now a doubtful race for Kate. Unable to reach the gate without being intercepted, she changed her course and made for another point of the stockade wall and reached it, and with a single bound caught over the top with her hands, and, raising herself by her strong arms and dexterous feet, sprang over the wall and into the arms of the gallant and handsome commander, who then and there lost his heart to a lovely maiden, and not long afterwards found it again in a fair young bride, whom he called

his "Bonny Kate," and whom we delight to honor and commemorate as "The Mother of Tennessee!"

The venerable old quasi-slave, Solomon, or "Bony," as we nicknamed him, who had served three generations of Taylors through the vicissitudes of eighty-eight years, died in 1870 at the age of one hundred and ten years. By reason of his superiority of mind and character, his state of slavery during his whole career up to the Civil War was merely nominal. The Emancipation Proclamation had no effect whatever on his course of life or on his personal relations with "his white folks," for he already enjoyed the *substance* of what the Proclamation gave. He had always been permitted to do as he pleased, because he pleased to do right, and thus found in this course the perfect liberty of righteousness to be found in no other conduct of life, either by white or black. He was the greatest negro the writer ever knew. He towered above the average of his race like an Alp above the foothills. His mental powers were amazing, handicapped, as they were, by absolute illiteracy. His faithfulness was like the alternations of day and night. His integrity of character was like the Rock of Gibraltar, and he was as devoted to the service of his God as Abraham. He knew how to command because he knew how to obey, and how to instruct because he had been instructed by the spirit of the Master. The burden of his soul in his talks with us, his "young masters," was to promote our own good, physical, moral and spiritual—in short, to help our parents to make *men* of us if such were possible. No one of us, however, seemed so deeply impressed and influenced by his admonition and his

Senator Robert Love Taylor at His Desk in the Senate Building—Realizes His Dream of Thirty Years.

philosophy of life as the boy, Bob Taylor, because he was the most susceptive and impressive in his nature; and it is evident to us that, supplementary to the ceaseless teachings of cultured and pious parents, he put into practice in after life many of the old black philosopher's homely moral precepts and maxims, and profited by many of his examples.

CHAPTER II.

BOB TAYLOR'S BIRTHPLACE, HAPPY VALLEY—BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS PATERNAL ANCESTRY—HIS FATHER AN ORATOR—HIS PATERNAL GREAT-GRANDFATHER A MILITARY MAN.

Tennesseans have rendered valiant and distinguished services in all the wars of the Republic from its birth to the present day. Three of them have served with honor and marked efficiency in the highest office within the gift of man—the presidency of the United States. They have plucked honors from all the professions and employments incident to civil life. In the peaceful walks and vocations of the present generation, few of the sons of Tennessee have, within their respective spheres of action, yielded a greater measure of useful and beneficent service, both public and private, or exerted a greater influence for the uplift of humanity at large, than the subject of this biographical sketch—Senator Robert Love Taylor. Born at Happy Valley, Carter County, East Tennessee, July 31, 1850, he was the third son of Nathaniel Greene Taylor and Emma Taylor.

To avoid confusion in the mind of the reader, it should be stated parenthetically that, apart from the name as applied to the valley at large, the estate with the residence of Hon. N. G. Taylor, situated in the valley, bore the local name of Happy Valley, it being also the name of the post office existing there at that time. Hon. Nathaniel G. Taylor (1819-1887) was the son of James P. Taylor I. and Mary C. Taylor, daughter of Landon Carter, of Elizabethton, Tennessee (named for his wife, Elizabeth), who was

the son of John Carter, who was a conspicuous figure in the first settlement of the State, and was a member of the first constitutional convention of North Carolina, while Tennessee yet belonged to that State. In this connection, it is a remarkable fact that John Carter; his son, Landon (for whom Carter County was named); his grandson, William B., I., and his great-grandson, William B., II.—each in his day—were members, respectively, of four constitutional conventions, John having served in that of North Carolina just after the Revolution; Landon in that of Tennessee, at Knoxville, in 1796; William B., Sr., as President in that of 1834 at Nashville, and William B., Jr., in that of 1870 at Nashville. James P. Taylor I. was the son of General Nathaniel Taylor, mentioned in Chapter I. of these memoirs, who was the son of Andrew Taylor, who came to Tennessee from Virginia and settled on the Watauga.

James P. Taylor I., our paternal grandfather, was a lawyer of distinction and was the first Attorney-General of the First Judicial Circuit of Tennessee. Hon. N. G. Taylor, his son, and father of Senator Bob, was an eminent divine, politician and farmer. He was educated for the profession of law, had read law and had been admitted to the bar. But deeply moved by the sudden death by lightning of his young and beautiful sister, Mary, on the occasion of a camp-meeting being held on the ground where Johnson City now stands, he was then and there converted, and not long afterwards became a minister of the gospel in the Methodist Episcopal Church, notwithstanding the fact that he had been brought up a Presbyterian. He was educated at Washington College, Tennessee, and at Princeton College, New

Jersey. At Washington College he was a classmate of Landon C. Haynes, Zebulon Vance, Robert Love and other noted men of his generation. At Princeton he graduated in the same class with John C. Breckenridge. As a minister he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and was at one time professor of *belle-lettres* in Athens University, or Grant University, at Athens, Tennessee. He was also one of the most prominent politicians of the State in the good old days of clean, honest and patriotic politics. He figured in many political campaigns, both state and national. He several times canvassed with Andrew Johnson as antagonist and competitor, and in one campaign was defeated by Johnson for Congress, he being a Whig and Johnson a Democrat. He was twice elected to Congress from the First Congressional District of Tennessee, was presidential elector for the State-at-large on the Bell and Everett ticket in 1860, and served as Commissioner of Indian Affairs under President Johnson. In the campaign of 1860 he took his stand for the preservation of the Union, and never wavered throughout the great conflict that followed. The majority of the political leaders of East Tennessee were in line with him, as were also the great mass of the voters. In his speeches during this campaign—and especially in his memorable address at Memphis, delivered before a vast audience—he protested with great eloquence against the secession movement then in contemplation, and with the clear vision of a prophet graphically depicted the unutterable woes that would (and did) befall the South as a consequence of what he deemed an unwise, ruinous and suicidal course. He was an inalienable friend of the

Union from principle and from consideration of national safety and well-being, and no less a friend of the Southern people. He maintained in his arguments against secession that the seeds of self-dissolution and destruction were ineradicably inherent in the doctrine of State sovereignty; that, granted the successful establishment of a new Confederacy of Southern States, it would finally go to pieces by the operation of the very principle they were trying to establish, precipitated by some future interstate quarrel. He insisted that absolute sovereignty could reside in but *one State*, or General Government, consisting of a Federation of minor States, bound together as a unit by an infrangible and indissoluble compact; that the degree of sovereignty of a State under this compact must be limited to internal government, subject to the constitution and absolute sovereignty of that General Government. But (though he had hosts of very dear personal friends and kinsmen on the Confederate side) he could not escape nor withstand the animosities inseparable from the position he chose as a citizen of the South, and in September, 1863, as the conflict waxed hotter and hotter, he was forced by the deadly pressure of events to leave his home and take refuge within the Federal lines in the City of Knoxville, then occupied by General Burnside and his Ninth Army Corps. In consequence of the movements and clashes of the hostile armies in East Tennessee, the country was practically laid waste, and its inhabitants, consisting mostly of women and children and the aged and the sick (for the able-bodied men were absent), were on the verge of starvation and nakedness. Appalled at the state of things, he at once conceived the idea of

making an appeal to the Northern people for help. Accordingly, he invited a number of the leading citizens of Knoxville to a conference and laid the matter before them, outlining his plan of procedure, which received their unanimous approval, together with pledges of their hearty support. He also consulted General Burnside and General Samuel P. Carter, a near relative, and received their approbation and their written endorsements and commendations addressed to important people in the North; also similar endorsements from President Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor of Tennessee. Thus heavily armed, he proceeded on his way first to Cincinnati, then to Philadelphia, thence to Boston, thence back to New York City, and thence finally to Portland, Maine. At Cincinnati he was kindly received, his harrowing story heard and responded to with liberality, notwithstanding the fact that the city was already burdened with hundreds of destitute refugees from the South, whom the city felt compelled to relieve. At Philadelphia he was heartily welcomed, and addressed a mass-meeting in the Academy of Music, whereupon a Relief Association was formed, of which ex-Governor Pollock was made president; J. T. Thomas, secretary; Caleb Cope, treasurer; J. B. Lippincott, chairman of the Committee of Collections, and Lloyd P. Smith, chairman of the Executive Committee. The citizens of Philadelphia contributed considerably over $20,000, in addition to which there were large donations from other towns and cities in the State. At Boston his reception amounted to an ovation. On the tenth of February, 1864, he addressed a vast assemblage of Bostonians in Faneuil Hall, when he was introduced by

Hon. Edward Everett in such a speech as only Edward Everett could deliver. Upon the suggestion of Hon. J. W. Edmunds, the audience elected officers for the occasion. Hon. Edward Everett was chosen president of the meeting; Governor Andrews, Mayor Lincoln, A. H. Bullock, Charles B. Goodrich, Robert C. Winthrop, William Clafflin, Charles B. Loving and some others, vice-presidents, and Samuel Frothingham and Colonel F. L. Lee, secretaries. The limited space assigned to this work forbids a description *in extenso* of all the details and incidents of this memorable meeting. Suffice it to say, however, that it was one of the greatest occasions, if not *the* greatest, of Colonel Taylor's life, and the most notable triumph of his eloquence in appeal for the cause of suffering humanity. His audience was swayed by his power as a forest in full leaf is swayed by the tempest. His appeal for his people readily found its way through their hearts to their purses, which were freely emptied for his cause. At the conclusion of his address Mr. George B. Upton offered resolutions expressive of the profoundest sympathy for the people of East Tennessee, praising their loyalty, fidelity and courage, deprecating their sufferings and hardships, and signifying an unhesitating willingness to render aid and relief, which resolutions were unanimously adopted. A Relief Association was soon organized, selected from among the distinguished gentlemen above-named, and contributions began to pour in like water. The net result was a contribution from the people of Boston of $100,000 cash, besides many heavy boxes and bales or pack-

ages of clothing, and boxes and barrels of provisions, vast in the aggregate, all consigned to the Relief Association of Knoxville, which was composed of the following gentlemen: Rev. Thomas W. Humes, president; Executive Committee, William Heiskell, Samuel Rodgers, Judge O. P. Temple, Colonel John Baxter, R. D. Jourolmon, Parson William G. Brownlow, David Richardson, and George M. White; John M. Fleming, secretary, and M. M. Miller, treasurer.

Next Colonel Taylor canvassed Maine, then New York City and State, and towns in Connecticut and other points, with liberal responses from all. The aggregate result of his appeal to the Northern people, from all sources, was $252,205.51. Less expenses, this huge sum, converted into clothing, provisions and other necessities, was faithfully and honestly distributed among the destitute and suffering people of East Tennessee, Confederate families sharing the distributions with Union families at the hands of the committee and its agents, without uncharitable or ungracious discrimination, as the writer is informed; and thus, through his initiative and efforts, backed by the committee at home and reinforced by the generous cooperation of Mr. Everett and many other influential Northern men, the people were rescued from fatal calamity and tided over the most distressful, the most critical and perilous period in the history of the country. It was the crowning achievement of his life.

He was an orator of the first rank, and withal one of the most accomplished extempore speakers of his day. On the most sudden and unexpected occasion or emergency he was as ready to respond happily with an appropriate speech, oration or sermon as

if he had taken hours for preparation. He could always think best on his feet. Each occasion furnished him its own inspiration. He was a ripe scholar and widely read in all the classics and all the current literature of his time. If he was considered somewhat over-florid and extravagant in his rhetoric at times, he was excused on the part of his critics for the nobleness of his thought. But his fervor and dramatic manner, in moments of exaltation and white heat, never descended below the plane of true eloquence, nor approached the "sickly sentimental" or the maudlin of the young and callow sophomore, but always maintained the manly dignity of a Webster or a Cicero. To the vivid and fantastic imagination of a poet he joined the reasoning and analytical powers of a profound logician, and supplemented these with a masterly command of the elocutionary art. His addresses, secular and religious, were models of strength and beauty—often of sublimity. This perfect adaptation of parts, their symmetry of the whole and their grace of embellishment reminded one of a Corinthian column, which is esteemed the finest conception and example of strength united with beauty.

He was a born comedian and tragedian combined, and was scarcely surpassed as a mimic. Although never behind the footlights in his life, he could, on occasion, inject these arts into his addresses, where propriety permitted, and convulse an audience with laughter almost to the point of prostration, and then plunge them into tears and weeping as if they were so many helpless infants. He was a man of the mental and physical type of Edwin Booth, whom he somewhat resembled in features, especially when

Booth was on the stage as "Hamlet." He loved his home life in Happy Valley, and was a farmer of no mean rank. His theories and methods of practical farming were scientific for that day, and distantly foreshadowed the scientific system of agriculture now in vogue. Such, in outline, was the father of Senator Bob Taylor.

CHAPTER III.

BOB TAYLOR'S MATERNAL LINEAGE—HIS HUMOROUS MATERNAL GRANDFATHER AND STORIES ABOUT HIM—LOVE STORY OF BOB'S PARENTS.

As before stated, the Senator's mother, the wife of Colonel N. G. Taylor, was Emma Haynes, daughter of David Haynes, whose father, George Haynes, was a pure German, who emigrated from the Fatherland when a very young man and came to America not long before the Revolution. When war broke out he joined the ranks of the American army, and served as a private soldier under General Marion in South Carolina to its close. Soon after the war he came to Tennessee, married a Miss McInturff, who was of Scotch stock, and settled on a farm he had entered at the head of the Buffalo, a minor tributary of the Watauga, in what is now Unicoi County, where our maternal grandfather, David, was born in 1788. It is more than probable that the name Haynes is a modification of what the Germans would write as *Hein* or *Heins*. In the early days the family wrote their name *Hains* or *Haines*, and later substituted the "y" for the "i" and wrote it *Haynes*.

David Haynes, our maternal grandfather, married Rhoda Taylor, daughter of Matthew Taylor, of West Tennessee, who was a near relative of our Taylors of upper East Tennessee, and reared a family of twelve children—seven sons and five daughters—George, Landon C., Mary, Matthew T., Lavinia, Edna, Emma, Margaret, David, James, Napoleon B. and Nathaniel T., the only one surviving, and now in

his seventies. Two of the sons, Matthew T. (the father of our present Chancellor, Hon. Hal H. Haynes) and Landon C., attained to eminence and distinction as lawyers, and Landon C. in politics also. Landon C. Haynes was a Senator from Tennessee in the Confederate Congress at Richmond, and was a famous advocate and orator. David Haynes, abovementioned, the progenitor of this family, was a man of the rarest natural gifts, though he was not highly educated. He was endowed by nature with the gift of originality, initiative, amazing executive ability, resistless firmness of character, invincible will, tireless energy and exhaustless mental resource. Where there was no way, he made a way; when there was an obstacle in his way, it was so much the worse for the obstacle. He never compromised with men or obstructions by going around them to get by; they had to move around him. Nevertheless, being a man of sound, practical judgment and discretion, he rarely ever deliberately engineered his course of action directly against opposing men or other formidable obstructions, but chose his right of way with salutary prudence and diplomacy when possible to do so. He avoided clashes with his fellowmen when he could, but never shrank from conflict when nothing else would do. He swept aside what other men considered impossibilities as the wind drives chaff before it. He was a mechanical engineer and millwright of the old school, who located water powers, laid out mill and "dam sites," and built many mills, both grist and lumber mills, in upper East Tennessee. The grist mills in those days were primitive affairs and of two kinds—the "Tub Mill" and the "Over or Under-Shot Mill." The tub

mill was driven by a horizontal water wheel on a vertical shaft extending through the upper floor, upon the top of which shaft the runner of a pair of millstones was fixed. The wheel was of wood and was the prototype from which has been evolved the modern turbine. It was the invention of one Willis, whose worthy name, ignored by history, is lost to glory and to fame. This style of mill is said to have no sooner finished grinding one grain of corn than it unanimously hopped on another, so that its patrons had to be almost a week or two ahead to keep in bread. The writer can testify to the truth of this allegation, for he once "tended" one owned by his father. At night he would set the old rattle-trap to "deliberating" over a bushel of corn, go to bed, and next morning find it arguing with the last half of the last peck! It was a philosopher and believed in taking things easy, but its hungry patrons did not all share in this view.

The other style, or over-shot mill, did much better. It could dispose of almost a dozen grains while the old tub was discursing one. All the mill machinery in that day, including the water wheel, was constructed of wood, even to the cogs of the master spar-wheel, counter-wheel and trundler, the wood of the cogs being the toughest and hardest seasoned hickory and dogwood. But Mr. Haynes was a good workman and built the very best mills of their kind. The sawmills of that time were driven by the old-fashioned "flutter-wheel," placed at the base of an immense "fore-bay," and operating sometimes under a "head" of water twenty feet high above the wheel. When the gate was first drawn and the immense flood under pressure struck the wheel, it

certainly "fluttered" some. It sounded like a thousand threshing machines in motion and looked like a tornado in a turnip patch. The saw was of the pattern of the cross-cut, and was fastened upright in the center of a "sash," or frame, which was moved up and down by a "pitman" whose lower end was attached to the crank on the shaft of the flutter-wheel. It sawed lumber like a hot knife in butter when it first started, but as the head of water sank the strokes of the saw became slower and slower, till at last, the water column being exhausted, it would stop till another head was accumulated from a small stream. It utilized almost ten per cent of the power of the water, the ninety per cent running to waste.

Our Grandfather Haynes was a great stickler for firmness in business, and never failed to "kick" when he thought he was being imposed on, and would patiently wait for opportunities to "get even." On one occasion he employed a lawyer, Colonel James P. Taylor, our paternal grandfather, to file a bill in chancery and conduct the case to a finish. He charged a fee of $75.00 for his service. Mr. Haynes protested that it was too much and wanted to know just what it was all for, demanding an itemized statement of the work done. Whereupon Colonel Taylor rendered the following account:

David Haynes, in account with James P Taylor, attorney:

To drawing bill in chancery	$ 5 00
To conducting case in court	20 00
To benefit of my knowledge of Law and Equity	50 00
	$75 00

The bill was paid, but it rankled, though no more was said.

In about a year afterwards, when the transaction was seemingly forgotten, Lawyer Taylor conceived the idea of building a mill at Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga, and called Mr. Haynes to ascertain the amount of "fall" by leveling, and to locate the race and mill site. He did the work with entire satisfaction to his employer in about three hours. Lawyer Taylor requested him to make out his bill, which read as follows:

"James P. Taylor, in account with David Haynes, millwright and civil and mechanical engineer:

To leveling and locating race and site for mill.	$ 3 00
To walking to and fro, up and down stream, in conducting work	2 00
To benefit of my knowledge of civil engineering	70 00

"Haynes," said he, "I acknowledge the corn; you've got one on me; here's your money."

For many years he did all of his trading and purchasing of supplies at Jonesboro, the oldest town in Tennessee, distant from his home about twelve miles. But at last matters somehow got wrong between him and the merchants, who fell into the habit of bombarding him with bills for arrearages which he insisted he had paid, and in many cases there were grounds for this insistence. But finally he resolved he would get square with the town and stop his trades. Accordingly, he went in person, and after paying every dollar they demanded, took a clear re-

ceipt, not only from the merchants with whom he had dealt, but also from every other citizen in the town! They all knew him, and signed receipts to humor him. From that time to his death he hated Jonesboro, and to show his contempt for the place he would tell the following story:

He said that once upon a time a stranger passing through the town suddenly fell sick and died there, and when he went up to enter heaven he knocked at the gate, and St. Peter appeared and asked him what he wanted.

"I have just died," said the stranger, "in yonder world, and I want to enter in at this gate."

"What point in yonder world are you from?" asked St. Peter.

"From Jonesboro," said the stranger.

"Well, my son," said St. Peter, "I am truly sorry, but there isn't a single one of your fellow-townsmen here in heaven; we never take in people from Jonesboro!"

"Oh, but," said the applicant, "I was a stranger, just passing through the town, and suddenly took sick and died there."

"Very well," said the saint, "I reckon I'll have to let you in, but it's a ——— tight squeeze."

As before remarked, he was a man of wonderful energy, and couldn't brook idleness or slowness in anybody around him. If he had hired men or his negroes hoeing corn in the field and their movements were not brisk enough to suit him, he would storm at them, and, grabbing a hoe, would say: "Hoe this way, you lazy devils!" and would "make the dirt fly" in a way that would kill an ordinary man in an hour!

The Three Authors

JAMES P. TAYLOR

ALF. A. TAYLOR

HUGH L. TAYLOR

One day, having occasion to leave home on some business that would detain him till the next day, he ordered his hired plowboy to prepare a small fenced lot for planting to corn. As he was riding away he passed by the lot, when the boy stopped his plow horse and said:

"Mr. Haynes, what must I do when I get this done?"

"When you get over it," he replied, "turn on it and cross-plow it, and keep plowing it till the day of judgment, sir!"

On returning late in the evening of the next day, he rode up to the farm and found the boy still plowing. He had plowed it over more than a dozen times.

"How now? What is this, you infernal little idiot? Have you been plowing here ever since I left yesterday?"

"Yes, Mr. Haynes," said the boy; "the day of judgment hain't come yit, for ef it had you wouldn't be wearin' that overcoat!"

"Listen at 'im, now, listen at 'im! Oh, you good-for-nothing little impudent pup!" he exclaimed, and rode to the house, profoundly amused at the incident.

In matters of business he believed in certainties and in promptitude, and would never take risks on the failure or default or bad memory of others. When a man agreed to do a certain thing, or things, in any matter of importance, he would say to him: "Reduce it to writing and sign it right now; to-morrow you'll forget it, or deny it, and back out!" And he had to, or let that be the end of it.

The old man accumulated a large fortune in his business pursuits as millwright, farmer and trader,

and there is a tradition that at one time he could ride to the town of Jonesboro, twelve miles away, on his own land!

The Civil War found him a very old man, though strong and active for his years, for he never had known serious sickness in his life. But he was very lame from a large chronic ulcer caused by an injury. In choosing sides in the great conflict he followed the lead of his son, Landon C., and became a staunch Confederate, fiery and violent almost to the degree of fanaticism, and was naturally intolerant of political opinions antagonistic to his own. But for all that, he never entirely lost sight of discretion as the better part of valor—and the better road to safety as well. When confronted by dangerous, delicate and complicated difficulties, he was an artful dodger, as every good diplomat must be, and he had to meet many of these in the course of the war. He had a daughter, Emma Taylor, as he called her, and a distinguished and politically influential son-in-law, Hon. N. G. Taylor, on the Union side, and a very distinguished and politically influential son, Hon. Landon C. Haynes, on the Confederate side. This was a decided advantage to anyone who knew how to use it, and he knew. He was a pastmaster at shifting from the shelter of one protecting wing to the other, as the necessity of diplomacy and his own personal safety required. Among many incidents of the kind, the following will serve as an illustration:

One day in September, 1863, when the "Yankees" under Burnside were invading upper East Tennessee, and detachments of Federal cavalry were scouring the country, the old man decided that, in view of this state of things, it would be a good stroke of

policy to leave his home on Buffalo and visit his Union daughter, "Emeline" Taylor, residing at Happy Valley, ten miles distant. So, mounting his horse, he started on his proposed visit, and had proceeded about half way, when he met, face to face, a strong detachment of Confederate cavalry.

"Halt!" shouted the Lieutenant in command, and the order was instantly obeyed. "Old man," said the officer, "we cannot permit suspicious looking characters to pass this command; you look like one of these ——— Lincolnites of this part of the country, and you may be a spy. I have orders to shoot all spies proved to be such. Who are you, anyway, where are you from, where are you going, and what is your business? If you can't give a satisfactory account of yourself, you may consider yourself under arrest!"

"Gentlemen," replied the old man, "I am rejoiced to have the honor of meeting brave and valiant friends once more. Your mistake as to my identity—which I freely forgive in advance—only proves your virtue, your patriotism and your fidelity to a great and noble cause. As to your excusable suspicion of my being a ——— Lincolnite and spy, I have the honor and the pleasure to state, gentlemen, that you were never wider of the mark. I am risking my life, liberty and property every day among these God-forsaken Lincolnites for my devotion to the cause of Southern independence. I had started on a visit to my friend and compatriot, Colonel R. Love, who resides a few miles from here, hoping that I might by chance have this good fortune on the way which now falls to my lot—that of meeting you. My name is David Haynes, and I have the honor to be the father

of Confederate Senator Landon C. Haynes, now serving his country at Richmond, and a ——— smart man he is—a statesman whom Calhoun would be proud to call a colleague, and an orator Demosthenes himself would feel honored to acknowledge as a peer! I am an old man, gentleman, as you see, and afflicted these many years with an ulcerated leg, which has resulted in great lameness. I am unskilled in constitutional law and in national policies on the great questions now before us, never having had opportunity and leisure to study along these lines, but I have depended pretty much upon my son, the Senator, for information and advice by which to shape my political opinions, and it is enough to say, gentlemen, that my opinions coincide with his views on all public questions, pretty much."

As he finished his speech he drew forth several letters from the Senator in proof of his identity. Whereupon the delighted officer begged his pardon for his rude speech, saluted, and ordered three rousing cheers from the command in honor of the father of Senator Haynes, and offered to detail a guard to accompany him on his way, which he discreetly refused with thanks. They having exchanged many expressions of high mutual regard, the command opened and allowed the old man to proceed on his way.

He had ridden to a point within a mile of his destination, when all at once, passing round the sharp turn of a long lane, he was confronted by a column of blue-coated cavalry.

"There, by Moses!" he exclaimed to himself. "Yonder they come! Pale Death on a white horse!

What shall I do—what shall I say? By Moses, I'll fool 'em! I'll pull the wool over their eyes!"

"Halt!" cried the officer at the head of the column.

He halted.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the officer, "but we cannot permit you to pass this column unchallenged. We are sorry to have to detain you until you can give a satisfactory account of yourself. Under the circumstances of our meeting, you will doubtless at once recognize our action as proceeding from a military necessity, and not of our intention to show disrespect or to put upon you an indignity. You will, therefore, permit me to ask who you are, where you are from, where you are going, and what may be the object of your journey, and, finally, whether you are a Unionist or a Confederate in political principle. We wish also to know whether or not you have seen or heard of any Confederate forces on the march through this neighborhood within the last twenty-four hours."

"Well, Captain and gentlemen," said the old man, "before I make answer to the questions propounded, I wish to be permitted, on behalf of my loyal neighbors, to express the profoundest gratification felt in their having the good fortune to behold this glorious spectacle, so long hoped for and so long delayed—this soul-inspiring pageant of their country's flag waving in heaven and borne aloft by their country's soldiers! In anticipation of your coming, they have commissioned me, sir, to welcome this starry banner and their country's gallant defenders as harbingers of peace, liberty and protection to their lives and their homes! In response to your inquiries personal to

myself, I beg leave to state that my name is David Haynes, and that I am the fortunate father-in-law of Hon. N. G. Taylor, who married my favorite daughter, and who, in 1856, was our member of Congress, and in 1860 our elector for the State-at-large on the Bell and Everett ticket for President and Vice-President, and who is now in the North making speeches in the interest and support of President Lincoln and the Union. Gentlemen, I am a very aged man, as you see, and afflicted these many years with great lameness, resulting from an ulcerated leg—chronic in its nature—which has incapacitated me for the activities of life. I am unskilled, gentlemen, in matters of statesmanship and the momentous questions of the age, having led a strictly business life, and have, therefore, depended on my son-in-law just mentioned for information and advice by which to shape my general opinions; and it is sufficient to state, gentlemen, that those opinions coincide pretty much with all his views on pretty much all the general questions of the day."

"My dear sir," said the Captain, "it is needless to say more! We accept your ingenious explanation and are charmed by your convincing eloquence; we are satisfied. We have heard of your great and good son-in-law; he is all right and you are all right. We congratulate you; we salute you! You are at perfect liberty to pass on."

He lived to see the end of the war, and died in 1868 at the age of eighty-five years.

And now to return to his daughter and our mother, Emma Taylor, wife of Hon. N. G. Taylor. She was born at Mount Pleasant (the name being that of her father's homestead), in the Buffalo Val-

ley, Carter County, Tennessee, April 20, 1822, and was educated in the high schools of Elizabethton and Jonesboro, neighboring towns, which, at that early day, supported first-class schools for females. She studied in all the branches there in the curriculum for young ladies, including music, in which she was exceptionally proficient, and, among other fine attainments, became an accomplished pianist. As illustrative of her power to charm in music and in song, the writer craves the indulgence of the reader while relating a little romantic story in this connection, for she won a husband by this power, or, rather, averted what was about to be an irreparable disaster in love. Our father and she were engaged, but for some cause had had a lovers' quarrel; and by the exchange of a series of—well, we may say—hostile letters, their alienation was fast becoming an accomplished fact. At last he wrote her, requesting an interview, with the avowed object of either compromising their trouble or of quitting forever. By her consent the call was made, and the meeting, though seemingly cold and formal, was, nevertheless, attended with hidden regret and emotion on the part of both. When he looked upon her incomparable beauty, now softened and subdued by sadness which she could not conceal, he realized in his heart that he was not half as "mad at her" as he thought he was, and secretly voted himself an unmitigated idiot; and it is quite evident that she felt the same way toward herself and him. She was sitting on the piano stool, and after an awkward attempt on his part to open the subject of the interview, together with a few halting expressions of "polite" (?) regret for the situation, she slowly

turned to the instrument, and, gently gliding into the beautiful accompaniment, sang as follows:

"Come, rest in this heart, my own stricken dear—
Though thy love hath fled from me,
Thy home is still here.
Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of bliss—
And thy Angel I'll be mid the horrors of this.
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in thy heart
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

About that time, in the midst of the song, a young man with a contrite heart was on his knees at her side, sobbing and abjectly suing for pardon and reconciliation, which, it is needless to say, were then and there granted. And not long thereafter there was a happy wedding—which enabled the writer to relate this little story and to find the materials for these memoirs.

In originality, mental grasp and brilliancy, in force of character, strength of will, in energy of action and executive ability, she was like her father, but unlike him in her equability of temper, equanimity of soul and gentleness of nature—except when aroused by some intolerable provocation. Then to the lively imaginations of her youthful and mischievous sons there would seem to be a thunderstorm or a tornado; and, indeed, we would sometimes compare her just and righteous indignation to the forked lightnings or a whirlwind. But this rarely ever occurred because the provocations of this sort were rare, for scarcely anything short of some almost criminal act, or gross infraction of moral law or divine commandment, or violation of the amenities and decencies of social life, could awaken her indignation. But when such offenses did occur we thought the offender might well pray for the mountains to fall on him and hide

him from the fury of Nemesis! Her wrath was spiritual and intellectual, not the violence of the animal, and was wreaked in thunderbolts and fiery darts of righteous denunciation, which would make us young sinners feel small enough to crawl into an electron and never come out again! But, like the tornado, it was a matter of but a few moments, and then all was over. As in nature, the lightnings of her indignation returned to their slumbers, the clouds dispersed and vanished, and she was herself again—a May morning lasting all the year; and, like the May morning in nature, was made all the lovelier, all the brighter and more tranquil by the passage of the great meteor through her soul!

But if she inherited a great capacity for wrathful denunciation of evil-doing, she was at the same time endowed with a far greater capacity for gentleness, good will to humanity, and affection for her friends, kindred and family. She was deeply religious in her feelings and led a pious life. As a neighbor she was a model of kindness and affability. In her relations with the poor and needy around her, her free-heartedness was a veritable River of Charity. She gave with a liberal measure, pressed down, shaken together, heaped up and running over. She loved charity for its own sake, ever enjoying her reward in its exercise. She never conferred a gift or did a favor from the selfish desire or expectation of a future return. She overflowed with sympathy and compassion for the sick and the unfortunate, and her motives and desire to relieve distress were wholly unselfish and sincere. As an entertainer in her home she was incomparable. She was as versatile as the muses. In the good old days of yore the spirit of

sociability, good cheer and hospitality was much more generally active and kindly among the people of the land than seems to be the case nowadays. Our home seemed to be a favorite rendezvous for society at large, for father was a public man and a minister, and necessarily one of wide acquaintance. The elite of the land gathered there, the old and the young and the middle-aged, and from every vocation and profession, to have a good time.

"O, the rare old times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear;
When the Squire's hall and the cottage tall
Were filled with right good cheer;
And all the day, to the viol gay,
They frolicked with gladsome swains;
They are gone, they are gone,
And but memory remains!"

Our home was also a favorite and special resort for all the preachers of all denominations, who greatly enjoyed the intellectual and musical feasts which father and mother were able to set before them, and they at the same time were not averse to the more material entertainments which mother and her cooks could prepare so richly and abundantly, and the main element of which—especially for the Methodist preachers—was fried spring chicken by the roostful, of which the Baptist brethren also partook in reasonable quantities, as a poor and dry substitute, perhaps, for their own (alleged) *mellow* favorite, born of the apple, which, for various and sundry reasons, was not kept on tap.

Father was a fine singer, with a clear, rich, melodious voice, and would sing with mother at the piano. They had an extensive repertoire of music and of songs of all kinds, sacred and secular, civil, martial,

pathetic, narrative, sentimental, serious and comic. They had perfect command of the passions and emotions of their little audiences, and could make them laugh or cry or shout hallelujahs at will. In short, they sang all the popular songs of their day, which are now old-fashioned, out of date, and many of them obsolete. There was a funny song with which she always made people laugh heartily, though tragic in its ending. It was about a scolding wife, and ran thus:

"A man whose name was Johnny Sands
Did marry Betty Haig.
Although she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague;
For, O, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim;
She said that she was tired of life,
And also tired of him.
Said he, 'My dear, I'll drown myself—
The river runs below—'
Said she, 'Pray, do, you silly elf;
I've wished it long ago!'
Said he, 'For fear I courage lack,
And try to save my life,
Please tie my hands behind my back.'
'I will,' replied his wife.
She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
'Now stand,' said she, 'upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run.'
All down the hill his loving bride
Now ran with all her force
To push him in; he stepped aside,
And she went in, of course!
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
'O, save me, Johnny Sands!'
'I can't, my dear, though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands!'"

This song is a good illustration of what is meant by the phrase, "poetic justice," as the writer understands it. Her whole being was a synonym for optimism. She always looked for the best, and was not discouraged or dejected if the worst came instead. She seemed not to know that a cloud has a dark side;

to her there was a silver sheen on *all* sides. In her family, among her friends, among all classes and conditions, she was a perpetual sunburst. She was cheerful, brave and courageous in the presence of death, even in her own family, though, of course, her heart bled inwardly with sorrow, but it was a sorrow softened and sanctified by her faith in the wisdom, mercy and goodness of God, to whose will she meekly submitted without question. She loved her own kindred and her husband's people, and was proud of all among them who were worthy of pride. She felt a special pride in her brother, Landon C. Haynes, though she differed from him in politics before and during the great Civil War.

One day during that war he was chiding her for being on the Union side, to which she replied, not in anger, but with real sisterly affection: "My dear brother, it is most fortunate for you that I am on that side, for the day will surely come when I shall obtain your pardon, for the political mistake you are making, from the President of the United States." And she did. In 1865 she was living in Washington. She went in person to the White House and laid his case before President Johnson, who unhesitatingly granted the pardon.

She was a woman of high and noble ideals and of towering ambition for her husband and sons. She always thanked God that among all her children there were no idiots nor criminals nor worthless vagabonds. It was her daily aim and effort to mould the characters and develop the minds of her sons for honorable and useful careers in life, and she never ceased her efforts as long as she lived. One of her special ambitions was to see her son, Robert, made a United

States Senator, but she did not live to see the fruition of her hope. She fell asleep as she had lived—in the tranquillity and hope and glory of her lifelong May morning—to awake in that other May morning that illumines and glorifies the eternities of God and His redeemed.

CHAPTER IV.

BOB'S CHARACTER AS RELATED TO ENVIRONMENT—DESCRIPTIONS OF HAPPY VALLEY—LANDON C. HAYNES' DESCRIPTION—BOB TAYLOR'S TRAITS OF CHARACTER DESCRIBED—BOB'S OLD BLACK MAMMY, "AUNT NELLY"—TRIAL BY MOOT COURT MARTIAL OF BOB AND HIS COMPANIONS—SWIMMING INCIDENT—BOB'S HUMOR AND ORATORY WHEN A BOY.

Senator Taylor, from his earliest boyhood and throughout the years of his youth, was a receptive and plastic subject for all inspirational influences, aids and stimuli to nobleness of character, geniality of soul and brilliancy of mind that an ambitious and distinguished ancestry, a refined and cultured home life, good educational advantages, grand and picturesque natural scenery, a matchless climate, a generous soil and adequate wealth could yield. His native valley of the beautiful Watauga and lesser streams, the Doe, the Buffalo and the Stony, reposing like the Vale of Cashmere in the midst of green hills and towering mountains, half veiled in the purple haze that is born of "magnificent distances," is one of those charming spots of earth the like of which it would be difficult to find elsewhere, even within the limits of this vast region of bewitching sceneries. When the Divine Architect fashioned it He embodied His most exquisite ideals of terrestrial beauty and sublimity. Here He wrought also as Sculptor, Painter, Poet and Musician, and harmonized His handiwork with the last touch of Divine perfection. Here we look upon a broad valley cut like a cameo

in low relief from the rugged upheavals of nature, and flanked on the northwest by a cordon of bold hills and on the southeast by a lofty mountain range, notched and fluted and bisected by many a wild gorge and cove, through which rushes many a foaming torrent—a range whose towering crags and peaks lift their sculptured heads into the regions of eternal sunshine. From mighty gorges cut through these mountain masses emerge two pellucid rivers, the Watauga and the Doe, uniting their waters near the head of the valley and coursing it westwardly for several miles to the mouth of the Buffalo, a small stream, where the greater river suddenly bends through a gap in the hills and flows in a northwesterly direction to join the Holston. Supplementary to these rivers, the Divine Artist has studded the valley with innumerable springs of living crystal and interlaced it with numberless silvery streamlets winding through dell and woodland and meadow, and thus, subsidiary to the clouds, helping to clothe the land with summer's unfailing garments of leaf and flower and golden harvests and ripening fruits and making it as fair and delightful as the fields and shades of Vallombrosa.

It would be quite pardonable to indulge in the fancy that the Divine Poet-Painter had discriminated to the disadvantage of many other regions in the wonderful touches of His brush in nature as displayed in Happy Valley. For here He often seems to exhaust His palette of its colors in his gorgeous paintings of sky and stream and landscape in their varied and ever-changing moods of times and seasons.

When ruddy June at eventide lays aside her garments of the sun for her night-robe of stars, and, soothed by lullaby of thrush and robin, closes her drowsy eyes in slumber, one might imagine that half the visible universe had poured out its splendors upon her couch and canopy; that a thousand suns had yielded up their prismatic colors to His brush, to be spread upon the broad canvas of the sunset horizon. For there, on azure isles of cloud, amid seas of liquid gold, Hesperian gardens, rose-embowered, rise to view, and castellated cities aflame with jeweled glories, walls and turrets of topaz and emerald, rubied battlements, palaces of amethyst, steeples ablaze with diamonds, towers of sapphire and garnet, minarets of turquoise and opal! And when she has slept away the balmy night under the silent watch of the shining sentinels above her, it is then that Dawn, arrayed in gossamer draperies of silvery whiteness, with roses in her bosom and the morning star in her hair, comes tripping over the kindling mountain tops from her palace in the sun to awaken the glad world to new life and joy and song. For at the vernal blush of peach blow and apple blossoms, when April smiles, and when unfolding leaf and redbud hang their tapestries of green and pink on the forested hills, as well as in this magnificent month of roses, the Great Musician pours into the soft airs of the valley a mellifluent river of song—the love-notes of the cooing dove, the sweet cradle-song of the robin, the mellow flutings of the bluebird and the martin, the fife melodies of the lark and blue jay, the madrigal of the catbird, the lute-song of the redbird, the sil-

Rev. Nathaniel G. Taylor, Father of Bob Taylor.

ver bells of the wood thrush, the grand opera of the mocking bird, the martial drumbeat of the woodpecker, and the deep bass viol of the bullfrog away down on the river—all these and a thousand other melodies from a thousand other tuneful throats, blending with the sound of laughing wavelets and tumbling shoals, from sighing breeze and rustling leaf, from falling shower and rolling thunder, together with the drowsy music of the summer night from the voices of the insect world, make up nature's full orchestra on the fair Watauga.

And when summer has finished the scenes of this wonderful drama and is taking her departure for her winter home in the far-off southern zone, and October, brown and lusty, steals in, half in smiles and half in tears; and by the enchantments of her blue skies and amber sunshine, her hoar frost and glinting stars, casts upon tired nature her spell of slumber and dreams, behold now the greatest of the miracles of the Unseen Artist's brush on forest foliage of hill and vale and mountain side, on field and meadow, on all the wide landscape, His masterpiece, the Glory of the Dying Year, done in the tints and colors of a shattered rainbow!

ANOTHER VIEW OF HAPPY VALLEY.

The following is a good description of the old home and scenery by Landon C. Haynes. At a banquet in honor of members of the bar and bench, during a session of the Supreme Court at Jackson, Tennessee, some years ago, Gen. N. B. Forrest, during the evening, arose and said: "Gentlemen, I propose the health of the eloquent gentleman from East Ten-

nessee (naming L. C. Haynes), a country sometimes called 'The God-forsaken!' " Mr. Haynes responded as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I plead guilty to the soft impeachment. I *was* born in East Tennessee, on the banks of the Watauga, which in the Indian vernacular means 'beautiful river,' and beautiful river it is. I have stood upon its banks in my childhood and looked down upon its glassy waters and there beheld a heaven below, and then looked up and beheld a heaven above, reflecting like two vast mirrors, each in the other, its moons, its planets and trembling stars! Away from its rocky borders of cedar, pine and hemlock stretches a vale back to the distant mountains, more beautiful than the groves of Switzerland, more exquisite and grander than the placid vales of Italy. There stand the great Roan, the Black and the Smoky Mountains, upon whose summits I have seen the clouds gather of their own accord even in the brightest day. There I have seen the Great Spirit of the storm go take his evening nap in his pavilion of darkness and clouds! Then, I have seen him aroused at midnight and come forth like a giant refreshed by slumber, and arouse the tempest and let loose the red lightnings that ran along the mountain tops for a thousand miles swifter than an eagle's flight in heaven. Then, I have seen the lightnings stand up like angels of light and dance in the clouds to the music of that grand organ of Nature whose keys seemed to have been touched by the fingers of Divinity, which responded in notes of thunder that resounded throughout the universe.

"Then I have seen the darkness drift away, and Morn get up from her saffron bed and come forth like

a queen robed in her garments of light and stand tiptoe on the misty mountain tops, and Black Night fled away from her glorious face to his bed chamber at the pole; and she lighted the green vale and beautiful river, where I was born and played in childhood, with a smile of sunshine! O, beautiful land of the mountains, with thy sun-painted cliffs, how can I *ever* forget thee!"

Such was the boyhood home of Bob Taylor; and it was here, from these scenes of majesty and beauty, that the boy drew the inspirations which attuned his soul through nature to nature's God, and developed him, as he was born to be, a true poet in imagination, thought and temperament, and a consummate master of eloquence. In his contact and communion with nature he grew into nature's kindliness. As growing fruits receive their sweetness from the sun and air and soil, so he grew into greatness and nobleness of mind and soul, nourished by the influence of the beautiful creation around him. In his contemplation of the charm and loveliness of his native valley, with its music and sunshine, its green fields and woodlands and placid streams; of the grandeur of its neighboring hills and distant mountains; of the splendor of its morning, the gorgeousness of its sunsets, and the shifting glories of its alternating seasons; of the majesty of its clouds that float above it, the sublimity and majesty of its heavens by night, and the vastness of their blue profounds by day; from these he drew the ambrosia which nourished and developed, not a god, but a man of extraordinary capacities and qualities of mind, soul and intellect. As he grew to manhood his mind and character un-

folded and expanded into like attributes to those of nature. He was as modest and gentle as the violets of his native home, as tranquil and sparkling as its fountains and rivers, as sweet and genial as its sunshine, as full of mirth and music as its birds, as exhaustless of kindness as its gushing springs, as full of blessings as its April showers, as boundless in his love and good-will toward men as the free air of heaven. In the plenitude of its virtues his soul was like an opal of the purest ray, whose play of colors ranges through the whole scale of gems. His mind was like a brilliant of many facets, giving forth flashes of its own innate genius. He gave freely to his fellow men all that he had received from God and nature.

In the year 1851, by the desire and at the request of our mother, father purchased the principal part of the David Haynes homestead farm, consisting of about one thousand acres in the Buffalo Valley, which is simply a southwestern extension or continuation of Happy Valley, our grandfather Haynes reserving enough for a small farm, on which he built anew and lived the rest of his life, he being then quite old and not wishing to continue in the management of a large farm. In the same year of the purchase we left temporarily the old Happy Valley place and moved into our new home on the Buffalo. Being really a part of Happy Valley, it lacked none of its beauties, and in some respects was even more picturesque and romantic in its scenery than the old home itself on the Watauga, ten miles away. This valley is walled in on the northwest by the Buffalo Mountain and on the southeast by the Little Moun-

tain and the Great Unaka range. Through the valley and the Haynes farm was Buffalo Creek, a large brook, on which grandfather had built his mills for the manufacture of lumber and breadstuffs. Here we lived for ten years, when, at the breaking out of the Civil War, we moved back to the old home on the Watauga. Here at this Buffalo home the future Senator spent ten of the first years of his life. As an infant he was small, sickly and feeble—so much so that his parents almost despaired of raising him. After emerging from his infancy into more advanced boyhood, however, he became healthier and grew stronger, though still slim and scrawny.

In those days Aunt Nelly, our old black mammy, was the home doctor of our family, particularly for the youngsters at the beginning of spring, when it was the custom for everybody to cleanse and purify the system with various medicaments formulated, brewed and compounded from home drugs and plants in the home pharmaceutical laboratory. Aunt Nelly was the proprietress and dispenser of a certain remedy for the only trouble peculiar to youngsters then diagnosed by the home "profession"—namely, the invasion of their interior territory by a race of "undesirable citizens" whom Julius Caesar would have called the "Helmithi"—a name which well fits the mischief they do if you drop the last two syllables! But old mammy called 'em "woims." Her anthelmintic was a preparation of the seeds of the Chenopodium Anthelminticum, which she vulgarly denominated "Jerusalem Oak." As for nastiness it had no peer in all the wide range of Materia Medica. Its very smell would turn the features of a boy wrong

side out and cause a Vesuvian eruption from the inner boy. It had no rival even in a Chinese "stink-pot." The fragrance of sulphureted hydrogen gas or bisulphate of carbon is attar of roses in comparison. And as to flavor and taste—well, all the putrefactions of earth would be like ambrosia by the side of it! By order of the "governor"—leaving out the writer, who, by reason of seniority, was supposed to have passed the helmithic stage—she would call them all in and administer the medicine with a grand flourish and professional airs, the while cheering them with words of encouragement to heroic deeds. And this before breakfast! Bob always got the biggest dose, and was, therefore, voted the greatest hero of the lot; and with what results the writer declines to say. Let it suffice to state that three square meals for several young heroes were saved that day; but it should be added that they made up for that saving of provisions after the evacuation of their works by the panic-stricken enemy.

Owing to his constitutional weakness at this period of his boyhood, Bob, though a great pet of his mother on account of it, was turned loose with his brother Nat and our two negro boys, Sam and Lan, who were more nearly of the same age and size, and encouraged to lead a "strenuous life" by roughing it in the open at all seasons of the year. In those "primitive times" life on the Buffalo was "simple" indeed. Though there were plenty of educated and cultured people in the land, among whom were conspicuously our father and mother, aunts and uncles, and hosts of other kindred and friends, yet society was not handicapped and restrained by false mod-

esty, false pride, false ideals and false notions, as is largely the case today. There was no tyranny of fashion. People wore what they pleased without stricture from others and without losing caste, and their children were barefoot in summer, and sometimes in a paucity of raiment approaching the paradisal mode. They ate what they liked, and had never heard of germs and bacilli, microbes and bacteria, leucocytes and the "opsonic index." And yet, in this cimmerian darkness and gross ignorance, the land was full of patriarchs from seventy-five to one hundred years old! How they ever passed through all these unseen and deadly perils, revealed of late by science, and came out alive is one of those mysteries which will forever remain unsolved, unless, possibly, upon the principle of the "survival of the fittest." But how could even the fittest survive such dangers, fraught, as they were, with the certainty of death? We give it up.

But to return to life on Buffalo farm. The summer "costume" of that quartette of "kids"—of white and black alike--a costume in perfect keeping with their daily life and social status—consisted, for week days, of one pair of blue cotton pants, one coarse domestic shirt, one rye-straw hat, and one pair of "galluses," mostly two leather straps buttoned on with wooden pegs. For Sunday wear and for special occasions, a partial change, comprising one clean pair of pants and one clean shirt of the same genus. This costume, in point of handiness, was only second to no costume at all. In its facilities for getting into and getting out of, it enabled the wearer to get ready for a swim on a warm day, or

for bed at night, or to get into at morn, almost as quickly as Adam—the only difference being that while *they* could get ready in the twinkling of an eye, our lamented ancestor was *always* ready. Their time was so valuable to them in the pursuit of happiness that by constant practice and study they acquired great dexterity and became past-masters in the art. But it was admiringly conceded by the little "niggers"—and tacitly by his brother—that "Marse Bob" was the bright particular star doff-and-donner of the constellation. He had raised their art to the dignity of legerdemain. When he started to bed at night he was ready long before he reached it, leaving his trail of pants and hat behind (they always slept in their shirts), and when he got up in the morning he never halted, and was fully dressed and ready for the business of the day before he reached the foot of the stairs! When in the act of doffing drapery for a swim, there was only a faint blur of boy and flying garments, and you saw him no more until you saw him swimming. As a swimmer he would have made Leander look to his laurels and his fair Hero on the Hellespont. But Sunday swimming was under the ban of the "governor" as sternly and inflexibly as the forbidden fruit; the penalty whereof, as awarded by a kind of court-martial, was a more or less severe trouncing, according to the advice of the Judge-Advocate. And, upon being caught *flagrante delicto,* the said penalty was administered to the defendants just as they came out of the water and without the mollifying intercession of shirt or pants!

One beautiful, hot Sunday in July, when the pent-up waters in the big two-fathom mill pond were

"just right" for swimming, and when the great, tired mill-wheels were silent and still, and the spillways were pouring out their white torrents in Sabbatic anthems of praise to the God of nature, the "gang," wearied of playing marbles all morning behind the barn, and supposing that the "governor" and the "missus" had gone to church, as was their custom on Sundays, next considered a resolution, offered by the future Senator, to take a plunge and have a "bully" time. After a short debate the resolution was put to a vote and unanimously passed; whereupon the "Senate" adjourned to the mill-pond. Now, the pond was about eighty feet wide, twelve feet deep and some two hundred yards long; and at the upper end, where the race supplying it discharged its waters, its banks and those of the race were hidden by a thick growth of trees and bushes, along which lay a field of tall corn, then in tassel. Meanwhile the "governor," who had not gone to church as they thought, being suspicious and on the lookout, and keeping himself out of view, saw them sneak to the pond—for they were always cautious when bent on mischief or some disobedience. Knowing what they were up to, he made a flank movement, passing through the deep jungle of the corn field, and gaining the race at a point more than a hundred yards above them. The "Senate" had no sooner reached the bay than they were in its clear, tepid waters, plunging and disporting like young seals. They had left their clothes in the bushes, and these he at once captured and hid, then suddenly appeared in the open.

"Fo' de Lawd sake, Marse Bob, yonder comes Marse Nat!" whispered Sam. "Now we's gwine to

ketch it sho'!" he added, his black face turning ashy with fright.

"You boys!" shouted the "governor." "You, Robert, Nat, Sam, Landon!"

"Sir!" answered four little falsetto voices.

"Come here to me this instant!" he commanded.

"Well sir," they meekly answered.

They edged up near the bank where they could wade, and slowly crept toward him in single file, with their heads just above water.

"Come out, young gentlemen," he said.

"Please, Marse Nat," pleaded Sam, who was as black as ebony. "I hates to come out widout cloze on; 'sides, I hears it's ag'in de law to walk erbout de public in dis fix."

"You little black scamp! You had no such fear of the law when you deliberately broke the Sabbath in this business. Come out, all of you!"

They slowly and mournfully obeyed. It was like midnight and dawn rising out of the deep together. He drew them up into line before him and stood for a moment gazing at them in silence, and then suddenly burst out laughing.

"Now, young gentlemen," said he, "we will repair to the bushes and have a settlement by drumhead court-martial. About face! March!"

He halted them in the cool shadows of that umbrageous temple of military justice and would not permit them to break ranks.

"Now," said he, "I shall make an innovation in the usual form and procedure of courts-martial, to suit the conditions here present, by appointing each of the accused a judge-advocate, to act, each in the case of another, in a merely advisory capacity, whose

sole duty it shall be to award mutual punishments and to say how many lashes ought to be administered by the court in each case respectively. It is needless, young gentlemen, to prefer formal written charges or to take evidence—since the charges have been preferred and the evidence taken by the eyes of the court already. There is nothing left to do in this cause but to determine and administer punishment for the grave offense committed by the accused. The court, however, will hear any arguments that may be offered." Then he sternly proceeded with the cases:

"Landon Duffield Gillespie Taylor, of color," said the court, "how many lashes do you advise this court to inflict upon the person of Nathaniel Winfield Scott Taylor, white, your accomplice in evil-doing?"

The two culprits looked 'round at each other sniveling, and then all four broke out into a snicker; whereupon the court exploded with uncontrollable laughter, though he was none the less serious and in earnest with the matter.

"Please, Marse Cote," whimpered Lan, "you sees yo'se'f what a fix I'se in; ef I 'vises you to give him a few licks, you say dat ain't enough; an' ef I say ten or fifteen, young Marse Nat sho' to gimme twenty-five or thirty; so un'er de circumstances I reckons I'll hatter say about seven an' a ha'f!"

"Nathaniel Winfield Scott Taylor, white, as judge-advocate, how many do you recommend in the case of your coadjutor in malfeasance, Landon D. G. Taylor, of color?"

"He's older'n me, and so's the rest of 'em, and they all 'suaded me to go in swimmin'; but bein' we was all in together and knowin' better, I reckin, by addin' a half to what he gimme, I'll make it eight."

"Very well," said the court.

"And now, Samuel Jet Taylor, of color, how many do you advise for Robert Love Taylor, white, your accomplice in the offense which you have all committed here on this beautiful Sabbath day?"

"Ef Marse Cote please," said Sam, "Marse Bob is de bes' friend I'se got in dis worl', and I wants to prove myself de same to him; en ef de Cote 'low me, I takes on my own back all he's to git on top of all I'se to git at de same time, ef it's a hundred! I'se ready to 'vise twenty-five licks if de Cote'll let me take 'em for him 'cariously like de Cote say in his preachin' de Savior once done fo' us all; ef not, den I 'vises one for Marse Bob, an' a light one at dat."

The "Cote" was astonished, softened and deeply touched by such an answer from a poor, ignorant negro boy, and "Marse Bob" more so, naturally. Seeing that the psychological moment in the case had arrived, he broke forth with: "May it please Your Honor"—pausing with emotion (he had often attended court at Elizabethton as a spectator and had heard the lawyers plead). "Let the judge-advocate proceed," said the court in a husky voice.

"As judge-advocate, I desire to ask Your Honor a question and to offer my official advice in the form of a motion. If, as Your Honor rightly holds, it is against law and order and sinful in the sight of God to desecrate the holy Sabbath by the vain and idle sport of swimming, is it not equally so to hold court and punish offenders on the holy Sabbath day? If Your Honor shall so decide, I move the court that these proceedings be quashed!"

"The point is well taken," said His Honor; "the motion is granted, and this court is now adjourned *sine die!* But take warning, young gentlemen! Do not let this happen again, for if you do this court shall be convened very early on Monday morning following and shall determine your cases without the valuable aid of any more 'judge-advocates.' For the next one will be a court of civil law, without jury or sheriff, and armed with a very uncivil two-hand brush!"

Whereupon all captured apparel was restored, the naked were clothed, and all repaired to camp for Divine service by the ex-court.

But with all their predispositions to idleness and indolence, their play and pranks and cunning disobedience, natural with most boys, especially when associated in "gangs," it was the constant care and effort of the "governor" to bend and train his sons, as well as his negro boys, into fixed habits of industry and of thoroughness in whatever they did. They got as many "trimmings" for idleness and shirking as for all their other shortcomings put together. Bob was the "brains" of the quartette, and, as is always the case with brains, the leader. But the energy of his brains was expended in the affairs of the mind rather than in affairs involving manual labor. And particularly at this period those energies were heavily drawn upon in the invention of devices, ways and means whereby to avoid manual labor altogether or reduce it to a minimum. And it may as well be said now as hereafter that, so far as manual labor or any kind of ordinary business was concerned, Bob Taylor was a round peg in a square hole, or *vice versa,* as

the reader may choose. But this assertion by no means implies that he was, or was to be, a drone. It simply means that he was not "cut out" for farm life or for any of the ordinary and commonplace occupations or vocations of "the average citizen," such, including the writer, as you meet every day, and that he was designed to fit a place which probably you, and certainly the writer, could never fill. The differences in men are as the differences in the heavenly bodies—almost infinite. One man hitches his wagon to a pair of good mules and travels on the earth; another to a star and glides along with hind wheels just touching the high places on the planet; and still another makes the star itself his wagon and the Milky Way his road. Bob drove the star-wagon all his life, and you never could keep him on the ground. Most of his pranks and antics and play at "make-believe" while in this stage of his early boyhood showed outcroppings of his natural bent and genius. To the keenest sense of humor the writer has ever seen in any mortal he united an equally keen appreciation and love of the beautiful—the grand and sublime, not only in nature, but in human ideality, as displayed in poetry, eloquence and art in all its branches. At church it was his peculiar delight to listen to the best and most eloquent preachers, or at commencements to the best speakers, or at political gatherings to the most famous and learned statesmen and politicians, and store up in his mind choice passages from all these and repeat them to his "gang" for an audience. He would often assemble them of Sundays in the "loom-house"—everybody kept looms in those days—and hold "make-believe"

Banner Elk, N. C.

religious services and have his "congregation" in "make-believe" tears and shoutings and amens! He delighted to attend negro preaching—more, it is suspected, in quest of rich material for humor than from motives of reverence and piety. And he always seemed to find what he was after. His choicest occasions were the negro camp-meetings, when all the "big guns" of the African Methodists thundered—and some mighty little ones. It was mostly in the performances of the little smooth-bores and in the extravagant antics of the congregation that he found his fun.

On one occasion he found a bit that was, to him, the capsheaf of anything in the African line he had ever heard before. The services were opened by several prayers by some of the great guns, and for the last of these prayers "Brudder Booher" was called upon. Brudder Booher was a plantation negro, as black as a tar-pot, and as ignorant as the mule he drove; and when he became superheated with religious fervor his fragrance was not the breath of roses, but rather the odor of the tumble-bug when engaged in the labors of Sisyphus on a hot morning in June. He was of the fussy type of worshipers, shouting, cutting monkey shines, falling into trances and seeing holy visions, all of which raises a lay member to a pedestal of the highest distinction and importance. The "big" preacher that had just preceded him prayed that the Lord would renew the spiritual strength of the congregation and give them grace to enable them to *eschew* the vain and foolish pleasures of this world. Brudder Booher, wishing to compliment the eminent brother by alluding to

some part of his prayer, in the course of his petition said: "O Lord, our Brudder Kincaid, who has just perceded me, has axed you for grace to 'nable all de brudderin en sisterin to *'stew* de pleasures of dis vain an' foolish woil'. Dat's all right, Lawd, for dem dat likes stewed vittles; but, good Lawd, ef it's all de same to you, I'se done prefer to take mine *fried*—'specially de pleasures ob de hen roos'!"

This passage knocked Bob all in a heap, besides making all the young niggers in the congregation titter and the old ones frown; and he retired suddenly and precipitately to avoid indictment for disturbance of public worship. To him almost every aspect of human life had its humor—in short, man's existence was almost a joke! There were few human actions that did not have a humorous side or a color of humorous motive. In many things most men would cry or swear over he could always find something to laugh over. And yet he was the most sympathetic, tender-hearted, compassionate creature in the world, and when touched by anything that was really pathetic he could cry like a woman, and then turn and laugh at his tears! He was the impersonation of an April day—a living medley of sunshine, shower and rainbow. His mimic powers were unexcelled and unapproachable. This inimitable mimicry was the savor and vehicle of his humor, in large part. His command of his facial muscles seemed almost abnormal, and he could contort and distort his features to imitate perfectly any character or kind of person whom he wished to mimic. His command of voice was such as to enable him to counterfeit another's so skillfully that you could hardly distinguish

Mrs. Emily Haynes Taylor, Mother of Bob Taylor.

it from the one imitated. His special perfections were the impersonation of a drunken man and the imitation of negro character and manner of speech. He would have made an "end man" in the minstrelsy that would have shaken the world with almost disastrous earthquakes of merriment. He was, so to speak, a facial pantomimist in humor of the first order, for in appearing before an audience he could, without uttering a word, and by an indescribable twist or set of his features, convulse them with the most boisterous laughter. But, on the other hand, there was no living man who could be more sincerely serious, more solemn and reverential, more sad and sorrowful than he on subjects or occasions which excite these emotions or moods. There was no living man who had a profounder respect and regard for serious things; there was never a man more intensely human. All the peculiar traits of character and gifts of power to attract, to charm, to amuse, to fascinate and persuade, to move men to mirth or to tears, to disarm passion, to convince reason, and to thrill men with great and beautiful thoughts—all these qualities, elements and powers declared themselves in embryo and were distinctly apparent from and during his earliest boyhood.

CHAPTER V.

BOB'S FIRST SCHOOL DAYS—HIS STUDIES AND PROGRESS—BOB AT PENNINGTON SEMINARY, N. J.—ACCOUNT OF HIM BY HIS TWIN SISTERS.

As a result of the open-air, rough-and-tumble regimen adopted by his parents for Robert Love Taylor in his early childhood, he outgrew his constitutional frailty, and became at the age of nine years quite a sturdy boy. They now realized that it was high time to concern themselves more seriously than ever with his education, he having been deemed up to this time too feeble and delicate to be put in school. He had been taught to a limited extent at home, but only in the first elements. But even in this primary stage he showed remarkable mental brilliancy and could say many astonishing things for a boy of his years, which proved him to be a precocious child—an abnormal development which his parents did not desire, for they did not believe in precocity in the young. They considered it more in accordance with the laws of nature to have their minds developed *pari passu* with the advance of age and physical growth. They did not believe in forcing a young oak sapling to bear acorns, even if such a miracle were possible; but held that just as the best and most useful timber in the forest is of slow growth, so the best and most efficient men are likewise of slow development. It was their view that even a strong and healthy child ought not to be put in school, or to books at home, under seven years of age. Accordingly, on a Monday morning in September, 1859, they sent him

off in company with his brothers to the "old-field" school at Anderson's, a mile and a half from home. He carried under his arm his entire "curriculum," consisting of Webster's Blueback Spellingbook. It was thought in that day that a scholar who had mastered the old Blueback of our Uncle Noah had achieved a fair elementary education, and was well on the highway to graduation—a view hardly as absurd as it might seem, at least when confined to one vitally important branch of an English education. It would be interesting to know by actual test what per cent of college and university seniors, or even of alumni, can, without review, and right off the bat, correctly spell, accent, pronounce and define, we will say, ninety-eight per cent of all the words laid down in this famous old spellingbook.

The "old-field school" of the long ago represented a systemless system of education prevalent in the rural United States, especially in the South, from the first settlement of the country to the Civil War. By the paradoxical phrase, "systemless system," it is meant that there was no standard method of teaching, and no particular standard of mental equipment and qualification for teaching, because there were no accessible normal schools in which teachers could fit themselves for their work. A teacher had to prepare himself as best he might; and, sad to tell, many "taught" with no preparation at all, beyond a mere sciolism or smattering of elementary knowledge. To employ a homely phrase, they taught by "main strength and awkwardness," and soaked their learning in by the illuminating power of a long, supple birch which was at that time generally regarded as a better elucidation of difficult

and abstruse problems than the teacher himself! In some of these so-called schools the pupils were not even divided into classes, and the word *grade* as now applied to progressive groups of studies had never been heard of! In such a school the whole "student body," of all ages, sizes and conditions, constituted but *one* class, naturally the primary; and, for the most part, each pupil was his own class, reciting and receiving "instruction" singly and alone. As well may be imagined, this kept the teacher rather busy in a school of sixty or eighty scholars. The "curriculum" was usually made up of Webster's Spelling-book, which began with the alphabet; Smith's English Grammar, Mitchell's "G'org'aphy" and Atlas, Davies' Arithmetic, Somebody's Reader, First, Second and Third, and Peter Parley's Travels thrown in for good measure. The schoolhouse was a one-story log edifice, "chinked and daubed," about 20x40 feet in dimensions, round sapling overhead beams or joists, clapboard roof, the floor of rough planks, long, horizontal glazed windows across each end, formed by cutting out a couple of logs; shelves the whole length of windows, and just beneath them, supported by pegs driven into the walls; two glazed windows in each side of house, two doors, one in the center of each side, hung on wooden hinges. The furniture consisted of any requisite number of slab benches without backs, arranged in each end of the building, with aisles or passages between the rows, and leaving a clear space across the center of the schoolroom of about 12x20 feet. In the center of this space, for use in cold weather, stood a large Franklin stove, and near it a small deal table and split-bottom chair for the "master;" the "classes" recited standing, and

within easy reach of the birchen elucidator! On a shelf near each door stood a large tin water bucket with dipper hanging beside it; one drinking outfit for the girls and one for the boys, as also were the doors. On the facing of each door, near the latch, there hung on a nail a wooden hook, cut from a forked limb of a tree. This was the "master's" passport, representing his permission for any pupil carrying it to go out and return during "books." And no pupil was allowed to go out without it except by special permission justified by some imminent necessity.

When, on that memorable Monday morning, the future Senator entered the "Freshman" class at Anderson's, which, as before remarked, embraced the whole school, he was, from the first, "looked up to" with a sort of awe by the smaller fry as an advanced scholar, very much as a senior is looked up to in a college; for he had, under the tutorage of his parents, mastered the spellingbook as far as "Baker" in spelling, and as far in the reading lesson just following as "Ann can spin flax," and had partially overcome the column down to "The boy had a drum," including in the body of the lesson the valuable information that "Cider is made of apples!"

Proceeding unchecked in his Napoleonic conquests, he captured gold mine after gold mine of knowledge. Among these, "Brass is made of zinc and copper;" that "Fire will melt ores;" that "The moon is much less than the sun;" that "One hundred cents are worth a dollar, and a dollar is worth one hundred cents"—a fact, by-the-way, he never did get quite fixed in his head, which seems an economic frailty common to nearly all great men. His progress was by leaps and bounds. From his reading lessons he

gathered a code of ethics and a system of philosophy which perhaps served him well through life. From the tribulations of "Old Dog Tray" he learned the disadvantages and often undeserved penalties of "happening" in bad company. From the story of "The Boy That Stole Apples" he deduced the conclusion that "honesty is always the best policy," in more aspects than one; from that of the "Country Maid and Her Milk Pail" the wisdom of putting a bridle on a too lively imagination, and of never counting your chickens till they hatch; from that of "The Partial Judge" a lesson of justice, and of the meanness of that selfish principle in human nature which insists that "it makes a wide difference as to whose ox is gored." And finally from the fables of "The Cat and the Rat," "The Fox and the Bramble," and "The Bear and the Two Friends" he learned the wisdom of keeping an eye out for "the cat in the meal," and of not trying to fool people too often; of learning the evils of life for the sake of enjoying its good things, and of the unpardonable meanness and pusillanimity of deserting a friend in time of trouble and of danger. And when he had reached the "hard words" of eight syllables, even unto "In-com-pre-hen-si-bil-i-ty," and had conquered them all, it was deemed by most of the "class" that he had reached the very *culmen* of all learning, according to their ideal of erudition!

BOB MEMORIZES ALF'S SPEECH AT THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL

Before Alf and Bob had reached their teens they were attending an old-field school in East Tennessee, not far from the parental home. Their teacher was an elderly gentleman, who believed in training

his boys and girls in the art of speaking well before a public audience. Among his juvenile orators he soon conceived an exalted idea of Alf's superior oratorical powers, and looked upon him as the coming Demosthenes. This high esteem for his young pupil led him unconsciously to exhibit an unusual degree of partiality toward Alf on all public occasions when advantage might be extended to his favorite. The rest of the schoolboys and girls were not long in noticing this. The day of the close of school, then called the "Exhibition," was approaching. Alf and Bob had been supplied with their closing-day speeches, which were carefully composed by their father, who was a man of letters, and they were daily memorizing and practicing the delivery of these closing speeches. Alf kept his in the top tray of his little trunk in the room which was occupied by him and Bob. The boys, together with Bob, decided to play a trick on Alf, and on the old teacher, who was so partial to him. They conspired together, and fell upon the plan of asking the schoolmaster to let Bob make the first speech on the program. This appeal, coming from so many, and meeting with no special opposition from Alf, was readily agreed to by the teacher. The day of the exhibition came, and the audience gathered from all parts of the neighboring country and the program began. Bob was called to deliver his speech, and instead of delivering the speech written for him, he had secured Alf's speech from the little trunk in his absence and memorized it, and proceeded to deliver it—while Alf, full of buoyant hopes and feelings high, was proudly sitting by the side of his little sweetheart, close to the stage, awaiting his turn. Seeing that Bob had deliberately

"stolen his thunder" and delivered it in splendid style to the pplaauding audience, he suddenly complained to his "best girl" that he was very sick and would have to go to his room—and requested her to immediately tell the teacher of his inability to appear to perform his part of the program. Thereupon he withdrew and was not heard from on that interesting occasion.

This boyish trick played by Bob and the other schoolboys, might suggest that Alf would become embittered and unforgiving towards his brother for deliberately and willfully appropriating his speech, and would hold it against him forever afterwards. But the fact of the matter is, he afterwards appreciated the joke that had been played upon him, and with a forgiving spirit, heartily entered into the fun it created afterwards among the boys, and indeed this and other seemingly unfriendly acts of Bob but served to cement the lasting friendship and deep fraternal affection which existed between them with unbroken continuity to the close of Governor Taylor's life.

By the end of 1860 he had gone through the entire curriculum above mentioned, and was now prepared to enter a higher and better school. But early in 1861 the Civil War broke upon the country, whereupon father moved back to the old home in Happy Valley and sold his Buffalo farm to pay off a heavy debt which, he foresaw, the war would prevent him from paying if he delayed, and which would sweep away *all* his property in the end if he failed to pay it then. So, from the beginning of the war up to the latter part of 1863, educational matters were practically suspended in our family so far as attending schools regularly and continuously was concerned.

But we boys studied more or less at home, and for a short time attended a school at Elizabethton, three miles distant, to and from which we daily walked. We undertook the arduous task of attending that school because its teacher was Professor Thomas P. Summers, the writer's old teacher at Boone's Creek Seminary in 1859-60. He was a great and good man, and among the finest scholars and teachers in the land, and one whom the writer loved, and whose memory is sacred. He was a finished Latin and Greek scholar, to whom the writer is highly indebted for what he may know of those languages. Bob, having had a previous taste of books and study, and being now upon the threshold of his 'teens, gawky, green and self-conscious, and withal intensely ambitious, made better progress than any of us. But in September, 1863, as has already been stated in another chapter, the war became too hot for father, and he was compelled to seek safety within the Federal lines at Knoxville, taking the writer and Alf with him. Our mother with the remainder of the family joined him after the siege of that city, having been sent through the lines by Gen. Longstreet under a flag of truce. In the spring of 1864 he took us to New Jersey, rented a small country home near Haddenfield, fifteen or twenty miles east of Philadelphia, just across the Delaware, and settled us in it. Late in the following fall he put us all in school at Pennington Seminary in the village of Pennington, ten or fifteen miles north of Trenton. Here, in this fine institution Bob found himself in his own proper element, and prospered mightily in his career as a student. Here his true character and powers unfolded into full leaf. Here developed in full perfection all

those rich and rare gifts of Mother Nature which go to make any one, male or female, a *persona grata* (*et quaesita*) wherever he or she may be. He became to his fellows what the magnet is to iron filings; all who came within the field of his magnetic force turned toward him with a feeling of friendliness, and even affection, which they could not resist if they would. His personal popularity in this school became such as to disarm all antagonism and convert all rivals into allies. Even the head of the school and the faculty could scarcely maintain that attitude toward him which best becomes the relations of teacher to student, for they could hardly resist the impulse to get upon his own plane and be his boy companions even in the recitation room.

He was a sort of double genius, in that he possessed one aptitude for serious matters, and another for infinite humor and the diffusion of sunshine and good cheer among his fellows. Hence, while his daily life seemed a continuous joke and sunburst of cheerfulness and jollity, he was making as good progress in his studies as the most serious and plodding student in the Seminary. Under every jest or humorous story you might find a conquered problem or a thoroughly mastered lesson. But the writer, by reason of failing health, was compelled to quit the school during his first term and return home—the last school he ever attended. But the rest remained there for two years, or thereabout, after the writer's departure. He therefore subjoins the following cursory account of Bob's subsequent career in Pennington Seminary by our sisters, Mrs. Eva Jobe and Mrs. Rhoda Reeves:

"While at Pennington Seminary Bob Taylor was very popular as a student. His popularity was based

on his cheerfulness of disposition, his humor, his friendliness, and his power to entertain. Early in his career at this school he displayed his wonderful genius for mimicry and for comic as well as serious declamation. His forte was humor, and he was able to produce convulsive laughter among his fellow students, and even his teachers, by his quaint, original and perfect acting and his funny impersonations. Youthful as he was, he had become a decided favorite as a serious school orator also. But in his comic role he had the power to imitate completely any assumed character in voice, in gesture, in movement, expression, facial contortion, and action of every sort in the minutest detail, bringing to light with accuracy every phase and feature of fun or pathos that belonged to that character. This made him exceedingly popular and much sought after as an entertainer, and brought his impersonations into immediate notice and frequent demand.

"It was the custom in those days at Pennington to have a literary exercise every Saturday morning, every alternate Saturday being set apart for public entertainment. Bob put so much 'ginger' and fun into some of these entertainments that President Hanlon hardly ever failed to assign him a place on the program. As he had a good many studies which pressed upon him with increasing weight, this in time became burdensome to him and almost distasteful; and he remonstrated with the old professor, but in vain, for he persisted in making the assignments for every occasion. One Friday evening Bob called on the old gentleman and begged that he might be excused from the performance of the following day. The professor was still unrelenting and insistent.

Bob told him he was unprepared and would have to refuse to respond if the call was made; to which the professor replied that if he refused he must be prepared to take the consequences. Now this was to be a strictly literary entertainment of a serious and dignified nature, and all humorous and monkey-shine performances had been positively forbidden on pain of suspension. And Bob felt the more deeply aggrieved because he was to be forced on such a program without preparation. Another young man of great tragic genius was suffering under the same grievance and under like circumstances. His name was William Whittaker; he afterward achieved considerable fame as a tragic actor. When Saturday came the chapel was soon crowded, and the learned and dignified president and faculty were on the stage. Bob Taylor was on a back seat in the audience, thinking that he might possibly escape. But it was not long till his name was announced, and he thereupon became desperate. Turning up his trousers at the bottoms, also his coat sleeves, and 'tousling' his hair (he had hair then) to resemble a country boy, he pigeontoed, as a gawk would, to the stage, and with all the characteristics of an unsophisticated booby from some old-field school in the backwoods, ducked his head for a bow, and declaimed as follows:

'Mary had a *lit*-tle lamb,
  Hit's fleece war white as snow,
An' ever whar 'at Mary went,
  Ther lamb was shore to go!
Hit follored her to school one day—
  Hit war agin the rule—
Hit made the children laff and play
  Ter see a lamb at school!'

"He ducked again as a parting bow and started to shamble off the stage amid thunderous laughter and applause and a tumultuous *encore,* to which he responded as follows, after another duck:

'The boy stood on the burnin' deck—
One Cazabank by name—
Who chose to stand there on the wreck
And die for deathless fame!

He stood thar on that burnin' deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
A tongue of flame licked his fair neck,
And singed his bushy head!

That boy he jest kept standin' thar—
I told him to git off—
While angry flames leap'd in the air—
He answered with a scoff!

His dad he called him, called in vain;
He wouldn't answer him,
But stood there in that firy rair
And wouldn't jump and swim!

I told him to git off with speed,
The thing was goin' to bust,
But the little fool would take no heed,
No more'n he did at fust.

And *yit* he jest kept standin' thar,
The flames they roll'd around him,
And *yit* he jest kept standin' thar,
And wouldn't budge, confound him!

And at last the biler busted and him an' his pap went up!'

"He had doctored this famous poem to suit his own purposes; but near its close, as will be readily seen, his Muse lost her tail-feathers and got her wings scorched in the conflagration, and had to light with a very dull thud. But I suppose this catastrophe was a part of his art. The rounds of laughter and applause punctuating the delivery of 'Cazabank' (Casabianca) were more prolonged and louder than at first. He embellished these pieces with all the frills and furbelows of 'killing' humor excited by the

manner and style of a crude, untutored, bashful, backward boy. Following this performance of Bob Taylor came next on the program a piece of tragedy rendered by Mr Whittaker. This selection involved the impersonation of a raving maniac, which was made so terrible and so true to life by this budding genius of tragedy that one of the girls, 'co-eds,' fainted, many were scared almost to death, and one of the girls was so shocked that she had to be sent home!

For this deliberate and wilful contempt and violation of the rule made and provided for this occasion, Bob Taylor and William Whittaker were summoned to appear before the bar of the president and faculty to answer to the charge of 'high crimes and misdemeanors,' with the result that Bob was reluctantly let off with a reprimand, and William, in view of the actual damage done by his performance, was punished with suspension."

At the close of the term of 1866-'7 our crowd left Pennington Seminary and came to Washington, D. C., where father was then residing as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, under President Johnson. But Washington was an expensive place in which to live, and father concluded that it would be a piece of wise economy to get a place for his family in the country, or in some village on a line of railroad convenient to the city. So, in pursuance of this plan he secured a small place near Laurel, Maryland, situated a few miles out from the capital, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railway. By this arrangement he could leave the city at the close of office hours and be at home within an hour, returning to the office in due time in the morning. He got employment for Bob and Alf in

some of the departments—Bob in the Treasury and Alf in the Indian office, and so ran on this system till the end of President Johnson's term in March, 1869. But when that March came in they all marched out; for Johnson and Grant were "at outs," and Grant wouldn't retain any of Johnson's appointees in office. Consequently, they packed their little grips, and "moseyed" for Happy Valley, away down in Dixie, among the grand old "mountings" of East Tennessee—which, after all, is God's own country!

CHAPTER VI.

HAPPY VALLEY AFTER CIVIL WAR—SOME REFLECTIONS ON WAR—BOB AT BUFFALO INSTITUTE—HIS AMATEUR PLAYS —BOB AS A FIDDLER—PROF. W. A. WRIGHT'S TRIBUTE—BOB AT ATHENS UNIVERSITY—OUT OF SCHOOL AND IN BUSINESS—AS FARMER, LUMBERMAN, IRON MASTER, CLERK—BARLOW INCIDENT—SAM JONES' INCIDENT.

On returning to Happy Valley after six years of absence the family found the old home*—which had stood through six years partly of war and partly of neglect and the destructive usage of irresponsible tenants—a virtual wreck, as might have been expected. The only wonder about it all is that there was a vestige of it left, even of the land itself! The only circumstance that saved it was, perhaps, that the real estate was a little inconvenient for transportation; there was no railroad handy; diggin' was pretty hard, slow work, and there were no steam shovels around. But the fences made good fuel and were quite handy, and the outbuildings excellent kindling, as also the shingles, weatherboarding and many other superfluous and unnecessary adjuncts of a dwelling. When the mailed goblin—War—strides forth from the open gates of hell to stalk to and fro through the earth amid cities, and towns, and farms, and property, the accumulated fruits of a people's industry and thrift, he is never in a hurry, but just stops and smiles and gloats, and his red mouth waters in sweet anticipation. Then he calmly and deliberately confiscates, appropriates, "takes over," wastes and consumes

*See picture on page 89.

House in Which Bob Taylor Was Born.

everything in sight and out of sight; then reaches out for the owners. War is an impersonal spectre; you can't fix and determine his responsibility—he has none. He is a thief, a robber, a highwayman, burglar, yeggman; a pickpocket, outlaw, assassin, murderer, thug; without a heart, without sensibility, shame, decency, sympathy, mercy, humanity or common honesty. His code of morals is couched in one word—*might*. To insure success he will cut the throats of a whole population, or sacrifice a regiment, or an army of friends as coolly as he sacrifices the "enemy." The so-called "honor" of war is the honor of cut-throatism and brigandage. And who is responsible? Nobody; just the public opinion of the world, the aggregated approval of mankind. This monster is wholly irresponsible. It is like the black death, or the cholera, only it is a disease of the soul, the smallpox of sin, sent by the Almighty to scourge mankind for its wickedness, perhaps. As once on the eyes of Saul of Tarsus, so the scales are on the eyes of the nations today. When shall they fall, and when shall men see clearly? Whenever, just as in the case of St. Paul, the grace of God and the influences of true Christianity shall civilize the nations of the earth. We *think* we are civilized. So did the old Greeks and the old Romans. But the truth is, we are just exactly as far from civilization as we are from the extinction of war! The causes of war cannot exist in true, spiritual Christianity. Therefore Christianity is civilization.

However, we all went to work to restore the old home as best we could, and retrieve as far as possible our shattered fortunes. We had the poor consolation that we were not the only ones with shattered

everything in sight and out of sight; then reaches out for the owners. War is an impersonal spectre; you can't fix and determine his responsibility—he has none. He is a thief, a robber, a highwayman, burglar, yeggman; a pickpocket, outlaw, assassin, murderer, thug; without a heart, without sensibility, shame, decency, sympathy, mercy, humanity or common honesty. His code of morals is couched in one word—*might*. To insure success he will cut the throats of a whole population, or sacrifice a regiment, or an army of friends as coolly as he sacrifices the "enemy." The so-called "honor" of war is the honor of cut-throatism and brigandage. And who is responsible? Nobody; just the public opinion of the world, the aggregated approval of mankind. This monster is wholly irresponsible. It is like the black death, or the cholera, only it is a disease of the soul, the smallpox of sin, sent by the Almighty to scourge mankind for its wickedness, perhaps. As once on the eyes of Saul of Tarsus, so the scales are on the eyes of the nations today. When shall they fall, and when shall men see clearly? Whenever, just as in the case of St. Paul, the grace of God and the influences of true Christianity shall civilize the nations of the earth. We *think* we are civilized. So did the old Greeks and the old Romans. But the truth is, we are just exactly as far from civilization as we are from the extinction of war! The causes of war cannot exist in true, spiritual Christianity. Therefore Christianity is civilization.

However, we all went to work to restore the old home as best we could, and retrieve as far as possible our shattered fortunes. We had the poor consolation that we were not the only ones with shattered

fortunes, for we knew that that was so much the worse for us. We were all ruined together—victor and vanquished, soldier and civilian, man, woman and child. And we were as sorry for them all as we were for ourselves. By the autumn of 1869 we had partially succeeded in making our old place habitable, and had made crops and accumulated live stock sufficient for our immediate and most pressing needs. But it was now realized by all that the greatest and most urgent need of the hour was the resumption of education on the part of the youngsters of the family, especially of those who were now at the threshold of manhood. Accordingly, Alf was sent to Boyd's School, and Bob and Nat were sent to the same school a little later, which was then known as Buffalo Institute (now Milligan College), an institution that had grown up since the war from the germ of an ancient old-field school. Buffalo Institute was situated in the Buffalo Valley, five miles southwest of our Happy Valley home. It had been built up from nothing by Rev. W. G Barker, a man of fine scholarship and a thoroughly good teacher and manager of educational institutions It was a school convenient to our home, and in all essentials equal to Pennington Seminary in New Jersey. Here they resumed their studies, and from the first made rapid progress.

Bob Taylor at once exhibited the same characteristic brilliancy, aptitude, fun, humor, comradeship and friendly spirit toward all, which gave him his popularity at Pennington. Whatever he had learned at Pennington that was new and worth while he introduced at Buffalo Institute, if it was not already there. He and Alf transplanted from the New Jer-

sey school into the institute their old literary society, the "Philomathean," which took root at once and grew in strength and magnitude from year to year, and, the writer believes, still flourishes in Milligan College.

It was a lively set of students at the institute in those days, made up in large part of boys and girls gathered from the neighborhood and surrounding counties of Upper East Tennessee, and all "to the manner born." Here Bob Taylor felt more at home, for he was now among his own people and in the circle of his old acquaintanceship, where he could be free from those social restraints which one naturally feels when among strangers. Here, unlike the prophet in his own country, he found the keenest appreciation and the highest honors of leadership. He made the Philomathean Society a most excellent forum wherein its members could freely exercise their forensic powers in debate on all legitimate subjects and questions, academic, theoretical, practical, serious and humorous. He organized or perfected a Department of Amusements, including amateur theatricals, comic and serious declamation, and athletics. He and Alf collaborated in the production of a piece of comedy entitled "Horatio Spriggins," which was after the manner and style of "Solon Shingle," and, in fact, largely borrowed from "Solon," and in which the "bar'l of apple sass," the wagon and yoke of oxen, and long blacksnake whip, the battered and ancient green umbrella, and Horatio's genealogy, in which he made himself out his own grandfather, figured as leading features. They mounted the play, and Bob took the role of Spriggins; and perhaps there never was in the history of

comedy a more perfect adaptation of player to the character assumed. The uproarious laughter he caused in his audience was proof of his success, and almost amounted to the infliction of real torture, and in many cases brought imminent danger of apoplexy to fat men and women. "Horatio Spriggins" represented a character that everybody had seen a thousand times and thoroughly knew, and herein lay the excruciating fun of the piece. We laugh best at things with which we are most familiar in our experiences. Mr. Spriggins organized a full troupe out of the best material in the school. The play was enacted many times at the Institute, and was always entertaining and infinitely amusing. During vacation and at odd times they played by request at Elizabethton, Jonesboro and other places, and won great applause and local fame.

Meanwhile they had their athletic sports, chief among which was baseball, of course, as it was known then; also their debates, public and in society, and public entertainments. On most occasions they managed to draw some of the old citizens into their discussions, which added greatly to their training and much more to their amusement. And some of these old fellows were really adroit and skillful debaters, among whom was old Uncle Pinkney Williams. Uncle Pink was an educated man and a ready speaker, and he had a son, James, then a student, who was very bright and almost equal to his father in debate, and vastly his superior as a natural humorist. But Uncle Pink had a weakness or two; he was easily "wool-gathered," confused and riled, and was not quick at retort, though he could frame up a good answer if he kept his temper and had time to think.

His son, "Jim Pink," as they called him, and Bob would conspire together in secret before a debate to befog the question and confuse the issues in the course of their speeches, and thus throw the old man off the track into the mire and brush, and then enjoy his helpless floundering. On one occasion (a public debate before a large audience) Jim got the old man so bewildered and confused in his arguments, and at the same time so angry, that he turned upon the boy and berated him soundly, and then announced to the smiling audience that "he was sorry to have to confess that he was wasting money on the schooling of a son who didn't have enough brains to grease a peggin' awl!" Then Bob would come to the rescue, restate the question under discussion, clear away the brush and get him on the track again. It was the supreme joy of triumph to these mischievous young hopefuls to get the old daddies down and worry them as "under dogs" by their ingenious finesse, artifice and sophisms in argument. And the truth is, the old fellows, away down deep in their hearts, enjoyed it more than the youngsters, but, of course, would not show it. It made them feel a secret pride in their promising boys.

In the field of light and humorous literature and antics, Bob, of course, gave the Institute and its inmates the full benefit of his extensive repertoire, and more, for he was adding to it daily from invention and from all the extraneous sources at his command. He gave them on various and sundry occasions, and from time to time, "Mary's Little Lamb," "Man's a Vapor," "You'd Scarce Expect," "When Freedom," "The Boy Stood On," and innumerable compositions, speeches and other funny productions. But at

the same time, be it said, he by no means neglected the serious, the earnest and the useful. He could, and often did, bring them to tears or to solemn moods and contemplation as often and as easily as to laughter and merriment. Meanwhile he kept up with his studies, and in his recitations acquitted himself with credit and never gave his teachers cause of complaint. He was fond of practical jokes, but not of the horse-play kind. He was always scrupulously careful not to perpetrate one that might result in injury to his victim. In odd moments of leisure he would practice on his fiddle; but, unfortunately, he was his own teacher, and, it is feared, a poor one, for he was trying to learn to play "by ear." He didn't then know a musical character from a hen scratch in the garden. The lessons he gave himself were all in "ragtime," whatever that is supposed to be, but what the writer conceives to be music torn to tatters in the execution. At any rate, he tore it to tatters. According to the ideals of *us* mountaineers, fast and lively music is the only music. The fellow that can play the fiddle like an empty thresher under a full head of steam is considered the only fiddler worth listening to. They have no use for *violins* here, and for "scientific" performers who play "by note," and torture their skirling violins with a long bow like rubbing a squalling infant for the colic. Pat's idea of a fiddle is ours. He was just over from the "ould counthry," and had never seen one till he arrived. He was describing it to Mike. He said:

"An' bejabbers, Moike, it was mesilf that seen a fiddle yistiddy for the fuhrst toime."

And Mike said: "An' phwat did it look loike?"

Pat said: "It was a long-like box wid smoiles grinnin' in the lid, an' wid over-checks from its head fastened to a saddle on its back; its body were shaped wid roundin' cuhrves and swelled out loike it had been atin' too much; it had a neck loike a goose an' a back loike a tuhrkey, an' whin the mon rhubbed it wid a sthick it sang hivinly!"

The writer intends right here to prick a bubble of fiction that has been ballooning round for a long time. It has been accepted far and wide as a historical fact that Bob Taylor "fiddled" himself into Congress, into the Governor's chair, and into the Senate Chamber at Washington. This is all the merest balderdash. He fiddled himself into nowhere, for he was no fiddler anyone could recognize as such. He lacked almost everything of being even a good, common mountain fiddler, save in the rendition of a limited number of tunes, such as "Hole in the Kettle," "Turkey Buzzard," "Sally Ann," "Shoot Old Davy Dugger," and the old version of "Turkey in the Straw," or "Natchez Under the Hill." He was even inferior in "technique" to Alf and the writer, who, to say the least, could not be rated with Ole Bull, Paganini and Kubelik. All three of us used to play at school "exhibitions" and other social entertainments, and Bob always played "second fiddle," or alto, at which he was an expert, always playing the fiddle with his left hand, because he was left-handed, without changing the fiddle strings. But to any audience cultivated in music, or to any musical artist of great merit, our performances would have been exceedingly crude. Of course, Bob could "saw" on the fiddle, but that was about the extent of his proficiency, except as stated above.

He never made the least pretension to anything like expertness in the art. As a violinist, therefore, his friends (and enemies) have made and given him a lamentably false reputation; in fact, they have slandered him; and the worst of it is, the writer fears that Bob acquiesced in the slander. Thus ran the current of the student life of Bob and the others at Buffalo Institute up to the close of the school year of 1870-71. The writer will not further recount the details and incidents of Bob Taylor's career at the Institute, but will append hereto the following reminiscent story of Professor W. A. Wright, of Johnson City:

SCHOOLBOY DAYS AT BUFFALO INSTITUTE.

(By Professor W. A. Wright.)

"Among the happiest memories of my youth are the days spent at Buffalo Institute. Under the inspiring leadership of Wilson G. Barker, that prince of teachers, many a young man there determined to enter upon life's career with a loftier purpose.

"My imagination today pictures the old schoolhouse, the surrounding hills as nature left them in creation, and the creek that hastened by to turn a wheel a few rods below, that the surrounding neighborhood might have bread.

"At the chapel hour at least one hundred young men and just so many maidens met to hear some verses from the Bible and an invocation that swept heavenward with fervent faith. If at Sycamore Shoals and the battle of King's Mountain the best blood of the New Republic of the West was represented, then it was represented here, for many of

these students were direct descendants of those patriots of the Revolution. Men stalwart, chivalrous and brave were they, with native intellects keen and shrewd. There was also to be noted here that spirit of honor which ennobles human character anywhere. The recitation was a test of strength, rather than the baseball diamond of later years. But do not take me too seriously here; fun had we in no small measure. Base, bull-pen and the 'tug of war' brought into exercise every nerve and muscle. It was in the midst of these environments that I came first to love books, and, perhaps better than that, I came to love people.

"With this introduction, I invite you to view with me, for a little while, the central figure of that school.

"Robert Love Taylor is now an enchanted name. I knew him then as a school boy scarcely out of his teens. His figure was slender, his voice mellow as music, and his personality such as would render him conspicuous in any audience. As often as the noon hour came, he might have been seen in the midst of a group of students, entertaining them with stories, and being rewarded in turn with peals of hilarious laughter. He was chosen president of several student organizations by unanimous vote, such was his popularity. The debating society afforded occasions of great interest, and it was here that the talent of the young orator signalled him as a coming man of destiny. No matter how impregnable was the logic of his competitors, his logic, reinforced by his inimitable wit and humor, rarely failed to win for him the decision of the judges.

"I have no doubt but that he could have won fame and fortune as an actor. Many still remember 'Hora-

tio Spriggins,' a comedy in three acts, of which he and his brother, Alf, were the authors. The climax of this play came in his genealogy when he proved himself to be his own grandfather! This play was given at various places and before delighted audiences.

"But, in addition to his genius and personal magnetism, he had a kind and sympathetic nature, and was true and loyal to his friends. Such was he then, and such was he even to the close of his eventful life. Friendship is a bond stronger than the ties of any political party, and this he demonstrated beyond question. Only a few months before his death he said to me, in a private interview, that in all his official career he had had the highest interest of all his fellow-citizens at heart, without reference to political parties.

"And so from that school there went forth this gifted boy, soon to become the idol of his State and Nation. This book recounts the story of his life, and I am glad for the privilege of adding this tribute to the memory of my friend.

"Johnson City, Tenn., October 25, 1912."

At the close of the sessions of 1870-71 at Buffalo Institute the boys of our family were prepared to enter a higher class school, and wished to do so, all except Alf, who discontinued study through the necessity of his attention to business affairs at home. And besides these there were four others of the family to be educated. These were the youngest boy, Hugh, and three girls, Eva and Rhoda (twins), and Sanna, the youngest of all. Confronted by this situation, father and mother saw that, considering the

state of the finances, to finish educating this family would be impossible, unless they could move and settle in close proximity to some college or university where their children could board and lodge and be cared for at home, and thus avoid an expense which they could not afford. Accordingly arrangements were made at Athens for the step, and they at once moved to that town and placed their brood in the East Tennessee Wesleyan University—the younger ones in the preparatory department. Here they remained for the greater part of three years. Bob Taylor was again "in clover," for here opened a wider and fairer field in which to inaugurate his old campaigns of fun and frolic, and on a larger scale, supported by more highly developed powers. As usual, he stepped into leadership at once, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. He almost immediately enjoyed the same, if not greater, popularity than that which he had won in the other schools. He entered into the *esprit de corps* of the student body and quickened it with his enthusiasm, wit, humor and kindly nature. The boys would gather round him like bees about a flower, feasting on the honey of his jollity and unwavering optimism. There was always a rift in the clouds of his spiritual heavens, and when his friends wanted to get into the sunshine they knew where to go to find it. In the heart of the boy there was a garden of perennial summer filled with the glory and the bloom of tropical exuberance, where the winds of "the winter of discontent" never blew nor its frosts blighted. He entered into all their amusements, sports and pastimes with eagerness and delight, and joined their organizations and participated in their exercises and inno-

cent pastimes with zest. He formed a new troupe and acted "Horatio Spriggins" and other pieces, among these "Paddy Miles, the Limerick Boy," etc., and with unqualified success. Of the innumerable humorous essays he wrote and read before the school on ordinary and special occasions, the following is a good specimen:

SWIMMIN' IN DOG DAYS.

"When I was a small boy in my jeans and early teens, I got a whipping 'most every day for going in swimming during dog days; and so did my brothers, and so did Sam, our little black nigger. It was against the law for us to go in dog days, for the reason that it would give us the chills. But a meeting was called one bright afternoon down on the bank of the creek, and the question was thoroughly discussed as to whether we were boys or dogs; and I announced the doctrine that we were not dogs, whatever else we might be, and nigger Sam supported me with the argument that 'if we was dogs we'd be barkin' stidder talkin', an' scratchin' off fleas stidder chawin' tobacker.' Alf said: 'If we ain't dogs, what has dog days got to do with us; and if we are dogs it can't hurt us to go in swimmin' in dog days, because dogs don't have chills and fever.' Upon this line of reasoning every boy's galluses came down, and then I broke a piece of news to 'em I hadn't revealed to 'em. I told 'em that Dike Carroll had told me that the Legislature had passed a dog law and there wasn't going to be any more dog days. And instantly every shirt in the crowd was pulled. What a blessing it would have been could the old 'governor' have been present at the meeting, but he came too

late to hear the argument and the news, for just as Nat was turning a summersault from the spring-board Sam whispered hoarsely: 'Yonder he comes!' and before we could look 'round it seemed to be hailing switches, interspersed with thunder and lightning. But let us draw a cotton shirt over the scene. Alf's back looked like the *Aurora Borealis,* and they said they heard me holler over in North Carolina, and in less than a week nigger Sam had the 'fever and ager,' and in his delirium tried to scratch his ear with his hind foot! Those happy days are gone, but the little creek is still splashing its way to the sea, reflecting the image of the mountains, gurgling and purling and singing to a new generation of boys and tempting them to defy the dog days and suffer the penalty of sin."

Here is another in more serious vein:

"HEAVEN AND HELL."

"A great poet of the Orient sipped his wine and sang, 'I myself am heaven and hell.' Was he not a greater philosopher and did not his muse touch a universal truth? Did not her deft finger vibrate a responsive chord in every human heart? For was there ever a human brain that did not throb with a thrill of heaven when some pure and noble thought was born, or ever a bosom that did not heave with a heaven of joy when the wing of an angel fluttered in some rapturous dream? And yet was there ever a spirit that hath not writhed in the hell of a guilty conscience, or a soul that hath not swooned in the hell of remorse? We ourselves are heaven, or we are hell, as we may choose. Whoever sides with God and

the angels of light, and clings to the pure, the holy, the beautiful things of life, hath already entered through the gates ajar. And whoever lines up with Satan and the angels of darkness, and delivers love and virtue and honor and purity into the black arms of lust and all the kindred vices, is already a walking devil and a breathing hell."

At the end of the collegiate year of 1873-74 circumstances compelled the family to leave Athens and return to the old Happy Valley home. Whereupon Bob Taylor entered upon the arena of practical business life. During the years between 1874 and the autumn of 1878 he engaged successfully in farming, in lumbering, and in the production of bar iron in the old-fashioned "bloomery" and forge on Doe River, which then belonged to father. In all these branches of business, being without experience or aptitude or liking for any, Bob was an eminent success—as a failure! The net result of every enterprise he undertook was—debt—without assets. Each new enterprise undertaken was drawn upon to pay off the liabilities left over from the last one; and when the real end came and the bedrock was reached, he found himself indebted to Col. Henry Snyder, a prosperous merchant of Elizabethton, in the sum of several hundred dollars, which he paid in services as clerk in his store. In those days the prices of farm products, lumber and bar iron were but little above the actual cost of production, and unless a business was run with sound judgment, with push and energy and economic care, there was not only no margin of profit, but a wide margin of loss and liability. Bob allowed too many leaks in his business forebay, and

the fact is, he hardly recognized a leak when he saw it, it was so little and insignificant. He hired too many men and paid excessive wages for too little work. His heart and mind were really not in his business, but in something above and beyond the humdrum affairs of every-day, plodding life. He made his business a sort of vehicle for amusement, mental improvement, and a good time generally. His hired men, both black and white, were his playmates and his audiences. In a field of corn or tobacco or ripe wheat, at every resting spell at the ends of rows or swaths, he would get up on some stump or log and treat his hands to a speech of some sort or some funny yarn or poem, and have his white men and negroes rolling and writhing in laughter; and the resting spell, which ought to have lasted five minutes, ran into fifty! In the woods at logging or at the mill it was the same—Bob would mount a stump or a lumber pile, and the logs would stop rolling or the steam would die in the sawmill engine, while he sang a song or delivered an oration. At the forge he would let a hammer stop and the "bloom" burn up while regaling the hammerman and hands with some delectable bit of oratory, a humorous lecture, or a political harangue, just for practice. He was always "trying it on the dog." As apt as not, he wouldn't hesitate, if the notion struck hm, to delay old Henry Powell, the hammerman, from "shingling his loop" under the huge hammer, to have him play "The Old Bell Cow," or "Granny Rattletrap," or "Sallie Ann" on the ever handy fiddle that hung on a post! The truth is, business to Bob Taylor was a sort of gymnasium in which to train for another career, or a kind of scaffolding by means of which he was build-

ing up the intellectual structure and personality which in after life commanded the admiration and love of his countrymen. From the cradle to the grave he was totally unfitted for the practical, every-day affairs and occupations of average men like you and me. A money-maker when once he stepped into his proper sphere? Yes; he had rare commodities the world wanted and was willing to pay for. He was a veritable Klondike. But, like all gold mines yet discovered, his treasure was his own poverty; it was put there only to be removed. Like all gold mines, he was the Almighty's custodian of the Almighty's wealth. He was sweet Charity's own Banker, at whose cash window her drafts were always honored. A lover of money? Yes; he loved it like a miser, but, unlike a miser, he loved it not for what it could do for himself and didn't, but for what it could and did do for others. He was never happier than when he was able to relieve or palliate the misery and pinch of poverty, or get somebody out of trouble, or to forward some noble work for the uplift of humanity. That is the kind of a miser he was, and that is the way he used a big-hearted miser's money. He was one of those rare mortals in this world who has never learned the meaning of the word *self,* as most of us understand it. He never enjoyed a pleasure or a windfall of good fortune unless he could share it with his friends and those he loved. He derived his greatest happiness from the happiness he gave to others. He regarded money as the veriest trash and a curse unless used as a power for good in overcoming the evils of life and in promoting the betterment and well-being of humanity. He could not endure the sight of suffering or the squalid miseries of pov-

General Nathaniel Taylor, Great-grandfather of Bob Taylor.

erty and want. In answer to appeals for the unfortunate and the destitute, or for the afflicted and helpless poor, he never asked, "What is he or she or they to me?" but his answer was always couched in words of compassion and the good coin of the Republic. When he saw pain and angush on the highway or the street, he never "passed by on the other side," but was always among the first to offer sympathy and a helping hand. His own personal happiness was never an object of his ambition and aspirations, but was regarded by him as only an incident. His interest in humanity carried him outside himself. He believed in the deep truth and meaning of the scriptural paradox—that he who would save his own life must lose it, and, therefore, that he who does the most for *self* from purely selfish motives does the least. He believed with John Stuart Mill that "while happiness is the test of all rules of conduct and the end of life, yet this end is to be attained by not making it the direct end; that aiming thus at something else, we find happiness by the way."

One of the most beautiful features of his life was *that his love and his charity began at home.* No man ever loved his family more devotedly, and, according to his means and the dictates of prudence, provided for them more amply and abundantly than he. Although strictly a layman, making no formal or conspicuous profession of religion, yet his whole life was a practical sermon and a beautiful example of deeds of charity, compassion and love toward his fellow men. He loved his neighbor as himself, and by the same token we cannot but believe that he loved God supremely. We know that there was a vein of deep religious feeling and reverence in his nature,

and that his feeling was the mainspring of his benevolence, his charity and his whole life conduct. We believe his attitude toward the churches was an expression of this feeling. He never refused or grudgingly consented to help the churches, their ministers and members, or to aid the cause of the Christian religion with his means and his influence, or in any way he could, but the opportunity to do so always afforded him the profoundest pleasure. In illustration of this we recall the following incident which occurred while Bob was struggling with poverty as editor of the "Johnson City Comet," a weekly paper started in 1884. Old brother Barlow was a lay member of the Methodist Church, but very active, and a great friend of Bob Taylor. He was not highly educated, but made up for this deficiency in his zeal. He was a unique character, full of originality and had the knack of saying things in a quaint and striking manner. He was ingenuous in his nature, direct in his methods, and proceeded to his goal on a straight line.

One morning in the darkest period of Bob's struggles, Brother Barlow knocked at his door before the family were up. His wife was indignant at being thus disturbed at so unseemly an hour, but Bob in his pajamas unbolted the door, thrust his head out, and greeted his old friend in a most cordial manner.

"Good mornin', Robert," said Brother Barlow. "I hope you are all right peert this mornin', and ready for your rations—if you've got 'em on hand. Robert, I'm in a distressful need of help, and I thought I'd come round to see ef I couldn't arrange with you on a little matter of finance. Thar's a big meetin' to start up day arter to-morrow, in the Crab Orchard up in Carter County, and I must be thar;

but I find I haven't money enough to take me thar on the Narrow Gauge Railroad. Robert, I need three dollars, and I've got to have it. I've come to you for that amount. Can you furnish it?"

"Why, Uncle Barlow," said Bob, "I haven't a red cent today to save me from hanging; if I had, you know you could get it if I had to hang."

"I was afeerd this mout be the case with you this mornin', Robert, and so I thought I'd take time by the forelock and come and give you notice. I don't have to start till tomorrow mornin', and I'll give you till then to git it up. Now, Robert, don't fail to have that money, for ef you do the Lord's work is goin' to suffer."

"I'll do my best," said Bob.

And he did, for he went and borrowed the money from a friend.

Notwithstanding his kindliness and magnanimity he was not without enemies, though they were comparatively few in number. Was there ever a good man without enemies, or a righteous cause without opposition? Emphatically no; and there never will be while the Devil has any influence among men! Just as all the virtues have their antitheses, so good men have their antipodes. Indeed, it was always his opinion that it is doubtful if a man without enemies ever amounts to much, since he who escapes antagonisms in this world, must be a man of negative, or passive, or accommodating virtues. He thought that real virtue, to be of value and efficiency, must be positive, active, nay, militant against evil. Tolerance of wrongdoing, he thought, was a tacit declaration of peace; peace with evil is acquiescence, and acquiescence is tantamount to surrender. His attitude

in regard to evil-doing and all the vices and sins of humanity was inimical; he frowned upon them; but toward the transgressor he was pitying, expostulatory, but without vindictiveness or unkindly feeling. Like the Master, he hated the sin, but loved the sinner. By reason of this graciousness of spirit he had fewer enemies, and made unto himself more "friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness" than any other man in either public or private life within the writer's knowledge. Good men loved him because he was merciful, magnanimous, charitable, sympathetic, and forgiving. He was as void and as incapable of malice as a babe in arms. No one ever asked his pardon for an injury and went away unforgiven. While invested with power and authority as Chief Executive of his State, his clemency was restrained and kept within reasonable bounds only by the most obvious and imperative demands of public policy and the safety and welfare of society. Mercy restrained his will and softened his heart, and he ofttimes kept the sword of justice in its sheath when perhaps it should have been drawn. But when he erred in this, if error it was, he did it for Mercy's sake, "for," he would say, "if to pardon is to err, then God must err to save us! But God never errs." In fact, Bob was often severely criticised while Governor of Tennessee for overstepping (as was charged) the bounds of prudence in the exercise of the pardoning power. One of the most notable criticisms of this sort was that of the Rev. Sam Jones.

During a great revival in the Tabernacle at Nashville, Tennessee, Sam Jones, the famous evangelist, according to his usual plan, began to arraign sin in official life. After directing his verbal batteries at

sin in various ranks of officialdom, he, at length, directed the attention of his great congregation to Gov. Bob Taylor, and said: "Bob is my friend, but he is using the pardoning power too freely and turning loose upon society-at-large many dangerous criminals; this must be stopped."

A newspaper man called on the Governor, and reported the matter, stating that he would publish it in the morning paper, and asked him if he wished to make any reply. The Governor answered, "Yes; just state that Bob Taylor says if it hadn't been for the free use of the pardoning power of Almighty God, Sam Jones would have been in hell long ago."

The evangelist, having read this in the morning paper, laughed heartily at Bob's "upper cut," and sent him this retort, "Bob, you are all right at heart, I guess, but you are wrong in the upper story." To which Bob replied in turn, "Ah, Sam, you are doubtless all right in the upper story, but your heart is wrong." Bob saw the opportunity to shoot this little arrow of humor at Sam and did not intend it as anything else but humor. Sam, without doubt, so understood it, for their friendship, then strong and of long standing, was cemented and remained steadfast until the great evangelist passed to the grave. Bob Taylor regarded Sam Jones as a towering genius, sincere in his great work, and a mighty power for Christianity

Bob Taylor has been called "The Apostle of Sunshine," and with equal fitness might be called also the Apostle of Peace. He hated discord in human relations even more intensely than he hated it in music. His whole nature was set to harmony in human life as was his ear to "the concord

of sweet sounds" or his soul to the harmony in nature and the universe. It cut him to the heart to see his kindred and friends at war with each other. There was no sacrifice too great for him to make for reconciliation and peace. He was, therefore, by the very necessity of his nature, a stanch believer in the great movement for the peace of the world. He looked upon war as the climax of stupidity, as a means of determining disputes, or any question of right or wrong, as the sum total of all crimes, and the apotheosis of human depravity and diabolism. He regarded the argument of battle as the argument of the ass's heels, which settles nothing but the other ass, thereby deciding, not the right and the wrong of the controversy, but only the question as to which ass is the stronger. While acquiescing in the principle and doctrine of self-defense, he unqualifiedly condemned war as diametrically opposed to, and subversive of, Christianity and civilization. He held to the postulate that man was not created for war, but for peace and a state of happiness, and for the glory of God; that if he had been designed for war he would not have been made in the image of his Creator, because God is Love and war is Hate; that war, which is simply brute force applied to purposes of physical destruction, is abysmally beneath his dignity, his true destiny, and his moral, intellectual and spiritual estate; and finally, that there are in this life, immeasurably higher and better things, both temporal and spiritual, to engage all the energies, ambitions, aspirations and efforts of men and nations. In short he looked upon war as an abortion of man's high destiny, which can be restored only by the grace of God through Christianity.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW BOB TAYLOR GOT INTO POLITICS.

The reader has doubtless heard it often said that "circumstances make men." This is true only to the extent that circumstances sometimes furnish men opportunities to make themselves. A combination of circumstances may arise, enabling a man to make a start, but if he does not possess the ability to progress he will never grow into the finished product. This ability comes of intellect, genius, will-power and courage. Without these, no man can ever go far in the road that leads to eminence and success. It is best, therefore, to say, "God makes men!"

Bob Taylor was born a many-sided genius. He was a humorist, a musician, an actor, an orator, and a politician. Because of his amiable disposition and delicate health he was the favorite of the family and the pet of his father and mother from his earliest childhood. Alf Taylor, who was older, discovering in the early stage of their boyhood superior gifts in Bob, sought in every way to encourage their development. Notwithstanding their political antagonism, Bob having early proclaimed himself a Democrat, as a matter of family pride and on account of a peculiar attachment for each other, Alf sought to develop his latent talents, particularly his oratorical genius. The method resorted to to accomplish this end, and which was entertaining and beneficial to both of them, was that of a series of debates on the public questions of the day as they arose. These debates, therefore, were

necessarily of a political nature, and grew in interest and animation year by year. For ten years while boys at home these moot debates were carried on. They never lacked for audiences, which were composed of the farm hands, wood-choppers, the family, and curious neighbors who would gather in. These audiences, always divided in political sentiment, would encourage the budding statesmen by according them most generous applause. Bob's sallies of wit and humor would invariably bring about a scene of the wildest enthusiasm and irrepressible and continued laughter. Alf would usually bring on the debates by mounting a stump in the cornfield, or a lumber pile in the sawmill yard, or the feed box in the barn floor, and proceeding to make a speech from the Republican standpoint. This speech would deal strictly with the questions at issue between the two contending parties. Bob would follow with a speech from the standpoint of a Democrat. This manner of holding political meetings on the farm daily, and engaging in hours of discussion, was interesting and entertaining to their father's hired men, and while profitable to both the boys in after time, it was anything but profitable to their father, the proprietor, because of the fact that "the series" of discussions would take up perhaps many weeks of valuable time during the year, leaving agricultural activities in a condition of demoralization, or, as Mr. Cleveland would say, "A state of innocuous desuetude!" Finally, as politics grew warmer year by year, and as the boys grew older and more earnest, their father was compelled to make a law forbidding the continuance of these discussions on the premises in order to prevent further loss of time, and to preserve the

peace of the family; the preservation of the peace being, without doubt, the prime object. This law, however, was strictly observed only when the "old gentleman" was at home. But being a man of affairs, having large interests in different sections of the country to look after, and being a preacher besides, whose services were in constant demand, he was hardly ever at home. The law, therefore, did not put a stop to these debates, but only served as a restraint upon the ambitions and enthusiastic participants to "keep the peace" at all hazards—knowing the dire consequences which each would surely entail upon himself if a single disturbance was allowed to occur between them. They knew that trouble could not occur without publicity—for the mother, a highly intellectual and cultured woman, was always on guard, and although exceptionally proud of her boys and friendly to this system of forensic training, would not tolerate the least display of ill-temper, much less the slightest breach of the peace, and would, as the boys well knew, report them to their father for correction if such should ever occur. One day, however, a disagreement arose in their discussion on a question of fact. The incident is remembered with the utmost precision because the turning point in the lives of the boys dates back to the occurrence. Besides, a record was made of it at the time, which has been sacredly preserved. One heated word brought on another in rapid succession until these words finally grew too hot for endurance!

Just at the moment when the war of words was fiercest and the fumes of brimstone were densest, and before the sound of the proverbial "You're another" had died away, the mother, with a couple of dramatic

bounds from her place of concealment, stood before them. Her bearing was like that of an indignant queen in the presence of disloyal subjects—one whose throne was being menaced by revolution! She proceeded, then and there, to administer a reprimand, the like of which has never been heard before or since. The boys were old enough and cultured enough to know that they were getting just what was due them, with compound interest, and so impressed and charmed were they with her impassioned effort—realizing for the first time the full strength of her character and intellect and power of oratory, one of them, who was rapid with the pencil, managed to take notes of what she was saying. From these notes and from memory, and afterward by the aid of her dictation, the entire deliverance was reduced to writing with a view to its preservation as a chart for their future guidance, and as a model of extemporaneous oratory. The writer preserved his copy, and is able to transfer it, word for word, from dim and musty scrapbook to enduring history—a place which, he believes, it justly merits.

THE REPRIMAND.

"What means this commotion—this mad uproar? Is it the feast of reason to which you have invited your friends? Or, is it a ferocious animal show for the benefit of low-minded people, wherein the proverbial red flag is the only emblem displayed? Are all my teachings and prayers to come to naught, and my fond hopes forever blighted? Why didn't you older ones command the peace and put a stop to this disgraceful scene?

"Is it to be my fate to be pointed to as the mother of a lot of ill-tempered, cross-grained rowdies and trouble-makers, without reason and self-respect; and by their shameful conduct am I to be dragged down in sorrow to my grave? Even among the higher order of animals, the ignoramus is devoid of enlightened reason and is ruled alone by vulgar passion. You descend to the level of the ignoramus and the wild animal of the jungles every time you lose your reason—and bring about a spectacle like this. Such spectacles subject me to a humiliation beyond my ability to describe, and almost beyond my power to endure. Such conduct makes me wish you had never been born! If I thought you would never rise to a higher plane of life, if I had no hope of your ultimate reformation, I would rather see you both die before either reaches the age of twenty.

"I am going to give a public entertainment in the immediate future, invite the friends from far and near, and have you repeat the program of today! I want them to see my choice specimens of refined and polished gentlemen; I want them to hear my noble brace of accomplished orators—my beautiful pair of polemic champions. The repetition of this delightful program, on such occasion, would make it an event long to be remembered for its inspirational character.(?)

"What if Chesterfield—the gentleman—Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Webster, Clay and Calhoun—the orators—could see and know all that transpires here below? Their spirits would droop and turn away appalled at the signs of retrogression and degeneracy which such spectacles furnish! The prime object of these disputations, which have been permitted—and

encouraged when orderly conducted—is to furnish you an incentive to read and investigate, and thereby enlarge your fund of knowledge—to train your reasoning faculties; to develop your speaking qualities, and to familiarize you with the rules of parliamentary procedure, in order that you may be prepared when you grow to full manhood to successfully compete with actual antagonists in your chosen field of endeavor. But you are prone to forget some fundamental truths I have endeavored with all my might to impress upon you. You aspire to be this, that and the other thing, but first of all and above all things you must be *gentlemen*—gentlemen in every sense and under all circumstances and conditions. Think twice before you speak, three times before you act. If you will observe this rule your sense of reason and propriety will guide you aright. Whenever your temper begins to rise and seethe and threaten to dethrone your reason, stop and reflect—think of the possible consequences to you of allowing your enraged temper to assert control. The two first and greatest enemies you have to conquer are yourselves! Conquer and subdue yourselves now, and you will be blessed with an endless succession of victories hereafter!

"Remember always, and *never forget,* that you cannot advance the cause of righteousness if you yourselves are unrighteous. You cannot promote the cause of morality if you are immoral yourselves. You cannot successfully uphold temperance, no matter how eloquent your plea, with the smell of intoxicants upon your breath! You cannot be a Christian and be a hypocrite! You must believe in the cause for which you contend, and you must practice what you preach! You must *live* what you profess! You can-

not promote the divine scheme of 'peace on earth and good will toward men' carrying a chip on your shoulders and with hate rankling in your hearts!

"May the good Lord preserve you and help you to 'turn over a new leaf,' to the end that you may start anew and grow in grace and develop into good and useful men in your day and generation!"

This speech bore its fruits. It turned the tide in the lives of the boys. They were won over by it and tried to live by it ever afterward. Whatever distinction they may have achieved in after time they owe it to this glorious woman and her teachings. She lived to see both of them in power and place at the same time—one Governor of the State, the other a member of Congress—a fact which afforded her supreme happiness. She died at the home of her Congressman son, with whom she lived during her widowhood.

As in life, the burden of her thoughts was the welfare and happiness of her children; so in death, the only burden of her soul was anxiety for their continued well-being—as shown by her last touching appeal to them. As she stepped into Eternity these were her last words: "The long-looked-for has come at last. I want you children to be good to one another. Remember your father's dying injunction when you stood around his death bed: 'Live in love, die in peace—meet me in Heaven.' "

After Bob's experience as a farmer, as a lumberman, and as an iron-master, he reached the conclusion that these callings were created for others, and not for him, but that he was cut out for a lawyer. Acting upon this conclusion, the latter part of the seventies found him a full-fledged student of law in

the office of Attorney S. J. Kirkpatrick, at Jonesboro, Washington County, Tennessee. Meanwhile, his brother Alf, who had not yet left the parental roof, was engaged in a spirited contest with Major A. H. Pettibone for the Republican nomination for Congress in the First Congressional District of the State. The Executive Committee had ordered a convention to meet at Jonesboro for the purpose of making the nomination. The committee also fixed a day upon which the twelve counties of the district should meet in county mass conventions to appoint delegates to the general convention. This general convention and the county mass conventions were one week apart. Each county appointed and instructed its delegates at the time fixed. According to these instructions, it appeared that Alf had the majority of votes, and would be the nominee, and that all the general convention at Jonesboro was expected to do was to proclaim the fact. But when the general convention assembled Major Pettibone, after the vote was taken, was declared the nominee by a very slight majority. This action, in view of the fact that Alf had been nominated by instructions, created a storm of excitement and indignation throughout the entire district, it being alleged that some of the delegates instructed for Alf were corrupted. Such was the apparent breach in the Republican party, that when the Democrats met in convention at the same place and in the same building two weeks afterwards—June 15th, 1878—in order to make doubly sure of keeping open the breach in the Republican ranks, stepped across the street and brought out Bob, the young law student, and nominated him for Congress. Dr. A. S. N. Dobson headed the committee that waited on Bob

and brought him out. On one occasion, in a subsequent campaign, while speaking at Greeneville, Tennessee, Bob pointed to Dr. Dobson, who was seated on the platform, saying: "There is the man who put me in politics." As showing the reason actuating him in this declaration, and as corroborative of the truth of the foregoing narrative, in every particular, we insert, by permission, the following statement of facts as detailed by Doctor Dobson, who is still living at this writing, and whose post office address is Limestone, Tennessee.

STATEMENT OF DR. A. S. N. DOBSON.

"In 1878 the Republicans had two candidates for the nomination for Congress before the convention, which met at Jonesboro—viz: Major A. H. Pettibone and Hon. A. A. Taylor. The nomination was finally given to Major Pettibone by a slight majority —although it appeared that Taylor was the rightful nominee according to the instructions of the County mass meetings which appointed the delegations. At all events, the nomination of Pettibone was considered by a great many as unjust, and was certainly very unsatisfactory to the friends of Mr. Taylor. Large numbers of Republicans declared they would not support the nominee, and that if the Democrats would put out a conservative man they would help elect him over Pettibone—as a rebuke of the alleged wrong which had been perpetrated. The Democratic Congressional Convention of the District met in Jonesboro to nominate a candidate, early in June of the same year—only about two weeks subsequent to the belligerent Republican Convention—and proceeded with the utmost caution to try to take advan-

tage of the Republican split. I was chairman of the Washington County Democratic organization. Before the Convention convened, I called the County Committee together to determine for whom Washington County should cast her vote. I told this Committee that a very great many of Alfred A. Taylor's friends were willing to pledge themselves to vote for the Democratic nominee, provided he was a new man and a friend of A. A. Taylor. I then suggested Bob Taylor, thinking he would satisfy and command the support of his brother's following. The committee approved the suggestion and proceeded to appoint Charles Lyle, James Bayless and myself, as a sub-committee, to confer with Robert Love Taylor and ascertain if he would permit his name to be placed before the convention. This sub-committee made me chairman and we began our task at once. At length, upon inquiry, we found the object of our search in a little back room on the second floor of the Dosser building on the north side of Main Street in Jonesboro. This room afforded one window, and the furniture it contained consisted of one table and one chair. There were a few law books on the table besides the one Bob was poring over as a student of law under the tutorship of our late lamented Judge Kirkpatrick. When we entered this little place, Bob arose, and politely greeting us, said: "Gentlemen, I would ask you to have chairs, but you see I have but one." I told him we were seeking a man to put before the Convention as Washington County's choice for Congress—one who could keep up the disaffection in the Republican Party and who was in a position to command the support of the many friends of A. A. Taylor in the coming Congressional race, and that we

Buffalo Institute (now Milligan College), Where Bob Taylor Received Most of His Education.

wished to know if he would permit us to put his name before the Convention as a candidate for Congress. Stretching wide those brilliant eyes and looking utterly amazed, Bob said: "What! Me?—for Congress—just a mountain boy!"

"Yes, you! We have picked you. If you can command your brother, A. A. Taylor's following, we think you have a chance to win." Bob dropped his head a moment in deep meditation, then, straightening himself to his full stature and placing his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, he said:

"Well, boys, if you think it wise to put my name before the Convention today, and I should be nominated, I will certainly *tackle the Major,* and I promise you here and now that I will never permit the old Democratic banner to be trailed in the dust—but will do my very best to carry it to victory in November."

With this speech from the embryo statesman, the committee retired, full of enthusiasm and hope, to report to the full committee. Their report was received with cheers by the full committee, and John Allison—now Chancellor Allison of Nashville—was selected to place the name of Washington County's candidate before the Convention. The Convention met in the old historic courthouse at one o'clock, and after permanent organization was effected, such distinguished men as McFarland, Burnett, and Charles R. Vance were placed in nomination in strong speeches by their respective champions. John Allison, who was then a promising young lawyer of the Jonesboro bar and former partner of A. A. Taylor, in presenting the name of Robert L. Taylor, made an exceptionally able and eloquent speech—arousing the convention to the highest pitch of enthusiasm—claim-

ing that Bob Taylor was the only man who could control his brother's vote, and, therefore, the only man that could be elected. When Allison finished his nominating speech, the voting began and continued all the afternoon. Upon every call of Washington County I cast fourteen votes for Taylor—as did also Unicoi County cast her two votes for Taylor. After taking many ballots without result, an adjournment for supper was proposed and carried. This adjournment gave me and my co-workers a chance to win other votes. I had received many notes from prominent Republicans, pledging their support to Bob, inasmuch as they could not get Alf. Armed with these pledges, and having formerly lived in Green County, and that delegation being composed of my former personal as well as political friends, I was able to win that County's vote for my candidate. Then, through my friend, Wm. McSween, of Cocke County, that vote was secured for Taylor, when Burnett ceased to be a candidate.

When the convention reassembled, after supper, a motion was finally adopted, after many futile ballots, to drop the hindmost man. After more balloting all were finally dropped except Charles R. Vance of Sullivan and Robert L. Taylor of Washington. After this, the balloting continued until eleven o'clock p.m. At this hour Robert L. Taylor received the necessary two-thirds vote and was declared the nominee. He was brought to the platform and presented to the assemblage and made a surprisingly able and catchy speech accepting the nomination amid much excitement and genuine enthusiasm. As he left the platform he came to me and said: "I owe my nomination to your invincible stand for me." In that race

for Congress his friends furnished him the money for his legitimate expenses as freely as if he had been their son—and he always received it with every evidence of gratitude and affection. This was before the days of graft and vote-bartering. Men stood on their merits, and voters were governed by patriotism and a sense of moral right and duty. When shall we return to the honest ballots of our ancestors and be rid of the commercialism of the Twentieth Century? God speed the day and the hour! In this race for Congress, Robert L. Taylor showed that he possessed the elements of true greatness. He surprised his most sanguine friends and admirers by his knowledge of politics, made manifest in his discussions with Pettibone—who was conceded to be an able lawyer and one of the very ablest champions of his cause in the entire State. By his incomparable wit, sarcasm and eloquence, and his plea to the common people, Bob Taylor won a signal victory, overcoming a majority of more than five thousand votes, and thus laid the foundation for National popularity and true greatness. He endeared himself to the people, and in deed and in truth was he "Our Bob."

Alf controlled several Republican papers in the district, and owned the controlling stock in the *Jonesboro Times*. These papers immediately hoisted Bob's name and vigorously advocated his election to Congress in order to rebuke the alleged outrage upon Alf. Excitement ran very high, and the contest grew fierce. Never, perhaps, before or since, has there been greater excitement among all classes of people over an election of a member of Congress in this or any other district in the United States. The invariable rule at this period was that the candidates should

meet and discuss the issues of the day in joint debate. Immediately after the candidates were nominated, a list of appointments was made out by the committees for Major Pettibone and Bob Taylor. Pettibone was considered an unusually able man, an exceptional scholar, a fine lawyer, and had had much experience as a political stumper. He had served eight years as Attorney-General for the First Judicial Circuit. Bob was entirely unknown outside of his boyhood circle, was only a stripling of a boy, and had just attained his majority; therefore, the universal impression prevailed that he would stand no chance whatever in a political debate with the invincible Pettibone.

This being the situation, Bob had everything to gain and nothing to lose. The appointments being scattered over every county in the twelve of the district, on account of the fact that there were no railroads in but few of the counties, a majority of them having none at all, the candidates were compelled to get to these appointments by private conveyance, most of the time by horseback. At that time, when war prejudice had not died out, but still ran high, it was deemed necessary by Bob's managers that the Democratic candidate should be accompanied in his campaign by a friendly ex-federal soldier. Captain Dan Ellis, who was a strong supporter of Bob, was accordingly selected to perform this service. He was Captain in the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, but was detailed in the early stage of the war to enlist recruits in East Tennessee for the Federal Army, and to pilot them through the mountains to Camp Nelson, Mill Springs, or Camp Dick Robinson in Kentucky, where they were regularly mustered into

the United States service. Captain Ellis was very popular among the ex-soldiery, was as courageous as a lion, knew no fear whatever, and at the same time was self-poised, and had learned the lesson of self-control in the school of experience. He was at Bob's side from the opening to the close of the campaign, and rendered him invaluable service, and was justly rewarded with an appointment to a position in the Government service at Washington. With the exception of a few points along the Southern Railway, Bob and his companion made their way to the appointments on horseback. Alf owned a magnificent bay-and-white spotted stallion, unrivaled as an all-round traveler. He let Bob have him to ride in the campaign. This horse, before the campaign had ended, got to be very popular and famous, on account, of course, of his novel color and excellent qualities. There are, however, no novelties of his kind any longer in the region of the First Congressional District of Tennessee.

Bob was also gifted in the musical line, and could sing comic songs and play the fiddle quite sweetly when he played his favorite mountain tunes. It is needless to say that he also made good use of his fiddle in this unique campaign. The sovereigns would gather around him in large numbers at night, and he would mimic Brignoli, the Italian opera singer, and play the fiddle for them until the cocks crew for day. The crowds would actually yell and laugh themselves into a state of physical exhaustion.

The first debate between the candidates was at Bristol, on the Virginia-Tennessee line, early in September, 1878. The meeting had been largely advertised, and the partisans of the candidates flocked to

Bristol, not only from Tennessee, but from Virginia as well. By the time the hour arrived for the opening of the discussion, a very large audience had assembled. Bristol being located in a Democratic community, Bob's friends were vastly in the majority. The debate was opened by Major Pettibone in a masterly speech, delivered with tremendous effect. He was cheered to the echo at the conclusion, for notwithstanding the crowd was against him, he was greatly admired for his scholarly attainments. When the champion of the Democratic hosts came forward to reply, the multitude rose to their feet and accorded him a most enthusiastic ovation. This was doubtless to encourage him more than anything else, for it was not thought by anybody that it was possible for a gawky, unknown boy to answer his competitor's masterly effort. But when the din had died away and Bob began in his inimitable way to combat his antagonist, and to tear down his fortifications, as if he had been in the harness a lifetime, when he proceeded to dissect his opponent's speech, scattering the fragments to the four winds, parrying his blows with his sallies of wit and humor and pathos, closing with a most brilliant presentation of the Democratic faith, and with a stirring appeal to all classes for their support, his friends and sympathizers became wild with enthusiasm, and their joy and satisfaction were without bounds.

A feature of Bob's speech, which afforded much merriment, was a bit of boyish-like doggerel he indulged in, in the form of an epitaph which he said he intended to inscribe, if elected, on the slab or stone marking the political grave of his competitor, Major Pettibone.

THE "EPITAPH."

"Beneath this humble soapstone slab
Lies one who had the gift of gab;
A wordy geyser shot each minute
Forth from his mouth, but nothing in it.
They say he was from Michigan—
Fair land of lake and wood—
And that he from his dear country ran
For his dear country's good;
Raised he the 'bloody shirt,' his flag,
And grasping firm his carpet bag,
Fared forth to Dixie's bleeding land,
In quest of power and high command.
But ere, alas, he reached his goal,
Old Nick reached up and grabbed his soul!
His greed for place ne'er did forsake 'im—
Don't mention office or you'll wake 'im;
But let him be—for us tis profit—
He'll oust Old Nick, and usurp Tophet!" *

From that day forward, throughout a long and arduous campaign, the interest and enthusiasm never flagged. The breach in the Republican Party widened throughout the district, and when election day came and the votes were polled and counted, Bob was elected by a majority of 750 votes, overcoming a Republican majority of five thousand in the Congressional District. The next day after the election a procession was formed between Johnson City and Jonesboro, the admirers of the Congressman-elect gathering in large numbers on horseback and in buggies and carriages and wagons, and on foot to escort him in triumph to Jonesboro, the home of his adoption. There, amid the waving of flags, the music of bands, the roar of cannon, and the shouts of the multitude, he was hailed as "Our Bob," "The Mountain Boy," and other like affectionate titles which have clung to him from that good day throughout his subsequent career.

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* For Maj. Pettibone's "come-back" in kind, see addendum.

It would be a suppression of the truth of history to fail to record the fact, in this connection, that the astounding result of this election was accomplished largely through the untiring efforts and skillful management of William G. Mathes, of Washington County, who was the directing power behind the whole movement, from start to finish, and, also, through the faithful friendship and ceaseless activity of C. H. Markwood, of the *Jonesboro Times*. Poor Cobb Markwood! Noble soul! He, too, is absent in the flesh, but ever present in the spirit. The writer could never become reconciled if he believed the separation to be eternal.

This election gave Bob a seat in the forty-sixth Congress, and he served the term with acceptability to his friends, and was nominated for a second term without opposition. He accepted this nomination, however, only on the ground of duty, for he recognized the fact that the Republican Party had solidified, and his defeat was therefore inevitable. Major Pettibone was likewise again nominated by his party, and the two entered a second campaign which was no less lively and interesting than the first, but Bob was defeated in the end, as was expected. Again they were both nominated, for the third time, and Major Pettibone was again triumphant. Strange to say, that after all these exciting races and impassioned debates, a strong personal friendship sprang up between them and continued to exist, and grew warmer and stronger as they grew older.

During the forty-sixth Congress a movement was inaugurated to increase the pensions of all old Mexican soldiers. There being a great many of these in the first district, Bob became very much interested

in the proposed bill. His first speech was delivered in advocacy of the measure, and was a speech which attracted considerable attention. When he had finished he was warmly congratulated by his colleagues in the House, and also by members of the Senate who were present during the debate. Believing that this deliverance will be interesting to the reader, we give it in full, as follows:

PENSIONS TO SURVIVING SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF THE MEXICAN WAR—MAIDEN SPEECH OF HON. ROBERT L. TAYLOR, OF TENNESSEE, IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, APRIL 3, 1880.

The House being in Committee of the Whole for general debate Mr. Taylor said:

Mr. Chairman: History demonstrates that society cannot exist without the safeguards and restraints of civil government, and that civil government cannot be maintained without the aid of military force. A civil government may be founded upon the purest principles of justice, equality, and liberty; it may be supported by the most virtuous public opinion, and may abide in the warmest affections and enthrone itself in the very hearts of the people, yet without the presence of the sword as a minister of its wrath and a representative of its might, it is powerless to maintain its dignity and honor and to preserve its existence among the nations. But, sir, it must be admitted that while military force in its appropriate sphere is a necessary element of civil government, it is, nevertheless, as history proves and as we have learned from recent unhappy experiences, a dangerous power.

In a government like ours, of checks and balances, it is fraught with many and perilous dangers. Unwatched by jealous eyes and uncurbed by the sovereign hand of civil authority, it may turn and destroy that which it was designed to protect and to preserve. When wicked and ambitious men are entrusted with the reins of government, military power may become in their hands a deadly foe to liberty. Wielded by an unscrupulous executive it may be made an engine of intolerable oppression. It may dare with bloody hands to violate the most sacred institutions of the Republic. It may be made an instrument to overthrow State governments at will, to fence in the ballot-box with menacing bayonets, to inaugurate reigns of terror, and to foist upon unwilling States as rulers and satraps hungry hordes of unprincipled adventurers, whose only business is to plunder the people and to foment sectional animosities.

But, sir, as I have said, military power when confined to the exercise of its proper and legitimate functions is an indispensable element in effective civil government. Without it our Republic could not have been born; without it we could never have had secured to us the blessings of liberty; without it the Union of our States would have long since been broken up and destroyed, and the grand fabric of our National Government would have long since crumbled to ruins.

If, therefore, military power, inspired and sanctified by patriotism, has been so essential in the preservation of the life of the Republic through all her tragic history; if at every step in the pathway of that history she has been baptized in the blood of her soldiers and sailors who made up that military power,

how vast are her obligations to those soldiers and sailors who have served her so heroically in all her glorious struggles and have bared their bosoms to death in her defense. They stood like a wall of fire around her cradle in the dark days of the Revolution and parried the death-blows aimed at her infant breast by the ruthless hand of a British Herod. Again, in the second struggle of 1812 they paralyzed the arm of the same foe and hurled him reeling, dismayed and defeated, back to his distant isles. In the bloody conflicts of a hundred years they have crushed the spirit of the savage Indian, and sweeping him westward have made way for the advancing empire of Caucasian liberty. Fighting against overwhelming odds at every step, they penetrated into the heart of Mexico, and vaulting over prostrate and conquered armies planted the victorious standard of the Republic in the city of the Montezumas. And, sir, in that last great struggle, yet fresh in our own memories, when the iron tread of that dread "irrepressible conflict" shook the continent and sent a shudder through the whole world, when "the sun in heaven" was "shining upon the broken fragments of a once glorious Union, on States dissevered, discordant, beligerent, on a land rent with civil feuds and drenched with fraternal blood," it was then that the triumph of American arms was more complete than ever before; it was then that our country received a more precious baptism of blood, a baptism of fraternal blood, which washed out the stain and blight of a glaring national sin and brought a fresh salvation and a new birth to free and reunited America. Far be it from me, sir, to tear open a single one of the old war wounds or to awaken a single one of its hatreds!

The flower of our country bit the dust in that struggle; it is my wish that they may sleep in peace

Under the roses the blue,
Under the lilies the gray.

My only object is to show that the soldiers of the Republic have stood by her in all her gloomiest hours of peril and distress; they have freely laid their lives a willing sacrifice upon her altar; they have poured out their blood for her like fountains of water; they have brought the trophies and fruits of more than a hundred victorious battles and laid them at her feet; they have kept her flag proudly floating in mid-air "with not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured," and made it an object of unfeigned respect in every land and every clime under the sun wherever the breezes of heaven have kissed its swelling folds. How vast, then, I repeat, are the obligations of our Government to her faithful soldiers. Sir, I assert that this debt can never be discharged with mere money. They deserve not only material aid from her coffers to make them comfortable in their old age and decrepitude and in their helplessness from battle wounds, but also a hallowed shrine in her most enduring memory and in the heart of a grateful people. Toward the soldiers of the Revolution, toward those of 1812, and of the recent war of the rebellion I think this Government has discharged her duty with credit. But there is a class of old soldiers whom she seems to have totally neglected and ignored. I mean those now living who participated in the Mexican War, and for whom the bill now on the calendar is designed to provide. There are not more than eight thousand of these aged veterans still alive, and this little battle-scarred remnant of the once

superb and invincible invading armies of the nation are swiftly passing away to that undiscovered bourne whence no traveler returns, and are answering to their names "at the roll-call of eternity." Alas, sir, what a sad change has the sweep of one-third of a century wrought in the personnel of the army and navy that brought down the pride of Mexico to the dust! One by one they have obeyed the silent summons and gone to the grand court-martial. Scott, who served his country in three great wars, has fallen asleep beneath the folds of the flag he loved so well. The heroic Taylor has departed from the scenes of life. Most of the officers of lesser rank and four-fifths of the soldiers have sunk into the cold embrace of death. And now these their few surviving comrades stand like solitary oaks scattered in a fallen forest, bearing the marks and scars of a stormy past, hoary with age, and glorious as the living monuments of the heroic days of the Republic.

I do not propose here to enter into a discussion of the question as to the justice or injustice of the war with Mexico. That is a question in which the American army who fought it had no responsibility and which must be left for settlement to the judgment of impartial history. It is quite sufficient for present purposes to know that these brave men rendered great and meritorious services to the country in that memorable conflict, which, in some respects, may be justly classed among the most wonderful of ancient or modern times. Indeed, the history of the whole war seems more like a splendid romance than a sober narrative of facts. The history of nations is a record checkered with successes and reverses, and few, if any, of the great generals and conquering armies of

the world have uniformly won laurels unmingled with symbols of disaster, but to our armies invading Mexico there was no such thing as defeat. Even the embattled walls of the gulf city, sentineled and guarded by the world-renowned castle of San Juan, with its hundred frowning embrazures belching hurricanes of shot and shell, presented no obstruction. Their reduction was but a twelve days' jubilant celebration of the opening of the most magnificent campaign that illumines our history. The thunders of Cerro Gordo pealed forth the martial melodies to which our resistless battalions kept time as they scaled the embattled escarpments to the lofty valley of Xallapa and the fertile plateaus of Pueblo; thence sweeping down through the mountain passes they beleaguered the defenses of the capital with bristling steel and streams of fire, and with the strength of giants and the courage of gods that little band of nine thousand heroes, canopied with smoke, torn with musket-balls and shot and shell from hill and plain, from front and flank, deafened with the rattle of musketry, the clang of steel, and the thunders of artillery, hurled forty thousand Mexican warriors from their fields and fortresses, wrung from the conquerers of the Aztecs nearly one-half of their domain for our country, and won for themselves the admiration of the world and immortality.

Sir, in this war we conquered from our sister republic a more than imperial realm, spanning the continent from the great gulf to the Pacific Ocean, and measuring more than six hundred thousand square miles, and nearly one-half of Mexico. It is true that in part consideration for this magnificent acquisition our Government paid Mexico some sixteen

millions, including something over $1,000,000 due from Mexico to American citizens. But it is not less true that this immense territorial concession was extorted from Mexico by our conquering soldiers. Mexico was at the feet of our armies, subjugated and humbled in the dust, her entire territory was at the mercy of our Government, which, had she chosen so to do, could have swept Mexico from the map of the world. This vast domain embraces over two hundred millions of acres, more than the area of the thirteen original States of this Union. And, sir, a reasonable estimate of the present cash value of its farming lands, improved and unimproved, is not less than $600,000,000. The export trade, foreign and domestic, of California and Texas, not to mention New Mexico and Arizona, amounts to nearly one hundred millions each per annum. But, sir, since we took possession of these regions they have yielded us of gold and silver not less than $800,000,000. Now, to this stupendous sum we must add the estimated sum of the values of the opened and unopened deposits of mineral wealth of all this boundless domain. And I hesitate not to believe, sir, that these are and will be worth to the American people $8,000,000,000. Summing these estimates all together, we are confounded at the amazing magnitude of the value of our acquisitions from Mexico. Nearly $10,000,000,000—a sum so vast as to transcend our powers of computation—have been laid in the lap of our Government.

And now, with these facts before us, can we afford to so far forget gratitude, ignore patriotism, trample upon honor, and disregard humanity as to vote no relief to these benefactors of the nation? They come not to the doors of your capitol to challenge your

charity and beg alms, but with the dignity of conscious merit demand such a recognition of their services and sacrifices as may redeem their evening of life from the destitution of poverty and the humiliation of a pauper asylum. I marshal them before you today; look at them; ask their history. At the first sound of the tocsin of war they rushed to the front. Some of them slept on their arms with Taylor amid the dead and dying on the battle field of Palo Alto, and arose from their slumbers to meet and conquer an army numbering five to one, on the bloody field of Resaca de la Palma; some were with the gallant May, and felt the blaze of the battery whose discharge emptied twenty saddles, and, wheeling with their leader, sabered the gunners, seized the battery, and sweeping the enemy into the chapparal and the river, rushed forward to the rescue of Fort Brown. Among this eight thousand there still linger some who followed the immortal Worth, the brave P. F. Smith, the chivalric Quitman, the intrepid Garland, and the other dauntless officers of Taylor's army, and helped to swell that fiery tornado of death that swept with resistless fury Federation Hill, the bishop's palace, and the very streets and houses and the grand plaza of Monterey, and at last, snatching victory from the very jaws of defeat, waved the flag of the Republic in triumph above the battlements of the conquered city. Some there are in this venerable throng who were in the most wonderful battle ever fought on this continent. Five thousand raw volunteers put twenty thousand regulars to flight, broke the spirit of Santa Anna, and gave a lasting prestige to American arms.

But more than thirty years have intervened, and these grand armies have melted away. There are only

View of "Happy Valley" and the Taylor Homestead of Later Years.

a few left, and it is a painful fact that most of these old men are suffering the bitter pangs and sorrows of helpless poverty. Returning from the war while yet in the strength of manhood, they needed no aid from the bounty of the Government; they asked none. They were able to earn their support by honest, honorable toil. But now that the weight of years has fallen upon them, when white locks and dim eyes tell of youth that's faded, when they can no longer work for bread, they are coldly neglected by the Government they have served so well, and are thrown upon the scanty charities of a heartless world. They have added to the domain of the Union a mighty empire—a vast territory teeming with countless millions of wealth—and yet we hesitate to grant them in the time of their need and sore distress a pitiful pension in acknowledgment of that splendid gift. Sir, I appeal to this House in the name of all the precious blood of patriots, spilled for a glorious, rich and prosperous nation, to do its duty by these old men. In their destitution and helpless old age, leaning on trembling staffs, with bony fingers pointing to the record of their noble services to the Republic, their dim and wistful eyes are turned to us today, appealing in mute but potent eloquence for that sympathy and aid so justly due and yet so long withheld. Hands that once staid the tide of ruin and defeat at Buena Vista are held out toward us, all withered and empty; arms that wielded the sword and musket at Cherubusco and Cerro Gordo and hurled the thunderbolts of battle at the gates of the Mexican capital are uplifted to us, unnerved and uncovered; bodies that felt the wrath and tempest of Molino del Rey are clad in tatters and rags; feet that once scaled with impetuous

tread the heights of Monterey and Chapultepec are all shoeless and bare. Sir, if there is one spark of humanity in us, one throb of patriotic love and sympathy in our hearts, one pulsation of pride in our country's glorious past, we cannot afford to let this bill die again on the calendar—we cannot resist the appeals of these old veterans. Then, in the name of justice and of humanity, let us pension them, and thus discharge our most sacred duty while we smoothe their rugged pathway to the grave.

CHAPTER VIII.

BOB TAYLOR AS A NEWSPAPER MAN.

Having been defeated, as before noted, and being a "statesman out of a job," as a result of his enforced retirement from Congress, assisted by his young relative, Nat C. Love—son of his namesake—and his very close friend, Robert Burrow, and afterwards by another relative, C. J. St. John, Jr., he established and edited *The Comet,* a weekly newspaper at Johnson City, whose initial number contains the following:

"SALUTATORY.

We make our politest bow and salute the people. We have no axe to grind but theirs, and shall lay it at the root of the tree.

In politics, we are democratic; in religion, we are orthodox. We are for encouragement of labor, the development of our natural resources, and a pure and honest administration of the government, both state and national. We are for pure men in high places; we are for the gallows and penitentiary for criminals; we are for heaven for future rewards and hell for punishment.

Fly wide, ye everlasting doors, and let *The Comet* in! Lift up your heads ye men and matrons and bright-eyed daughters and give it welcome. It bringeth messages of light and truth. It will tell you glorious things; it will gather up pearls of wisdom and nuggets of wit for you; it will steal, borrow and beg all the beautiful thoughts it can find and tie them

into bouquets and give them to you; it will catch the news from telegraph wires and the piers everywhere; from Madam Rumor and the underground railroads; from the lips of men and the tongues of women, and when it cannot catch any it will manufacture; it will tell of the discoveries of science and the creations of art; it will lunch your minds and make your souls fat. Those who receive it shall be called blessed, but woe unto him who rejects. It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah."

OTHER EDITORIAL WORK.

"The Tayl(or) of THE COMET acknowledges the receipt of valuable documents from his old sweetheart, Pettibone.

'You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.'

"Babies are a good thing to have in the family. They break the monotony of everyday life. The Tayl of THE COMET has two. Both gals and both have tongues and plenty of voice. Stayed at home a few nights ago and took care of the little jewels while their mother went to a tea party. First quarter of an hour, serene—had a regular frolic. Second quarter, youngest missed its ma, began to scratch daddy's face and howl. Oldest got up on tiptoes and pulled washbowl over on its little head. Set up a yell. Third quarter, youngest bent half double the wrong way—mouth from pole to pole, voice like a hyena. Oldest slipped behind daddy and tore up his editorial on tariff—haven't tried to write on tariff since. Fourth quarter, strength almost gone. Beads of sweat on brow. Youngest making 120 squalls per minute. Oldest

turned over the coal scuttle, got in a chair, pitched out in the slop bucket. Our devil came in after copy, gave him 15 cents to hold youngest and keep oldest out of the fire till we could run after their ma. Loped a quarter of a mile, found their ma, pranced home with her, found oldest playing with molasses pitcher, devil stretched out on bed exhausted; youngest in cradle kicking at ceiling. 'O, when I was single, O, then,' and so forth."

* * * * * *

"The Helm of the *Morristown Gazette* ran his nozzle into the Tayl of THE COMET last week. The shock was not a success, there was not a wreck of worlds. It was about like the nozzle of a gnat against the tail of that 'dark hoss' the *Morristown Gazette* wanted to trot out for governor. Uncle John, please give us a little more of your valuable time to criticisms on the peculiarities and eccentricities of the editor of the *Morristown Gazette* and let THE COMET's Tayl spread, yes, sir, let it spread. If you want 'a rest' get up and ride, but don't shoot off your Roman candle at the 'blazzin star' too often, you might get struck in the bosom of the pantaloons by a meteor from its nucleus or burned to death by the sparks from its tail, and then you know the *Knoxville Tribune* would die of grief. The Tayl of THE COMET proposes to spread over the State of Tennessee this load of poles."

* * * * * *

"Easter, with its sunshine and showers—principally showers—and its colored eggs, has come and gone, leaving only egg shells. Two little maidens in the April of life, with rosebuds on their cheeks, with sunshine in their faces, heaven in their eyes, with

hearts as pure as dew on the flower and lavish with kindness as April clouds are with rain, did not forget THE COMET. Two eggs, colored blue—means true—came to our sanctum "sanctorium," upon one was inscribed, "Alice Carr to The Comet," on the other, "Etta T. Johnson to Bob Taylor." Give us the esteem and good will of the sinless, guileless children and others may have the empty friendship of princes."

FROM THE COMET, 1884.

"A shaft of lightning struck the chimney of a brewery in Nashville the other day, says the *World*. That's nothing; a shaft of brewery strikes some fellow's chimney in Johnson City almost every day."

* * * * * *

"A huckleberry-headed, liver-lipped niggah beat Bob Ingersoll for the honor of representing the District of Columbia in the Republican convention at Chicago. Perhaps 'Mistah Ingesall' will give us a lecture on 'Some mistakes of de Republican party.'

* * * * * *

"Family of THE COMET's caudal appendage went up to the beautiful Watauga a few days ago. While carrying the babies and baskets and bandboxes and satchels to depot met a number of bachelors—received their congratulations in a whisper, told 'em the family would be gone ten days. Spent that night peacefully with a prominent bachelor for company. Slept like a log—no listening for croupy cough, no getting up every half hour to give oldest a drink of water, no squills for youngest, no sudden yells in sleep from oldest, no kicks on nose from little feet, no lots of sorrowing things. Delivered a lecture on matrimony to select audience next day, brought tears to Tom

Swingles' eyes, made arrangements to have a grand reunion of old cronies at house next evening, but heard train whistle, looked out by way of precaution, saw the madam in car as it rattled o'er the stony street, beckoning with parasol, adjourned sine die.

All quiet along the Potomac tonight."

* * * * * *

Bob's experience in the newspaper line cannot be said to have been satisfactory to himself from any standpoint, for he was, by no means, exempt from the manifold troubles common to country newspaper proprietors and editors—troubles which such, alone, can fully understand and appreciate.

The Comet, however, managed to keep alive all the while, and is still much alive, at this writing, being now owned and edited by Col. Cy H. Lyle.

About the time of the founding of *The Comet* he organized the law firm of Taylor and Burrow, and entered actively upon the practice of law, his partner being the same Robert Burrow who was his co-worker in the newspaper enterprise. This firm did as well, if not better, than most new beginners, managing always, but sometimes with difficulty, to successfully keep the proverbial wolf from the door.

The two were inseparable friends from boyhood, and suffered adversity and enjoyed prosperity together.

CHAPTER IX.

BOB TAYLOR'S TRIALS AS AN EDITOR AND MY ASSOCIATION WITH HIM.

(By Judge C. J. St. John.)

My first acquaintance with Bob Taylor was when he made his opening speech at Bristol in his race for Congress with Pettibone.

But it is not my purpose to describe this memorable campaign, or attempt to narrate the many funny incidents that occurred. He was elected the first time he ran. After his subsequent defeats he conceived the idea of going into the newspaper business, and he and Robert Burrow and Nat Love formed a partnership and began publishing *The Comet* at Johnson City, Tennessee. I had just come out of college, and was teaching school at Jonesboro. I met Bob frequently at Jonesboro, and he was so very congenial that it was always pleasant for me to be with him. One day he suggested to me that I purchase a half interest in *The Comet,* and that we would run it and make a fortune. I had had no business experience in the world, but the temptation was very great; so I went to Johnson City and went over the books, and found that there were a great many accounts charged on the books, aggregating several hundred dollars. As I was offered a half interest for one hundred dollars, it looked like the greatest bargain of which I had ever heard. I thought I saw enough good accounts on the books to get back my hundred dollars in a few days, and then I would be half owner in all the equipment of *The Comet,* and its good will, and I dreamed that I

was on the road to fortune. So I quickly made the purchase, and soon thereafter prepared statements of all the accounts on the books and went out to see the subscribers; but much to my chagrin, nearly all of them told me that the accounts had been paid long ago. Nat Love, who was blind, had been the business manager of the paper. I went at once to see him and told him what I had learned, and he very promptly said: "Yes, they are all paid; Bob Taylor collected some of them; Bob Burrow got furniture, and I collected the balance." I asked him then why it was that the credits were not shown on the books, telling him that I had been very badly deceived. His reply was, "How in the devil do you expect a blind man to keep books," and that was the only satisfaction I ever got. When I told the story to Bob, he laughed very heartily, and consoled me by saying it was all right, we would make lots of money, and not to worry over that, and that he wanted me to keep the business in good shape.

I found the equipment of *The Comet* to be very meager. It had a hand-press and some type, and a few other articles, and one of the largest iron safes I ever saw. In fact the iron safe was big enough for any banking institution. I asked Bob why he had bought such a big safe, instead of getting a better printing-press and more type. His reply was that when they began business they thought they would need it to hold their money; but they soon found out they didn't need it for that purpose, and he had never learned the combination to it.

We had no money with which to run the paper, but were entirely dependent upon subscriptions and

the little advertising patronage we had, and it was quite difficult to get enough money to meet the running expenses. Bob said he would make a trip down the country and get a lot of money. He went down the road and made a speech, and when he came back he told me he had just plenty of money. He said that after finishing his speech he told the boys if they wanted good Democratic doctrine they all ought to subscribe to the best Democratic weekly in the State, *The Comet,* and he said they came forward in large numbers and each of them paid him $1.50. He had both pockets full of money, and handed it over to me with a twinkle in his eye, saying, "There is no trouble in the world for us to make lots of money out of the paper." I got out my book and asked him to give me the names and addresses of all the subscribers, and he replied that he didn't take down the names and couldn't remember them, but that they would all "write in." For some time after that occurrence the business manager had a good deal of trouble, and got quite a number of letters complaining that the paper had not been received. Of course, whenever such a letter came I would send the paper.

The style of the firm was "Taylor and St. John." Bob was the editor-in-chief, and I was the business manager. Whenever I could get the editor to write anything it was very entertaining and *The Comet* grew in favor till we had quite a large subscription list for a weekly sheet. The business end, however, gave us much trouble, or, more properly speaking, gave *me* much trouble. Bob worried very little, and generally laughed at our troubles. Had it not been for his good humor and optimistic spirit I could not

have endured the ordeal at all. But the more worried I became, the more he would laugh. I boarded at his house, which was a little rented cottage. The dream of making a fortune soon vanished, and our only hope was to keep the paper going. Bob's buoyant spirits could not be repressed. During all our financial troubles he seemed very happy. He would stand on the street corner, surrounded by crowds, and tell many funny stories, and at night he would take his two children, "Em" and "Ret," on his knees and sing and laugh to their delight and to the amusement of the neighbors.

Our financial difficulties came thick and fast. One of our printers quit because we couldn't pay him. It looked like we couldn't get the paper out at all that week. I wrote to the *Morristown Gazette* to lend us some plates. At that time these plates were made on wooden bases. They came, but were warped, and when I printed the paper the entire outside on which these plates were used was woefully defective. There was a streak of white and a streak of black clear across the outside pages. Such a looking paper I never saw, and I was very much dejected. I took a copy and showed it to Bob, but he laughed very heartily, and inquired, "Are they all printed that way?" I said, "yes." He replied, "Well, just send them out. Every fellow will think that only his paper was badly printed, and will suppose that all the others were right, and I will fix it in an editorial." The editorial which he wrote was about like this: "One of our printers quit this week, and we borrowed some plates from the *Morristown Gazette.* Hereafter our esteemed contemporary will please keep its *dimmed*

old thoughts." The dealer from whom we had been buying paper wrote us that he would make us sales only on a cash basis. I tried several other paper dealers, but they all demanded cash. We didn't have the cash. I was much distressed, for it looked to me like we were at the end of our rope. I went to Bob and told him the trouble. As usual he laughed and said he could easily fix it. That remark made me feel better, for despair, "like the shadow of a starless night," hung over me. He had been away, and I supposed had gotten some money, so I inquired, "How much money did you get?" He replied, "I didn't get any." Then I asked, "Well, how are you going to fix it?" He replied, "We will just skip a week. We can get out a much better paper in two weeks than we can in one week." So we skipped a week, and we got out a fine edition in two weeks, and in the meantime collected enough money to keep us going for a while. Bob never forgot this story, and after he became Senator he enjoyed telling a company of his friends how *The Comet* skipped a week. At one time when I was in Washington he recited this story to the dictograph, and when some friends came in from Tennessee he would put in this record and turn it loose.

We had been running behind in paying postage and one day when I took the papers to the post office for mailing George Hickey, who was then postmaster, told me that he couldn't mail them till we paid what we owed. I reported the matter to Bob, and he went at once to the post office and told George he couldn't stop a Democratic paper by such a method as that. He said to him, "You know Uncle Sam will get every cent due him. I hope it won't be necessary for us to report the fact that a Republican postmaster is try-

ing to stop *The Comet.*" George very promptly agreed to let the papers go that week upon our promise that we would pay next week.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and Bob was never without hope. At this critical time in the life of *The Comet* a new vision or dream appeared. We both now fully realized that we would never make a fortune out of the paper, but Bob said we must keep it going and we would profit indirectly. He said that he would be selected as elector for the State, and Cleveland would be elected; then he would get an appointment under Cleveland, and he would give me a position that would pay handsomely. The clouds were lifting. This appeared to me as a glorious prospect, and put a new joy in life. We redoubled our efforts, labored with renewed energy and kept the paper going. Bob was selected as elector for the State. Hawkins was the Republican elector, and they arranged for a joint debate. Bob talked nearly every day about getting up his speech. He said that Hawkins was a fine speaker, and it was necessary for him to get up the best speech possible. Each day he would remark that he must get to work on that speech. As the time drew near he would speak more earnestly about the importance of preparing a great speech, but never got to work. Finally the day arrived for him to leave. That morning he went down town, bought a blank-book and a pencil and asked me to go back home with him. He would never be alone. So I went with him, and he closed the door and told his wife to keep the children out, that he was going to prepare his speech. He wrote on the first page of the book, and as best I can remember, this was what he had:

The Negro and Cheese;
Uncle Ephraim;
Chloe—Sheets, Quilts and Blankets;
The Possum Yarn;
The Negro and the Mule;
Rastus and the Bull;
The Bear and the Buffalo;
The Parson's Prayer when Attacked.

There were a few other stories mentioned, and he closed the book, and said he was ready for Hawkins. He left that afternoon. I thought he had no speech at all, but he made a vigorous campaign all over the State and aroused great interest and enthusiasm everywhere. He had been building the speech in his brain for months, and his notations of the stories he would tell suggested the train of his thought.

In January of 1885 Bob became ill and went to Happy Valley to recuperate, and while there he wrote me the following letter:

"Happy Valley, January 12, 1885.

"Dear Chas:

"I am improving gradually, but am still very weak. My flesh has disappeared very rapidly and I am now lean. We will all be down perhaps tomorrow if I continue to improve. If I don't come tomorrow I will send you a lot of manuscript for *The Comet.* Don't fail to get the paper out this week on time. Those two boys ought to do it without any trouble, if they will work. If we 'lag' now it will ruin the paper for next year. Hastily,

(Over) "Bob."

"Don't let *The Comet Wane.* I am ruined if you do. Redouble your energies. "R. L. T."

The office was in prospect, and we felt it would never do to let the paper lag. We kept it going.

Soon after the inauguration Bob went to Washington to get the coveted appointment. I was intensely interested. He wrote me from time to time, telling me how well he had been indorsed and of the powerful influences he was able to command

Being left alone to struggle along with the paper, and no longer under the wand of the magician, I became very much discouraged. I couldn't get enough money to meet the demands, and in a fit of dejection I sent Bob a telegram, saying, "It's all over." He managed to get some money and telegraphed it to me, saying to keep the paper going, that it would ruin him at this time if it stopped. With this amount I managed to keep it going till Bob returned. He had been given every assurance that he would be appointed Pension Agent at Knoxville. I was to have a position in the office. It looked like our fondest hopes were to be realized. We looked forward anxiously each day for the appointment. It hung fire. Could we keep the paper going till the appointment was made? Aye, there was the rub. Patience at last ceased to be a virtue. Bob said he would send Grover a telegram, so he wired him as follows:

"Grover Cleveland,

"President, U. S.

"Washington, D. C.

"That other fellow is still drawing my pay.

"Robt. L Taylor."

The appointment was made in a few days. Cleveland, it was afterwards said, referred to this telegram as a very amusing message.

There was great rejoicing in Tennessee at the news of Bob's appointment. Everybody at Johnson City especially was glad to know that Bob had been successful in securing a good position. One old man to whom I told the news said it was the best news he had ever heard, and inquired the amount of the salary. I told him it was $4,000.00 per annum. He remarked, "I am awfully glad of it. That money will belong to all of us." His old friend knew that Bob was wholly unselfish.

There never lived a man whose heart beat more in sympathy for humanity. His sympathies were easily awakened, and he was quick to respond to the extent of his means. The numberless acts of kindness and charity which he did will never be known. It is doubtful if any appeal for help was ever made to him that he did not immediately give it, if within his power. It was this broad sympathy and tender feeling that led him to grant so many pardons when he became Governor. He doubtless made some mistakes, but many of his acts in extending executive clemency fell like a benediction from heaven. It gave him great pleasure to relieve suffering and scatter sunshine along the pathway. On one occasion I went into the executive office, and Bob took from the mantel a rude looking fiddle. He told me a convict made it with a pocket knife and sent it to him. He drew the bow across the strings and said it was a fine fiddle. I asked him what he did for the fellow. He replied that he got the papers and found that there wasn't much in the case anyhow, and he sent him home.

The story is told about a fellow calling on him one day and telling a hard luck tale, and begging for assistance. Bob told him he would be glad to help

Historic Sycamore Tree Near the Taylor Home, Under Which Andrew Jackson Held Court at an Early Day

him, but he didn't have any money at all and wouldn't get any till the next day. The fellow said, "well, I will manage to get along till then, and will give you till tomorrow to raise it."

As soon as the news of the appointment was received, the next question that presented itself to us was what to do with *The Comet*. We couldn't stop it because there were unfulfilled contracts in force. Bob would laugh and say we were in the position of the fellow who had a bear by the tail and couldn't let loose. We finally turned the paper over to Cy H. Lyle, who was a practical printer and newspaper man. He has not had the troubles and worries which we experienced, and has kept the paper going all these years, and *The Comet* still shines.

After disposing of *The Comet,* Bob moved to Knoxville and took charge of the United States Pension Office. I was appointed to a clerkship at a small salary, Bob assuring me that he would get me a better job later. This promise was afterwards fulfilled when he was instrumental in getting me appointed a Special Examiner in the Pension Bureau.

Soon after Bob qualified he received a letter from the United States Treasurer saying that there had been forwarded from the Treasury at Washington to the Sub-Treasury at New York, to be placed to his credit as Pension Agent, the sum of $500,000.00. He showed the letter to the clerks, saying he felt some better. When he showed me the letter he asked, "How does that look for a busted editor?" What a sudden transformation was that! He was quite happy and in the very best of spirits. That day a pensioner came in with his voucher, and we issued a check to him for $12.00. He put it in a local bank,

and it reached the Sub-Treasury before the $500,000.00 arrived, and was duly protested. When Bob got the protest notice, he remarked: "Well, I knew my check was not much, but I certainly thought one for $12.00 would go through when I got Uncle Sam behind me." We quit paying then till we learned that the money had arrived at the Sub-Treasury. While we were waiting for advice from the Sub-Treasurer, several pensioners were "stood off." One, I remember, expressed great surprise and wanted to know if the Government "was busted."

The business ran along very smoothly. Bob retained some of the experienced clerks, and he had no trouble in conducting the office in a very business-like manner. His principal work was to sign his name to pension checks. For days at a time he would sit at his desk signing his name. It was this practice which enabled him to perfect that characteristic signature which is familiar to thousands of people. He used to say that he had the most difficult and monotonous job in the office.

After drawing his salary a few times, life became more agreeable. If he had been called upon to address a bankers' convention, he doubtless would have addressed the meeting "Fellow Capitalists."

One day a fellow came into the office whom Bob took to be a pensioner. He stepped to the counter and said good-humoredly: "Old man, give me your voucher and I will put a check in your flank and a new song in your mouth." The old man fumbled in his pocket and got out a paper which he handed to Bob. Usually all pension checks were written by the clerks, but Bob wrote a check and handed it to him. I asked Bob for the voucher. He said: "That

old man was no pensioner. He had a note for $40.00 which I had endorsed against a friend of mine, who failed to pay. I had forgotten about it. You heard what I said to him. Well, he took all the song out of my mouth."

A widow came in one day, and the clerk informed her that the office had received information from Washington that she had remarried. "What difference does that make?" she inquired. She was informed that when a widow remarried it was presumed that she married a man who would care and provide for her, and her pension then ceased. Bob laughed very heartily when she said: "Well, I didn't know that. I would not give my pension for a dozen such men as I married."

While at Knoxville I boarded at Bob's house. The other two boarders were Frank Dosser and Col. Nathan Gregg, Internal Revenue Agent. The Colonel was well versed in politics, and Bob generally heeded his advice on political questions. He used to call the Colonel the "whispering statesman from Sullivan." Bob's was a joyous house. No jollier man ever sat around a fireside. It was always pleasant to listen to his funny stories, see his benevolent countenance and hear his merry laugh.

One night Bob invited me to go with him to the theatre. I told him I couldn't spare the money. He said, of course, he intended to buy the tickets. We put on our best clothes and went to Staub's Opera House. Bob inquired the price of the tickets, and was informed that they were a dollar each. He got out one dollar and asked me if I had any money. I told him that I had none with me. He then insisted that I take the dollar and go in, which I refused to

do. He then said: "Well, let's go home; I don't believe the show is much good, anyhow." We returned home. At this time Bob had money to his credit. I relate this story as showing how little he thought about money. It never occurred to him that he didn't have the money till he got to the ticket window.

Many of his business transactions were quite amusing to his friends. In most of his ventures he would lose. On one occasion, when he was reminded of how much a certain house and lot had advanced since he sold it for less than it had cost him, he told this story: "A drunken fellow went to a dance unbidden and was kicked down the stairway. He fell on the street, was considerably bruised and bled profusely. Some of the ladies ran to him, offering assistance, and inquired: "Are you hurt, Mr. Johnson?" "No," he replied. "Ladies, this is the way I always come down the steps." Bob said in business transactions he usually came down the steps like Johnson.

He is not to be criticised, however, for wanting in good business qualifications. The Lord endowed him with poetic sentiment and a wonderful imagination. These qualities would not mix with cold business judgment. In many of his business transactions his imagination played an important part, and many of his dreams were never realized. But he kept on dreaming till the last. Hope always saw a star. Only a short time before his death he told me of his interest in a gold mine and what a great fortune he would make. I told him that Mark Twain's definition of a gold mine was a hole in the ground owned by a big liar. He laughed, but still insisted that his mine was all right. I said it was no doubt

a fine thing to dream about, but he should never allow any hole to be dug in the ground for fear the illusion might be dispelled and his airship would turn turtle and collapse.

He was very popular at Knoxville. Often he would start in the morning to the office, only a few blocks distant, and would never get there till noon. He would meet many people on the street who wanted to talk with him. I have seen the sidewalk blocked with people listening with eagerness to some story he was telling. Frequently the chief clerk would have to send for him to get him to sign checks. He would explain that he tried to get in early, but had to stop and talk with so many people that he was lucky to get to the office at all.

It was early in 1886 that he was being urged to make the race for Governor. Bob hesitated. He had a good office for four years, was able to live with fair economy, and was for the first time in life in a position to save a little money. The office of Governor paid no better salary than the office he had and the expense would be far greater. These considerations weighed heavily with him. But the call came from all parts of the State. Bob wavered and would not say. One day he would be in the notion, then the next day he wouldn't consider accepting the nomination under any circumstances. The Republican convention nominated his brother, Hon. Alfred A. Taylor. It was said Bob, of course, could not afford to accept a nomination against his brother. The Democrats called now louder than ever. Bob was silent. The convention met. Would he accept if nominated? A committee appointed wired him to know if he would accept the nomination. He wired his answer,

which was as follows: "A seedy individual once appeared at my mother's home and said, 'Emerline, if you don't believe I can carry a ham home, just try me.' Robt. L. Taylor."

That night I took a telegram to his house saying that he had nearly two-thirds majority. I woke him up and read it to him. He seemed much interested, and asked me to remain up till the convention adjourned. His nomination was made the next day. Telegrams of congratulation poured in from all over the State and many from other states. The "War of the Roses" soon began.

The Government would not accept Bob's resignation as Pension Agent till the end of the quarter. It was necessary that he run the office during the campaign. I went with him and took charge of the pension checks. He would speak during the day and sign checks at night, which I would forward to the office. It was all I could do to get him to sign enough checks to keep the office going. I also acted as newspaper correspondent for a number of papers, and among the list was the *New York Herald*. At one place Bob and Alf discussed at length the political career of Andrew Johnson. I telegraphed an account of the day's speaking to the *Herald*. The article was headed by the editor, "The Two Taylors in Tennessee Discussing the Great Tailor."

I could not, in the short space allotted to me, undertake to give an account of this remarkable campaign. It was conducted on a high plane and each acquitted himself nobly.

At one place Bob said he wanted to explain once and for all why he accepted the nomination against his brother. He said he had been severely criticised

for having the ingratitude to accept the Democratic nomination after his brother had accepted the Republican nomination. He then told this story to explain his position:

"Down in Union County a farmer had some dynamite on a shelf on his back porch which he intended to use to kill fish. He heard a noise and went out, to find that the cat was eating the dynamite. He shooed the cat off the shelf, and when it hit the floor there 'was narry two hairs left together.' Now, when my brother Alfred accepted the nomination of the Republican party for Governor, he swallowed the dynamite; and it makes little difference whether I or some one else shoos him off, for he is bound to explode." As Alf did not take kindly to this story, Bob told it only one time.

This memorable campaign was closed at Blountville. In closing, Alf said:

"My countrymen, a few words and I will end my connection with the most remarkable contest which our country has witnessed. It has been a 'War of the Roses,' but, thank God, it has been bloodless. My brother has been my foeman, but, although our blades have often flashed steel, they are not stained. We have striven with all our might in the defense of the principles which each believed to be right, although they differed as do the poles. I say to you now that after all these eventful struggles I still love my brother—love him, as of old, with an undying affection—but politically, my friends, I despise him." (Cheers.)

In closing his speech, Bob said:

"My countrymen, I thank God that it has been reserved for Tennessee to declare to the world that

even two brothers can debate principles without descending to the level of personalities or abrading in the least the tender relations of brotherhood. The memorable campaign of 1886 will, indeed, soon be closed, but let me assure you that I today love the man who has borne the Republican banner as dearly as when, in the good old days long ago, we slept side by side in the trundle-bed and shared our youthful joys and griefs. I have never seen the hour when I would not willingly lay down my life to save him, nor have I seen the dawn of the day when I would not lay down my life to destroy his party. Fellow-citizens, I am done."

Tremendous cheering, which lasted fully five minutes, greeted his last utterances.

He had not resumed his seat when my father, Judge C. J. St. John, stepped forward, holding a magnificent crown of white roses in his hand, and said:

"One of the noblest spectacles of the ancient world was the crowning of the victor in the Olympic games. The names of the heroes were engraved on a bronze disc suspended in the Temple of Hera at Olympia. Your name is engraved in our hearts, and it is just and proper that you, as the standard-bearer of the Democratic party, after having closed the most brilliant campaign the country has ever witnessed—and, I may add, won the race—shall now receive the coronet on your head.

"The Olympic athlete received the wreath of laurel leaves; you shall receive the crown of flowers—white roses—to which you have given a new language. It is appropriate. Henceforth let it be the emblem of the Democratic party.

"May we not trust that the white rose will triumph in 1888? And may we not hope that one of the two great figures in the grand pageantry of the next inauguration at Washington shall be Robert L. Taylor?"

Before Bob qualified as Governor I received an appointment as Special Examiner and was detailed for work in the West, and did not see him again for over a year. He was criticised for the many pardons he made, but his nature was so sympathetic that it was difficult for him to resist the piteous appeals made to him.

The story is told that one day he was going through the penitentiary and saw an old negro working along in a feeble way. Something about the old man attracted his attention, and he said, "Uncle, how long have you been here?" He answered, "Twelve years." "How long are you sent up for?" He answered, "Sixteen years." "What did you do?" He answered, "I driv up the wrong cow." The Governor went to his office and issued him a pardon, believing that the old man had been in long enough. The negro didn't know who he was talking to till after he was pardoned.

We drifted apart in a business way, and I saw Bob only at intervals, but we always kept in touch with each other. Only a short time before his last illness he was at my home and spent the evening, during which he related many funny stories of our past experience and sang many Southern lullabies and favorite songs, much to the delight and amusement of all present. Turning from the piano, he asked me, "How much time have I to make the train?" I assured him that I would not let him get

left. He then said, "Now, children, I want to sing you my song—the song of all songs." He then sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," with such pathos and soul-stirring music as I never heard before. He then bade us adieu, never to return again; but the memory of that song, as sung by him that night, will live with us forever.

He had, as Macaulay said of Lord Holland, "the most gracious and interesting countenance that was ever lighted up by the mingled lustre of intelligence and benevolence."

The people of Tennessee will long remember "that constant flow of conversation, so natural, so animated, so vivacious, so rich with observation and anecdote, that wit, which never gave a wound; that exquisite mimicry which ennobled instead of degraded; that goodness of heart which appeared in every look and accent, and gave additional value to every talent and acquirement. They will remember, too, that he whose name they hold in reverence was not less distinguished by the inflexible righteousness of his political conduct, than by his loving disposition and his winning manners."

CHAPTER X.

JOINT CAMPAIGN OF BOB AND ALF.

"The war of the Roses."

By this time Bob's fame as a campaigner, orator and debater had become secure and was recognized throughout the State. No man ever made such rapid strides toward the front as a leader of his party. In the next general convention of the Democracy at Nashville he was chosen as candidate for Elector from the State at large, and made the canvass of the State in joint discussion with Hon. Samuel Hawkins, who was the Republican candidate. He was elected, and cast a vote for Grover Cleveland in the Electoral College. After the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland as President, he was appointed United States Pension Agent, with headquarters at Knoxville. Tennessee. While he was serving his term as Pension Agent the Republican convention had met at Nashville and nominated his brother Alf as a candidate for Governor. There were many counties on the Cumberland Plateau where no Republican candidate had ever spoken. Alf's committee put him to work immediately after his nomination, and sent him into these counties to plant the seeds of Republicanism. In the meantime an impression was started and became pretty general, for some reason or other, perhaps because there were such large crowds attending Alf's meetings, that there was a likelihood of Alf's ultimate election, and that Democratic Tennessee was going to have a Republican administration. The Demo-

cratic State Convention was soon thereafter called, and met at Nashville, and in response to queries of a delegate, how to avert "a disaster which would befall the State" if it should thus have saddled upon it a Republican administration, another delegate arose and placed the name of Bob Taylor before the convention. Then other delegates proceeded to make seconding speeches. After a great many of these had been injected into the proceedings, still another delegate mounted the platform and proposed a vote by the convention. This was carried, and the vote was taken. Bob was overwhelmingly nominated amid deafening cheers. Thus the two brothers were pitted against each other, and thus began the "War of the Roses," the most exciting and determined political war ever waged.

The method of joint discussion by the candidates was still in vogue, and when the respective State Committees met, they made out a killing list of dates for Alf and Bob. The opening date was at Madisonville, in East Tennessee. Bob, who opened the debate, said in his speech that he and his competitor were "roses from the same garden," the only difference being that he was a white rose and that his brother was a red rose. On their way into Middle Tennessee they stopped one night in Bridgeport, Alabama. In the morning the landlady presented herself at her guests' door.

"Here," said she to Alfred, "is a bouquet of red roses. And here," she exclaimed to Robert, "is a bouquet of white roses. Now I want you boys to take these flowers for the sake of your mother. I know she must be proud to have sons who can be politicians

and still be brothers." And the "War of the Roses" was carried into Middle and West Tennessee.

The list of joint appointments covered every section of the entire State. At every point there was a procession waiting to be headed by each candidate, respectively. Bob's carriage was always bedecked with white roses and white bunting, and drawn by from six to eight white horses with white plumes, while the band wagons and every vehicle in line behind, and every horseman, were also decorated with white sashes, white plumes, roses, ribbons and bunting. This white line of yelling marchers would extend sometimes to the length of a mile, and sometimes two miles, according to the size of the town. A correct idea of Alf's procession can be drawn by substituting red roses, red plumes, red ribbons and red bunting instead of the white—shortening the line at most places by one-third or one-half, especially in Middle Tennessee. There was no building in the State that could accommodate the crowds when the time arrived for the speaking to begin. There were never at any point in the smallest counties less than six thousand people; at Memphis there were fifteen thousand people; at Jackson, ten thousand; at Nashville, twenty-five thousand.

The dignity of the campaign and a disturbance of their amicable relations were threatened only on one occasion. An immense throng had gathered at Franklin—in full view of the celebrated battle field and near where the intrepid Pat Cleburne fell. Bob, as if partaking of the spirit of impetuosity which characterized that sanguinary field, made a furious assault upon the American protective tariff system. He attributed all the woes and ills the coun-

try is heir to, to the operation of that system, and denounced it in the most scathing terms as "infamously corrupt and vicious, building up and fostering giant combinations, trusts and monopolies in the interest of a favored few at the expense of the many, creating an insolent class of plutocrats who feast upon privilege, enslaving the common people and making them 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to an industrial and political oligarchy as powerful and as damnable as ever cursed any country in any age." "And yet," he exclaimed, "my competitor is in favor of this pernicious system and advocates its maintenance and continuance. He has grown wiser than his party of late, and has said that he favors even a still higher tariff rate on certain articles; he soars higher than his party on this vexed question. He reminds me of a tomtit perched on the back of an eagle." . . .

In his reply Alf protested that the tariff issue was outside of the realm of State politics and had no legitimate place in the discussion, but that he stood ready to face any issue his competitor might see fit to inject, however foreign to the real issues involved.

Although the crowd was overwhelmingly in accord with Bob's view, and manifested its approval of his position by boisterous demonstrations, oft repeated, Alf's defense, from his party's standpoint, was spirited and striking—so much so that he elicited the profoundest attention of the hostile audience from start to finish.

Referring to Bob's ludicrous comparison of the tomtit on the eagle's back, Alf said:

"Because I have expressed myself as being in favor of a higher rate of tariff on certain articles

coming in from abroad, the like of which we ourselves produce, for the protection of home industries and home labor and to secure revenue to run the government, my worthy competitor charges me with arrogating to myself greater wisdom than my party possesses, and tries to ridicule me by comparing me to a tomtit perched on the back of an eagle. In this characterization he has unwittingly paid my party and myself a high compliment. The eagle is the king of birds and represents all that is noblest and all that is superior in the feathered kingdom, and it is a very high honor to any tomtit to ride upon his back. By reason of his greatness, our fathers made him the emblem of American liberty and American superiority; and my competitor is now pleased to make him also the emblem of the great Republican party which I have the honor to represent.

"But I am sorry, my countrymen, that nature and the facts forbid me to offer, in reciprocation, a like compliment—for the lack of an emblem of equal dignity. For while I sit on a soaring eagle's back, mount the blue empyrean, survey a mighty continent at one glance, and listen to the music of the spheres, my competitor sits on the shaggy back of the proverbial Democratic donkey, whose only music is his own bray, whose scope of view is a log stable and a sinkfield pasture, and whose daily portion is a bundle of fodder and a good lickin' by the Republican eagle!"

BOB'S "COME-BACK."

"Fellow Citizens: Considering the humbleness of the animal my competitor has assigned me to ride today, you will doubtless be astonished when I tell you that I consider the honor he pays me is a thou-

sandfold greater than that I have so unwittingly conferred upon him as the eagle-rider; for from among all the beasts of burden the humble donkey was chosen by the Son of Man as His steed to carry Him in triumph into the City of Jerusalem, amid the plaudits of the populace, who cast their garments in His way, shouting loud hosannas in His praise! And probably He chose this despised animal in recognition of the fact that the greatest animal is, like the greatest man, the most useful, and deserves the highest honor! My competitor forgets the debt of gratitude to this obscure animal, so honored by the Savior; he forgets that this patient, long-suffering servant of mankind has for six thousand years borne upon his back the burden of the world; he forgets that he and his kind fill the corn cribs and wheat bins and hay mows of the nation, and will continue, with the aid of the Democratic party, in this noble service to the end of time. Moreover, fellow-citizens, I expect to hitch my humble though triumphant steed to the gate-post at the foot of Capitol Hill at Nashville next January on the occasion of my inauguration as Governor of Tennessee! The only thing that will mar the pleasure of the event to me will be my deep solicitude for the fate of my over-ambitious brother—left to sail, shivering and disconsolate, among the cold waves of the 'blue empyrean!' "

That "settled the hash!" All Alf could do was to sit and grin, and witness the antics of the convulsed multitude, and listen to the deafening music of "Dixie" and the "Rebel yell!" Wildcat shrieks and pantherlike screams could be heard now and then in the din of the wild uproar! Never did a candidate receive warmer support from warmer hearts

Spot at Sycamore Shoals Where Rev. Samuel Doak Preached His Famous Sermon on "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon" to the Heroes of King's Mountain.

than Bob received from the exceptionally good people of Williamson County.

Before the speaking at each point the candidates were expected to hold a reception, one of them standing at one entrance to the hotel and the other at another entrance, where they would stand upon their feet and shake hands with the sovereigns often for three hours at a time. Three speeches a day usually had to be made, and frequently four; one when they would first arrive and the procession was disbanded; after the reception would come the discussion at the fair ground, or the public square, or in the court-house square, regardless of the weather, whether there was rain or sunshine; still another speech at the banquet hall; and another in acknowledgment of the honor of the serenade in the evening. A feature of the day at each point was the presentation by the ladies, through a committee, of white and red roses and white and red bouquets of every imaginable kind of flowers, made up into horseshoes, ships and fiddles, and other emblems, and presented to the respective candidates, all of which invariably called for the best efforts of the recipients. This manner of campaign was kept up for three long months.

The following incident, related in a letter from Mr. R. S. Fletcher, President of the Bank of Commerce of Jackson, Tenn., to the writer, shows the spirit of the campaign and how Bob won the hearts of men:

"During the 'War of the Roses,' when you and Bob were opposing candidates for Governor, a committee of his friends in Jackson went to meet him at Bethel Springs, twenty miles south of this city. We had a special car, and you were also our guest. You

were both billed to speak here on that day, and when we arrived at the Union Station here there was a tremendous outpouring of Democrats in all kinds of vehicles carrying various kinds of stringed instruments. Each was bubbling over with enthusiasm for 'Our Bob.' In that now far-away day there were perhaps less than a half dozen white Republicans in Jackson, Judge Muse being the only one of prominence. He had driven to the station in his carriage to meet you, and when Bob saw the situation he asked me to hold our folks back until Judge Muse and you could depart, adding that he did not want to have you humiliated under such circumstances. I was glad to yield to his thoughtful and considerate request. The act was so brotherly and timely that I was ever afterward bound to Bob by links of love and esteem which could not be broken by the foibles of human imperfections. His heart was right and his spirit was gentle. He was truly an apostle of sunshine, whom the people delighted to love and honor. Peace to his ashes! We shall never see his like again!''

The reader can now see the significance of the word "killing," used to describe the committee's list of dates. Only men of iron constitution could endure such a strain upon the physical man. The brothers went through it all without the slightest rupture of their brotherly relations. It was a clash of party principles and policies in the most earnest contest that was ever fought out on the soil of Tennessee or any other Commonwealth. Each was determined that the banner placed in his hands by his party should not trail in the dust. All the soul, mind and strength of each was exerted to the utmost in upholding the cause for which he stood. In it all they kept aloof

from vituperation, harsh invective and disgusting personalities, confining themselves altogether to the discussion upon a high plane of the political issues involved.

Unique and interesting incidents were constantly occurring during the progress of the canvass, but none were quite so amusing as the prank played by Bob on one occasion, as the writer recalls, at Chattanooga. Extensive preparations had been made for the reception of the candidates on this occasion, and the respective committees had jointly arranged a program for the day. A feature of the event was to be a serenade at night and speeches by the candidates from the hotel balcony. The candidates agreed—inasmuch as their friends had secured a number of the finest bands of music in the land, and otherwise had taken extra pains to make the musical feature a crowning event of the day—that they would prepare something out of the ordinary in the way of serenade speeches—something that would be fit to print. According to the program, Bob's bands were to come first, and after the music and his speech his followers were to immediately withdraw to make way for the assembling of Alf's supporters and their musical aggregations. So, in the late afternoon, Alf concluded to write his address of the evening, and proceeded to do so, "jotting down" what seemed to him a creditable little speech that would do to print. When he had finished this speech he was called into an adjoining room by a committee of his friends to consult about future plans of the campaign, leaving his manuscript on the table. This consultation lasted the remainder of the afternoon and until the hour arrived for the evening ceremonies. The bands had

assembled and soon began to play. In a few minutes the streets were jammed for blocks away with noisy, though good-humored throngs of people, shouting lustily for "Our Bob." After dispensing many choice pieces of music—mostly of a patriotic nature—closing, as usual, with the soul-stirring strains of "Dixie," and after the cheering had ceased and quiet was restored, the master of ceremonies began to speak, introducing Bob Taylor.

Alf was still engaged with his committee, but in easy hearing of what was being said from the balcony. He was complacent and undisturbed, for he knew when his time would come—according to the fixed program. Presently he heard a mellow voice, itself full of music, saying:

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treason, strategem and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus;
> Let no such man be trusted."

"Great Scott! Listen! He has quoted the text of my speech, word for word," ejaculated Alf. The mellow voice continued to peal forth in these words: "The illustrious dreamers and creators in the realm of music, the Mozarts, the Beethovens, the Handels and the Mendelssohns, have scaled the purple steeps of the heaven of sweet sounds, unbarred its opal gates and opened its holy of holies to the rapt ear of the world. In their wonderful creations of melody they have given a new interpretation and a sweeter tongue to nature and an audible voice to the music of the stars. Surely humanity can never forget God or our civilization sink to a lower plane while their works endure."

Alf rushed to his room to look for his manuscript and found that it had disappeared. He looked on the table, on the window sill, on the bureau, in the drawer, in his other coat pocket, and lo! it was gone! He shot back to the committee room, only to hear the closing sentences of his speech falling from the lips of the speaker without, and at the same moment to catch the first notes of "Yankee Doodle" resounding through the streets and corridors, reminding him that his turn to speak was now at hand! Bob had delivered *his* speech, *verbatim, at literatim, et punctuatum!* Bob and his few close friends who were "on to the joke" enjoyed Alf's predicament more than can be expressed. Their "funny-bone" was so acutely affected that they actually fell full length on the floor, in the presence of Alf and his committee, kicking and rolling in a convulsive fit of "side-splitting" laughter! But Alf was nerved by the reflection that perhaps he possessed the *ad captandum* qualities of a speaker akin to Bob's, and, thus encouraged, managed to pass through the ordeal of an extemporaneous effort in the face of multiplied thousands, seemingly, however, to the satisfaction of his enthusiastic followers, though not without the loss of a couple of gallons of sweat—"be the same more or less!" But Alf promised himself, while struggling and sweating through that trying ordeal, that he would "get even"—if ever an opportunity presented itself. The opportunity came at Fayetteville, the capital of Lincoln County.

Excited by the novelty and pepper of the political controversy, Lincoln and adjoining counties seemed to turn upside down and empty their population into Fayetteville on the day set for their joint discussion

at that place. When the candidates arrived, after being escorted to their hotel by processions headed by bands of music, they were, as usual, assigned rooms adjoining, with folding doors. When their friends would call in large bodies, the rooms could be converted into one. While Bob was out making some calls on special leaders about the town, a body of his friends from a remote section of the county rode into town on horseback, and, after dismounting, made their way to the hotel to "shake the paw of 'Our Bob.'"

"Where is he?" asked the leader of the proprietor.

"Right upstairs, gentlemen; first door to the right; walk right up."

Alf was the only occupant of the room for the moment. The crowd made for the stairway in a run and clambered up the steps in great confusion in their eagerness to meet and shake hands with the "next Governor," shouting at every breath, "Hurrah for 'Our Bob'!"

Without knocking at the door, they pressed into the room, and, surrounding their supposed idol, shook both hands at the same time, beat him in the back and otherwise caressed him almost into a state of suffocation. The victim saw his chance to "get even," and made no explanation of the mistake on the part of the over-enthusiastic callers.

"Bob," said one, "you're going to be Governor, sure."

"Yes," said another, "by a majority reachin' all the way from the rivers to the ends of the earth!"

"Say, Bob," said the leader, "we hiked out afore day this mornin' and have rid twenty-two miles jest

to git with you! We are tired and *dry,* and need jest a little nip to straighten us up! Say, old pard, can't you set 'em up? Gosh, we're fur you, red-hot!"

The supposed object of all this unrestrained enthusiasm, taking his stand on a table and assuming an indignant air, delivered himself thus: "Gentlemen, I cannot conceive how it is possible for a set of men to come here in broad open daylight, claiming to be civilized, and make such a request as this of a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the State. I would have you to understand that I am a temperance man, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet! I drank it in with my mother's milk, and my father taught it to me by precept and example every day, from my childhood to the day of his death!"

By this time the crowd began to disperse, one by one, and two by two's. The speaker continued:

" 'O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!' Men, I will be frank with you; your ill-advised, abominable suggestion calls for the utmost frankness on my part. Before I would be instrumental in polluting your lips with one single drop of the hellish stuff you call for, even though it bore the brand of 'good old Lincoln County,' I would surrender my nomination, give up the race entirely, and allow Alf Taylor to be elected Governor of the Volunteer State!"

By this time the crowd had melted away, and the speech-making was abruptly ended!

Some of Alf's friends came in when the room was entirely emptied and were promptly posted as to what had happened, that they might be participants in the enjoyment of Bob's predicament when, upon his return, he was apprised of what had taken place.

But little time had elapsed before Bob, with a coterie of his friends, returned. Then the fun began. Alf proceeded to relate, in minute detail, everything that had occurred, and repeated the speech that had been made. Bob and his friends were greatly perturbed and demanded to know some of the names of the men in order that they might forthwith hunt them up and correct the false impression. After keeping Bob in a "sweat-box" of extreme anxiety for some time, Alf's conscience moved him to furnish the desired information, before it was too late, in order that he and his friends might proceed in haste to repair, as Bob termed it, the "wanton injury." So Alf gave them the names of several of the men, as he remembered them, and the locality they said they were from—which was sufficient to enable the anxious victim of the "get-even" plan with the aid of his local friends, to "straighten up" the ludicrous affair. Bob and his friends lost no time in hunting up the men and furnishing each an ocular demonstration of the fact that it was a flagrant case of mistaken identity! But Bob discovered, to his great discomfiture at the time, that the "laugh was on the other side!" All parties concerned, however, enjoyed many hearty laughs afterward over the occurrence, and were glad that the joke was successful—without injury to any one.

The struggle waxed hotter and hotter as the end approached, and interest was more intensified, if possible, but the warm personal devotion of the candidates to one another never cooled; and when the canvass was finally closed they were really indifferent, from a personal standpoint, as to which one should be victorious.

HOW BOB TAYLOR GAINED A VOTE.

Bob was eternally getting off some practical joke, and the victim never knew when it was going to be sprung nor what it was going to be about. There was some campaigning to do in the remote interior, and the only way to get to the appointments was by private conveyance over roads built of rocks, mudholes and hills! On this journey Alf and Bob traveled together in the same buggy. One day, after traveling all day long over one of these "stand-pat" roads, they reached a place which looked so clean, cool and inviting that they concluded to call and see if they could get to stay all night. They would be only a short distance from their destination—and they did not wish to reach town that night, anyway, knowing what they would have to go through with, fatigued as they were already, if they did.

So the man of the house came out and readily consented that they should be his guests for the night, and seemed to regard it not only as a pleasure, but an honor to entertain them—in fact, said so—and acted so as to carry conviction that he meant what he said. But times are different now from what they were then! No such hospitalities are dispensed now as were showered then! We have advanced to a new and different civilization from the old. The "latch-string" hung out then—how different now! Those living who passed out of the old into the new cannot but contemplate the contrast between the two with feelings of sadness and deep regret. In some respects the new civilization is far better than the old, but in many other respects it is infinitely worse.

The whole-souled proprietor of the big spring, grassy yard and two-story house took the weary can-

didates in and ministered to their comfort in every way. The first thing Bob called for was buttermilk. The jar and the dipper from the big rock spring house were brought to him, and he made away with at least a quart. It turned out that the old man of the house was a lifelong Republican and intended to vote for Alf—never having striped his ticket in all his life. After supper they were taken to a room upstairs and went to bed together. Next morning Bob arose at four o'clock, dressed and slipped out, leaving Alf in deepest sleep—snoring as only a fat man can snore! Bob was a tall, lean, wiry fellow then, and could really stand more physical strain with less sleep than Alf. Bob went to the woodpile, cut a lot of stovewood, carried it in and built a fire in the stove, then went to the spring and carried up a couple of buckets of water.

By this time the old man of the house, awakened by the noise of Bob's operations, got up, and, seeing that there was a fire in the stove, went to the barn to feed. When he arrived he found that the horses had already been fed their corn, and Bob was in the mow forking down their hay! Returning to the house, Bob secured a bucket and proceeded to milk the cows while the old man fed the hogs!

By this time breakfast was announced, and Alf was still in bed, still snoring away. The old man had to go and shake him to wake him. While breakfast was waiting for Alf to get ready, the old man called Bob aside and said: "Son, I've voted the Republican ticket all my life, and I intended never to scratch it, but I'll be gol-darned if I don't do it this time for you. Anybody that is as lazy as Alf is too darned lazy to be Governor of this here State!"

When the battle was over and the smoke had cleared away, it was ascertained that Bob received the largest vote ever polled up to that time for any Democrat in the State, and that Alf received the largest vote ever polled by a Republican.

But Bob was triumphant. This result might have been different if Nathaniel G. Taylor, their father, had accepted the Prohibition party's nomination for the governorship, which that party sought earnestly to confer upon him. The mother of Bob and Alf, if the three-cornered race had taken place, could still with propriety have stood in her yard, waving her handkerchief and shouting, "Hurrah for Taylor!" as she did when Alf's and Bob's processions passed by. But Bob was the favored one and went to Nashville as Governor.

Soon afterward Alf went to Washington as Congressman from the First District, being the third member of the family to enjoy this honor. This is the only instance, so far as known, where the father and his two sons have represented the same constituency in the Congress of the United States.

As evidence that Bob filled the gubernatorial chair successfully, it is only necessary to state that he was nominated by his party for a second term and elected by a large majority over Hon. Sam Hawkins, his erstwhile opponent in the Electoral campaign. Serving this term also acceptably, he retired upon the inauguration of his successor, moved at once to Chattanooga, and took up the practice of law as his life-work.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW BOB TAYLOR BECAME A LECTURER.

The story is pathetic in some features, but its narration would be incomplete with any feature left out. In writing this story it is as necessary to use Alf's name as it was in writing the foregoing chapter, because the true story could not be told without it. Although differing politically from earliest boyhood, and active political rivals when they grew to manhood, yet their warm personal friendship was never for an instant disturbed, and grew stronger, if possible, as they grew older. They sympathized with and helped each other in adversity, and jointly enjoyed each other's prosperity, rejoicing always in each other's advancement. The bond of personal friendship between them was as strong as the sacred tie of brotherhood.

Bob became a lecturer under the stress of pecuniary necessity. The practice of law at Chattanooga was not as inviting a field as he had anticipated, although his firm was perhaps as prosperous as any other new firm. He had no home of his own; consequently he had to pay house rent, grocery bills, and all other living expenses at high rates, and without any immediate income. Added to this rather gloomy prospect, he imagined that he had contracted malaria. Although he was pleased with Chattanooga and thoroughly in love with her people, and very much desired to remain there, he conceived the idea that he could not do so and retain his health. Congress was not in session, and Alf was at his home in Chuckey Valley.

One day in the summer of 1891, Alf received word to meet Bob at Johnson City. Alf promptly complied, and it was at this conference that the future course of Bob was discussed and decided. It was in this conference that the plans were laid affecting the subsequent career of "Our Bob."

A detailed account of some things that were said on this occasion is justified and interesting as showing the circumstances under which Bob was driven to the platform and the true origin of the subject of his first lecture, now so famous. Bob's speech to Alf when they met was this:

"I am stranded. I come to you with my tale of woe because I was ashamed to approach my friends with it at Chattanooga. The pay of a lawyer is at the end of a lawsuit. Retainer fees are usually small, if they are ever tendered—the trouble with me is, they are never tendered—and a young practitioner is not in a position to exact them. My firm has good business in the prospective, but what good are fees in the prospective if in the meantime a fellow has starved to death? Besides, I am sick—somehow and somewhere I have contracted malaria, and must get out of the lowlands, for a while at least. But I cannot even do this without your help. The officers have actually levied on what little personal property I possess for debt, and I have not a dollar with which to pay; but these present troubles do not affect me so much as the questions of the future. How I am to raise and educate my family God only knows. I have come to counsel with you and to get your advice on this point in particular."

"Well, I am glad you have come," said Alf. "I have always known what you were made for, and have told you time and again heretofore, but maybe you

are in a situation now to act upon my advice. You were cut out for the stage. If you had started long ago you would have made a comedian equal to Joseph Jefferson, J. S. Clark or J. E. Owens, or any other of that class of comedians. But it is too late; besides, there are many people in the world who do not believe that stage life is respectable—although there is no man more respected today than Joseph Jefferson. He is the associate and companion of presidents and ex-presidents, and has amassed a large fortune with his version of 'Rip Van Winkle.' It is too late, however, for you to undertake to prepare yourself for the stage, and, besides, your people would strenuously object. I will tell you what you can do to benefit and elevate humanity and, at the same time, coin money from the start. The lecture platform is an honorable and intellectual calling; you can get you up a lecture suitable to your talent and make good money from the very start and help mankind. If you will promise me here and now that you will act upon this advice and become a lecturer, I will promise you here and now to provide the way. It is a sad plight that you have gotten into, after having been Congressman, Pension Agent and Governor two terms; but, really, your present condition convinces me that you came out of office with clean hands—that, in my eye, is a feather in your cap, and I am, therefore, moved to help you with all the power I possess."

In response to this Bob made the promise, and arrangements were immediately made to carry into execution the plans to this end. Bob was supplied with the money he needed for immediate purposes, boarded the train, returned to Chattanooga, sent his family to Chuckey Valley, straightened out his business affairs and soon followed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ORIGIN OF "THE FIDDLE AND THE BOW."

The most difficult problem that confronted Bob was the adoption of a proper subject for his lecture. The elder brother, James P. Taylor, who lived in the valley, was sent for. Bob's ambition was to coin a subject in order that he might appear on the platform with a novel lecture on a novel subject. For days, and perhaps a week, he pondered over the matter, with his two older brothers present to offer suggestions. One day an old gentleman by the name of William Tyler, who had been a classmate of Nathaniel G. Taylor at Washington College in the days of Dr. Doak, was passing by. Having heard that three of the sons of his old schoolmate were in the valley together, he called them to the front gate to exchange felicitations and to tell the story of schooldays "way back in the thirties." Tyler said, as he shook hands with Bob, "You are the lad that fiddled yourself into Congress." When the old gentleman mounted his horse and rode away, Bob, who had been swinging on the gate, with an air of satisfaction, exclaimed:

"I have it! I have struck a subject."

"What is it?" queried Jim and Alf.

"Well," he said, "I have had the reputation of fiddling myself into Congress; I have had the reputation of fiddling myself into the gubernatorial chair; I will take 'THE FIDDLE AND THE BOW'!"

WRITING THE LECTURE.

The problem of settling upon a subject being solved, Bob set to work to build the lecture. The environments were peculiarly favorable to the undertaking. The margin of the Nolachuckey River on either side is covered with a luxuriant growth of timber, consisting of oak, hickory, cedar, hemlock, beech, locust, elm and sycamore. These trees stand in profusion in front of Alf's residence. The river bank at this point was perpendicular and fifteen or twenty feet high. Down under this bank, opposite the residence, was a little patch of land untouched by the water. Above it the limbs of the trees projected far out over the water, making a most comfortable shade in the heat of summer, and one could sit there all day long in perfect comfort, soothed and inspired by the music of the rippling shoals and the birds overhead, free from such pests as gnats and flies, and where there was always a delightful breeze. Down on this little bench or patch of land at the edge of the river, under the shade of these trees, is where Bob wrote "The Fiddle and the Bow." It was a secluded spot, hidden entirely from view, for opposite to where he sat was an uninhabited island, covered with trees and undergrowth. It was the favorite haunt of his lifetime. When he descended to this haunt there was nothing to distract his thoughts and naught to disturb his comfort. As he emerged and the scenes before and around him greeted his eye, he could not fail to draw inspiration from a contemplation of the beauties and sublimities everywhere visible—the silvery river with its wooded fringe; the valley with its serial robes of green and gold; the foothills and

Ruins of the Old McDaniel Mill in "Happy Valley," Which Ground the Meal for the "King's Mountain" Expedition

lesser mountains; then the still taller mountains towering majestically toward the skies, the dreamy haze half veiling the more distant landscape—this magnificent panorama was enough to inspire a poet's soul to burst forth in deathless song.

THE REHEARSAL.

After the lecture had been finished and committed to memory, the little circle at Alf's home, consisting of the two families and close neighbors who would be invited in, enjoyed the exceptional treat of a series of rehearsals at the hands of the budding lecturer. The lecture never grew stale by repetition, for something unique and new would creep in at every delivery. As the time for "doing business" approached, an evening was appointed for the final rehearsal for the benefit of a select gathering of neighbors—particularly those who were noted for their "laughing" qualities. Bob was at his best, and the "try it on the dog" plan was eminently successful.

The rehearsal wound up with an uproar. Some of the spectators stood leaning against the walls with their hands pressing aching sides; some whirling round and round, half bent, with both hands clasped to their stomachs; some prostrate full length upon the floor, writhing and kicking as if convulsed with epileptic fits. There was a purple tint on every cheek, and all were on the verge of physical collapse—the effects of an hour and twenty minutes' play up and down the whole scale of human emotions, from tears to uncontrollable laughter. The hand of death has made sad ravages upon that little circle in the twenty-one years which have elapsed since that night; but

the denizens of the valley yet living who were present have never forgotten, nor will they ever forget, the untold pleasures afforded them on that occasion.

FIRST PRESENTATION OF "THE FIDDLE AND THE BOW."

Being now fully equipped to appear before the Lyceum footlights, arrangements were immediately perfected to have the first delivery of this unique lecture in Jobe's Hall at Johnson City, Tennessee. The date was set for the evening of December 29, 1891. The Lyceum system in that day and time was unknown in this country. Perhaps this was the first pay lecture ever booked in this region. Johnson City had no hippodromes then, and the only place for public entertainments was the old Jobe Hall. This hall was entirely inadequate for the accommodation of the large and enthusiastic audience, as was shown later. Although there had been but little advertisement of this lecture, when the time arrived for Bob Taylor to appear in his new role every seat was taken, improvised seats in the aisles were filled, the stage was crowded, and no standing room was left. It was a three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar house, and if there had been a "hippodrome" then it would have been easily a six-hundred-dollar house, for large numbers were turned away.

The lecture was delivered in Bob's own inimitable way, and his audience was electrified. That the reader may get a better idea of how this lecture was received, an account given by the Johnson City *Comet* at that time is inserted. From *The Comet,* Johnson City, December 30, 1891:

"OUR BOB" MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE BEFORE A MAGNIFICENT AUDIENCE.

"Ex-Governor Taylor opened his great Southern lecture tour in Jobe's Opera House last night under most auspicious circumstances. The occasion had been looked forward to with great interest, and none were disappointed. At the hour for opening the opera house was crowded to its utmost capacity with the representative intelligence and culture of the city and surrounding country. Delegations came in from all the surrounding towns, anxious to hear the magnetic orator whose wit and humor had charmed and delighted them many times in the hard-fought battles with his shrewd competitors in the political world.

"That Mr. Taylor is one of nature's most congenial humorists was evinced in the outset of his political career. But in those contests his ability for the lecture field was not fully appreciated. He impressed the people with his clever jokes as a comedian. They saw him as a clown in the political circus, where the ridiculous often counts for more than profound argument.

"But in 'THE FIDDLE AND THE BOW' Mr. Taylor is seen in a different light. He shows himself to be master of more than the comedian's fun. Every phase of his magnanimous character blazed out in his wonderful picture of human life. Wit, humor and pathos are blended like so many lights and shadows, coming and going in rhythmical succession across the great arena of human action. He is not alone superb in his splendid and pleasing oratory, in the beauty and grace of his rhetoric, and in the music of his poetical tenor, but is equally so in his merits as an

actor. His facial expression and manner on the stage impressed his audience that the invisible gods of genius had anointed him for the stage before his young intellect was capable of measuring objective things.

"Mr. Taylor was introduced by Hon. Robert Burrow, one of his old political associates. The lecture was a magnificent portrayal of the various human experiences. Both the funny and serious sides of life were pictured, and through the whole the melody of the sweetest music ran. He pictured the many scenes of rural life—the old country singing master, courtship and marriage, the song of the disappointed lover, country school life, the oldfield school exhibition, the old-fashioned quilting, etc.

"Realistic speculation, with its disappointments and encouragements, was most humorously portrayed. Political life and the discussions and a thousand other phases of human life were told in a most interesting manner.

"The lecturer made some of the most beautiful and sublime flights of oratory it has ever been our pleasure to hear. His discussion of music, what it is and its influence on human life in its various modes and forms, was the leading feature of the lecture. That he left his audience delighted with his graceful, charming picture of human life under the lights and shades of pathos and humor, music and poetry, there is every evidence.

"It is with peculiar pride that we view his recognition of the people among whom he was born and raised by first favoring them with a rendition of that magnificent portrayal of human life, which he has

polished with the graceful flourishes of rhetoric, and into which he has breathed the sweetest and purest sentiments of the soul."

With this auspicious beginning, having "broken the ice" and survived the ague period, the new platform star now settled down to "business" in a role for which he was peculiarly fitted. J. F. Crumley, of Johnson City, a clean young man, with pleasing address and business tact, became his first manager, and made many dates in the near-by territory, which were filled in every instance to the delight of large and appreciative audiences.

STILL "BREAKING ICE."

"January 2, 1892.

"DEAR ALF—I have succeeded thus far in my tour. Last night at Morristown I cut my eagle loose. It was the first time I have been absolutely free from my notes. I caught the crowd in fine style. Compliments were free and extravagant. At Greeneville the hall was full. I got off tolerably well only. At Bristol I swept the harp strings and captured my audience.

"I have no fear as to the lecture.

"I don't know, of course, how well the crowds will 'pan out.' So far they have been very satisfactory.

"Don't you start with a lecture without plenty of fun in it. That's what wins.

"Your brother,

"BOB ———."

Fulfilling his engagement with Mr. Crumley, Dr. W. J. Miller, of Johnson City, a brother-in-law, was

induced to take charge of a second and more extended tour. Dr. Miller had loaned Bob $2,500 so that he might comfortably provide for his family during a protracted absence and be enabled to procure his necessary advertising matter. Dr. Miller selected his brother, Dr. Sam R. Miller, of Knoxville, as advance agent, and immediately sent him into the field to make dates. This tour covered several Southern States, and when it was concluded "Our Bob" was able to pay off the $2,500 loan, with interest, and have shekels still to fill the till.

The fame of "The Fiddle and the Bow" had now spread from ocean to ocean, and had created such a demand for engagements that no difficulty was encountered subsequently in securing "business." Mr. DeLong Rice, of Nashville, formerly private secretary of the ex-Governor, now became his permanent manager. After many phenomenally successful tours under Mr. Rice's management with "The Fiddle and the Bow," the Governor concluded to write a new lecture and have it ready for the next season. Accordingly, "Visions and Dreams" appeared on the billboards when the time came. This had a satisfactory run also for several seasons.

In the meantime, during these tours, the Governor would be conjuring up at leisure new lectures to be brought into service when the demand should arise. Then, in their order, were launched "Paradise of Fools," "Visions and Dreams," "Dixie," "Love, Laughter and Song," "The Old Plantation," "Castles in the Air" and "Sentiment."

"Dixie" was the companion of "Yankee Doodle" in a joint lecture entitled "Yankee Doodle and Dixie," which was presented to the Lyceum world by the

two brothers Alf and Bob—a novelty which became the most sensational platform attraction of the times, as shown by the size of its audiences and the record of its cash receipts.

CHAPTER XIII.

ORIGIN OF "YANKEE DOODLE AND DIXIE."

One day Alf was occupying his seat in the Fifty-third Congress, and being busily engaged in writing a communication to his constituents, announcing his candidacy for re-election, unmindful of what was going on around and about him, Bob having the privileges of the floor as an ex-member, slipped in unobserved, and took his seat beside him at a neighboring desk. When Alf, becoming disengaged, suddenly discovered his brother reclining complacently in a seat beside him, he was startled, for they had not met for more than a year. The greeting was mutually cordial. Bob was returning home from a lecture tour in the East. Alf was still the more startled when Bob shoved a roll of bills into his lap, which, when counted, proved to be five hundred dollars in cash, saying, "Put that in your pocket as reimbursement for past favors to me at Johnson City and your many kindnesses to my family as well as myself when we sojourned with you way down in Chuckey Valley." Alf returned half of this roll, for he was not due anything for kindnesses bestowed in Chuckey Valley.

"Aren't you tired of this?" asked Bob.

"I certainly am," replied Alf. "I am nearing the close of my third term here, and while I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have discharged my duties, and have accomplished as many good things for my people as was possible, and laid the foundation for securing other good things in the future, still,

from a personal and financial standpoint, results have not been such as I had hoped. I have drawn $30,000 during my incumbency here, and have always practiced economy as far as possible under the circumstances, and yet I am in debt. After paying off the notes I have endorsed for insolvent friends and the fines and costs of criminals whose bonds I have signed; after responding to the calls for contributions of various descriptions—among a hundred other things to help build churches—I am not complaining; I am just telling you what a fellow has to do—to help buy chandeliers and bells; to help maintain newspapers; to help bear the expense of the burial of some poor victim of misfortune; to help defray the running expenses of the committees; to help entertain the conventions, and to help pale in the graveyards—there is nothing left for me. I have had to borrow from time to time, and actually owe $7,000.

"The world does not know and therefore does not appreciate the untold burdens and the never-ending worry incident to this position. Nevertheless, when one succeeds at last in 'breaking into' Congress, there is a strange fascination connected with public life that lures men to override the dictates of their better judgment, and to struggle with might and main to stay in. I am guilty of this myself, and have just been intently engaged in writing my announcement as a candidate for re-election."

"Change your announcement right now to a declination," said Bob. "There are better things for us both than politics. Go in with me and we will get up a joint lecture. I have the subject already selected, namely, 'Yankee Doodle and Dixie.' You take 'Yankee Doodle,' I will take 'Dixie.' With this joint

lecture we could be together and enjoy the trips, and make money enough in a comparatively short time to make us comfortable the rest of our lives."

Alf accepted this proposition without hesitation, tore up his announcement as a candidate for re-election, wrote a letter then and there, thanking his constituents for past favors and declining to stand for further re-election.

This occurred in the spring season. That summer "Yankee Doodle and Dixie" was duly prepared, and by the time the lecture season opened up in the fall was ready for presentation to the Lyceum world. A large list of dates was made, covering every section of the Union, most of them perhaps being made in the South, Northwest and Southwest. Tremendous audiences greeted the brothers everywhere. Three nights in succession they lectured in Chickering Hall, New York City. At many points the crowds were so large that many could not be accommodated even with standing room. Seven months' time was consumed in filling the list of dates for this joint lecture.

Unfortunately, the original manuscripts of these lectures have been lost, but that the reader may gather an idea of how they run the following excerpts, found in old notes, are given, with an introduction by the manager:

INTRODUCTION.

"In this age of wonderful advancement, when the people are continually clamoring for something new, a novelty in the entertainment line is sure to meet with success. Such are the entertainments now being presented in the principal cities of America by Hon. Alf Taylor and ex-Governor Bob Taylor, the brilliant

Tennessee brothers, who in 1886 opposed each other as nominees of the Republican and Democratic parties, respectively, for the Governorship of their State.

"In that memorable campaign, which was widely known as 'The War of the Roses,' they crossed swords and clashed shields on many a political stump; but now, away from the din of politics and free from its strife, they come together behind the footlights in a role as charmingly original as have been the lives and careers of the two men.

"Their entertainments are copied from nothing in tragedy or comedy, but combining the best talents of both they stand alone upon a plane which is their own, presenting from widely different standpoints the ideas, customs and peculiarities which characterize the two great sections of our country.

"Their thrusts of wit are keen and their intellectual parryings are spirited, but, nevertheless, fraternal and free from political coloring.

"Hon. Alf Taylor assumes the first half of the program, and with the power of an actor he sweeps from picture to picture, displaying an individuality of manner and a beauty of expression which thrills and enraptures those who hear him. Under the skill of his touch the land of 'Yankee Doodle' is made to blossom as the rose, and 'Uncle Jonathan,' the representative American, is the acknowledged exponent of all things great and good.

"Ex-Governor Bob Taylor presents the last act of this peculiar drama, and his theme is interwoven with the music of a superb male quartette, in which he himself sings the second tenor.

"Clothing philosophy in the gentle garb of humor and song, he reaches the tenderest sentiments of every heart, and moves the audience to tears or laughter at his will. As an impersonator of Southern character he has no equal. With the versatility of his genius he portrays the customs and oddities of the people of 'Dixie,' 'the home of beauty and of sorrow, the land of flowers and of tears.' He carries you back to the days of her wealth and her glory, when the darkies sang in the cotton fields, and the lords and ladies of the plantation mounted their thoroughbreds, mingled their shouts with the music of the running hounds in the joyous chase, and as he pauses before the door of old 'Uncle Ephraim's' cabin, in the splendid refrain of the quartette, you hear the same melody you heard there long ago.

"DeLong Rice, *Manager.*"

EXTRACTS FROM "YANKEE DOODLE AND DIXIE."

When the angels of the Lord had laid out and completed the second Paradise on earth, which I think the Cherubim and Seraphim named the beautiful land of "Dixie," when they had rested under the shade of its trees, and bathed in its crystal waters, and breathed the perfume of its flowers, they spread their wings on its mellow air and mounted upward toward the skies. They hung a rainbow on the clouds, and pursuing its gorgeous archway northward over hill and vale and mountain, and across the Potomac and the Ohio, they alighted to tie its nether end to earth, and behold! there lay stretched out before them another Empire of transcendent beauty; and lo! they made a third Paradise and called it the land of "Yan-

kee Doodle." Ever since that day the rainbow has rested with one end on "Dixie" and the other end on "Yankee Doodle," and its radiant arch bends above a race of the bravest men and the most beautiful women that the sun in heaven ever shone upon.

—*Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor.*

Mason and Dixon's line is still there, but it is only the dividing line between cold bread and hot biscuits, and there it will remain as long as the Yankee says, "You hadn't ought to do it," and the Southerner says, "I've done done it!"

—*Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor.*

On the horizon of the conflict looms the figure of Washington, serene in his strength, solitary in his grandeur, like some tall beacon tower that looks down on tempest and sea.

—*Hon. Alf Taylor.*

It would not do for our country to be all North, nor all South. It would not be good for the seasons to be all winter, nor all summer.

—*Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor.*

Emerging from this spume, a weak imitation of Venus rising from the froth of the Aegean, we see the angular form of that dread nemesis, the coming woman. Does her coming presage the "going man"? When the war cloud lowers she will don her little bloomers resplendent with gold lace and brass buttons and fly to the defense of our imperiled homes, and then, my countrymen, how the hair will fly! Who will say that the veterans of the future will not all be bald-headed?

—*Hon. Alf Taylor.*

The chasms opened by the earthquake shocks of civil war are now, thank God, forever closed above its dead issues and its dead animosities, and the music of "Yankee Doodle," and the music of "Dixie," mingling their exultant notes—no longer hostile—shall thrill through the same air that floats the flag of an indestructible Union. —*Hon. Alf Taylor.*

"Yankee Doodle" may boast that the Aurora Borealis is only the reflection of the fires of her furnaces and factories, but the shooting stars are only the shadows of the race horses of Tennessee and Kentucky, and the milky way is but the picture on the sky of the rice and cotton fields of "Dixie."

—*Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor.*

I have heard the darkies sing until the stars twinkled to their music; I have seen them dance until the flames of the bonfires swung corners with the moonbeams in the air; I have heard them laugh till the big ripe ears of corn grinned through the shuck, and the trees shook with laughter till they shed their leaves. —*Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor.*

Our grandsires plowed their fields with a wooden mouldboard, and thought it marvelous improvement on the forked-stick plow of Cain; but now, as the huge gang-plow of polished steel upheaves the opening earth before us, we smile at the recollections of the oaken bull-plow of our rude forefathers.

—*Hon. Alf Taylor.*

As unto the crown the jewels are, so unto the Nation is "Dixie." She is the red and white of the American flag, and some of the blue; she is the dimple

in the cheek of the Goddess of Liberty; she is the diamond pin in the shirt-bosom of "Yankee Doodle."
—*Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor.*

Our grandfathers sowed their grain broadcast, cut it with sickles, threshed it with flails and raised the wind to clean it by shaking a sheet; but the old sickle of other days hangs rusty and useless in the barn, while the modern reaper, that wonderful dream of McCormick, glides like a thing of life through seas of sunset gold. We hear the music of its harvest song; we see its great red arm caress the curling billows of falling wheat—it binds and tosses the yellow sheaves as with human hands. —*Hon. Alf Taylor.*

Electricity is the messenger-god of nature, all eyes, all ears, all muscles, all nerves, all wings, all soul. —*Hon. Alf Taylor.*

I believe in patriotism which loves home better than any other spot on earth. I would despise the Yankee who does not love the rocks and hills of New England better than all the roses and palms and dreamy landscapes of the whole South, and I would loathe the native of the far West who does not believe the Pacific coast the garden spot of the whole world. And who will chide me for loving the land of "Dixie" best? —*Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor.*

The time will come when the South will build a monument to the old time black mammy for the lullabies she has sung. —*Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor.*

Where once stood the little grist mill of our ancestors, wasting the stream on its lazy wheel, now

stands the great merchant mill, with its powerful turbines and its roller process, turning out daily its hundreds of barrels of immaculate snowflake to feed the millions. The antiquated stage with its jaded horses has long since crept by on its last journey, and now lingers in the memory of the oldest inhabitant as the phantom of a slow and obsolete age. We hear the neighing and panting of stronger steeds, and the thunder of mightier wheels, as, on tracks of steel, our huge modern flyers drawing Pullman palaces speed over the land from city to city, swifter than the passing shadow of the swiftest wing.

—Hon. Alf Taylor.

By the fiat of this Democracy the great Republic rose, beautiful as a dream of Pericles, magnificent as a temple of the gods; its dual form of National and State government, distinct as the waves, but one as the sea. Each State a star, each county a satellite, the national government a sun, the harmonious whole a system as conspicuously beneficent, as transcendently grand and glorious in the political firmament as is the solar system in the material heavens.

—Hon. Alf Taylor.

The Potomac and Ohio constitute the boundary line between the North and South, and each of these great sections, thus divided, is a column of strength and power in the triple-pillared temple of the Union.

—Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor.

While the expenses of advertising matter, Bob's quartette, agents' fees, traveling and living expenses absorbed a large portion of the proceeds, nevertheless, at the conclusion of the tour Alf was able to pay off

"Robin's Roost," Bob Taylor's Old Home in Johnson City.

his seven thousand dollar political debt, and at the same time invest four thousand dollars in farm land. This incident is related in detail, and these figures are given as tending to show the present and rising generations the difference between business and politics!

So universally popular had this attraction become that there were propositions pending, which, if they could have been accepted, would have kept "Yankee Doodle and Dixie" on the Lyceum boards for three consecutive years. But just at the time when the brothers had reached the zenith of their success, and while they were in the Northwest, there began to come a call from Tennessee to Bob to lead his party again as its candidate for Governor. This call came at first in the shape of letters, dispatches and petitions, which he would receive at every point on their journey. These he answered promptly, declining to re-enter politics. Then the leaders began to put in their appearance by delegations. Upon arrival at Minneapolis, Minnesota, there was a large delegation of leading Democrats from Tennessee waiting to see Bob for the purpose of trying to persuade him to make the race. He positively refused, saying he had twice enjoyed the honor and did not wish to be Governor any more; besides he was bound by a contract with Alf to continue in the lecture field, and could not for that reason, if for no other, further engage in politics. When they reached LaCrosse, Wisconsin, there was still another delegation waiting for the same purpose, but still he persisted in his flat denial of their request. When the brothers arrived at Chicago a still larger delegation from Tennessee was waiting for Bob, to try to lure him again into the political arena. They

put up every conceivable plea to Bob, made all kinds of promises, finally saying to him that the Democracy of Tennessee was "in the Wilderness;" that they had to have a "Moses" to lead it out, and that he had been unanimously agreed upon as the only available "Moses." Bob earnestly protested, declaring that he would not be their "Moses."

In the meantime, the various counties in the State had been meeting one by one and instructing their delegates to the convention at Nashville to vote for Bob Taylor for Governor, first, last and all the time, until a majority of the votes of the convention had been thus instructed. At length the convention was held, and he was nominated in spite of his protests. The time had now come when he was compelled to take positive and definite action. At first he refused to accept the nomination. Then the leaders said to him by way of further argument: "Time and again you have asked the party to serve you—now the party asks you to serve it. The party responded to your appeals. Will you now refuse to respond to the party's appeals to you?" He could no longer resist the pressure, and finally yielded. Alf agreed to the cancellation of the joint lecture contract; Bob entered his third race for Governor and was elected after the hardest struggle of his life.

CHAPTER XIV.

FEATURES OF GOVERNOR TAYLOR'S ADMINISTRATIONS.

The President of the United States, referring to the life and career of Bob Taylor, under date of November 8, 1912, said: "He was an honest and earnest public servant, and stood for the right as he knew it. The confidence that his fellow citizens placed in him is seen in the high offices to which he was called."

It is not the purpose of the writer to attempt to recount all of the reform measures recommended by Governor Taylor, many of which were carried into effect under his administration; but only to refer to a few of the most important achievements accomplished as a result of his persistent efforts.

The question of the betterment of the public school system, the reform of the penitentiary system, the establishment of a reform or industrial school for child criminals, the enactment of a law requiring the railroad properties of the State to bear their burden of taxation, the question of devising plans for the more humane treatment of insane and other inmates of the penitentiary, the problems of inaugurating a system whereby the agricultural department and the penitentiary could be made self-sustaining instead of continuing as an intolerable burden upon the taxpayers of the State—these were paramount questions with him during the period of his public service as Governor of Tennessee.

In his message to the Legislature under date of January 12, 1891, upon the question of education, Governor Taylor said: "While I have sought by all

means in my power to conserve the interests of the State and the people in every department that my supervision encompassed, I have been most especially anxious and diligent in promoting our educational system. When I came into office I found our common schools languishing and the leading State University almost in ruins. There was a general apathy and lack of effort, superinduced by the failure of the schools to meet the wants of the people."

Under the administrations of Governor Taylor, aided by his able, efficient and aggressive Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Hon. Frank M. Smith, new life and hope were breathed into the expiring school system of Tennessee. Acting upon the recommendation of the Governor, the Legislature from time to time proceeded to enact measures looking to the improvement of the public schools of the State, and from thenceforward the beacon light of knowledge and the refining and sublimating influences resulting therefrom have been carried into the remotest communities of the commonwealth.

With the co-operation of the Legislature and the able assistance of the executive officers under him he perfected the present penitentiary system, which, when he retired from the gubernatorial chair, was conceded to be one of the most humane and nearly perfect systems to be found in the United States; besides this, instead of being a financial burden to the State, as it was when he ascended to power, it was placed upon a self-sustaining basis, and has since turned into the State treasury a net profit of more than two million dollars!

CONVICT CHILDREN.

In his message to the Legislature of February 24, 1890, Governor Taylor said:

"The next question to which your consideration is invited is how best to care for the wayward children of our State. It is a question that appeals with unutterable tenderness to the conscience, magnanimity and wisdom of the Legislature. It not only involves the well-being of society and the commonwealth, but helpless children lift their hands pitifully to you for protection.

"I am possessed of an ineradicable conviction that it is a crime within itself to place a child in the penitentiary, and yet our courts are often forced to do it. All that I have been able to do thus far is to pardon them as fast as they send them. There is local effort being made to meet this humane requirement in some places, and wherever your honorable bodies can further this purpose I am sure it will be done without urging. There is a crying demand for the State to do something in this behalf. No child should be stigmatized with a penitentiary sentence.

"The further you go, gentlemen, in consummating this beneficent purpose the better you have served your people and your country."

In his message of 1897 to the fiftieth General Assembly on the subject dealing with convicts in general and with child convicts in particular, he further said:

"Now that we are about to occupy a new prison, built and equipped on modern lines of advancement, it becomes our duty to institute reforms in prison management in conformity with modern ideas. The

old idea was to punish crime without regard to mercy or humanity. The result was to harden men in crime; and, if they lived through the punishment, turn them loose upon the country graduated criminals; but now the prison is regarded as a reformatory institution as well as an institution of punishment. I had the honor to recommend to a former Legislature that a system of graduated punishments, rewards and paroles, so successfully operated in many other states, be inaugurated in ours. Such a system has been found to operate most satisfactorily wherever it has been put in practice. We must not forget that the unfortunate inmates of the prison are our fellow-mortals, and that it is one of the weightiest responsibilities upon us, who are called upon to manage them to see that it is done in mercy and with the view to keeping society free from harm when they shall be turned back into it. I have not changed my opinion one jot or tittle that the system of rewards, commutations of sentences and paroles for good conduct is the best system of prison management ever adopted.

"The sorrows and tears and penitence of those who have broken the law ought not to be disregarded by those in power over them. My record in the treatment of convicts has been much criticised, but I declare to you that nothing I ever did has given me so much satisfaction in my own conscience. I am especially interested in caring for wayward children; and I repeat to you what I have declared on the hustings in the presence of the people, that it is a crime against humanity to send children to the penitentiary, there to mingle with and imbibe the spirit of hardened criminals; and until the Legislature of the State provides a reform school separate and apart from the

penitentiary I see no other course for me to pursue than that which I followed during my two former terms as Governor. I recommend that a department be established in connection with the Tennessee Industrial School for criminal children, to be under the management of the superintendent of that institution, and to be entirely separated from the present institution, not allowing the inmates of the two separate departments to have any communication whatever with each other. I further recommend the enactment of a law providing that all children under the age of fifteen years convicted of felony be sent directly by the court which convicts them to this reform school, there to remain until released by the Governor upon the recommendation of the superintendent of the institution.

"I further recommend that you formulate such rules and regulations for the government of this institution as are found to be in successful operation in other States.

"This question of caring for criminal children and separating them from the environments and horrors of the penitentiary appeals tenderly and eloquently to you. If you will listen to the voice of humanity and establish this institution you will leave a monument to your magnanimity and wisdom; you will receive the plaudits of the State, and be remembered with the warmest emotions of gratitude and pleasure in many a home that will thus be saved from the tears of shame and the blight of crime."

In his message to the fifty-first General Assembly, January 4, 1899, he still urged the creation of a reform school for criminal children, as follows:

"I beg to call your attention also to the fact that our courts are constantly sending children of tender age as convicts to the penitentiary. I do not believe that such a system is in keeping with civilization, and, therefore, in the name of common humanity, I urge the inauguration of a reformatory school for criminal children."

Failing to secure favorable action at the hands of the Legislature at the time, Governor Taylor continued to promptly pardon every boy of fifteen years of age and under fifteen who was sent to the penitentiary; and on a Christmas eve, on one occasion, he had about twenty of them marched from the penitentiary to the capitol, where he appeared before them and made them a touching and fatherly speech of advice and admonition, and ordering the warden to supply each one with a new suit of clothes, he sent them home to their mothers.

For this unprecedented act he received the approval and laudations of the fair-minded press and good people throughout the State.*

Having succeeded in revolutionizing the public school system of the State from a condition of confusion and inefficiency to one of order and progressive improvement, and in line with the most modern ideas and methods; having secured such changes in the penitentiary system as to place it on a profitable basis financially, instead of the discouraging condition of loss in which he found it; having, with the co-operation of the Legislature, secured by law the taxation of railroad and other corporate property of the State, thus compelling them to share with the struggling masses the burdens of government, he lived to see his

*Note—For details of this occurrence, see Chapter XV., page 224.

long-cherished dream of a Reform School for Criminal Children provided. So that now, instead of being subject to the degrading influences of hardened criminals in the penitentiary, with no hope of reclamation, they are sent to a school where there is every hope and facility for their redemption and education, from whence they may be returned to their homes and to society to become good and useful citizens.

But the greatest feature in his administrations as Governor was the legislation secured authorizing and enabling the State to hold the Centennial Exposition at Nashville, beginning May 1, 1897. This afforded the State the greatest advertisement of her industries and resources she had ever enjoyed before. Perhaps more substantial benefits in the way of desirable immigration, influx of capital, stimulation of commerce and trade and material progress and development has been derived from that notable event than from any other event in the history of the commonwealth.

By virtue of his position as Governor he was master of ceremonies during the entire Centennial period. He was called upon each day to receive and welcome in an appropriate speech the distinguished guests of the State, consisting of Governors, Legislators, the President and members of his Cabinet, delegations representing various political, social and fraternal orders, Irish-Americans, German-Americans, and other associations and industrial organizations.

By the versatility of his oratorical genius, his unique and charming personality, and the wide range of his knowledge of men and things, he attracted universal attention and reflected high honor upon his people. By his skillful exploitation of her wonderful display of wealth and resources there exhibited he

focused the eyes of the industrial and commercial world upon the State and awakened an interest among home-seekers and investors which has resulted in additional wealth and prosperity to the entire State.

CHAPTER XV.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS OCCURRING WHILE BOB TAYLOR WAS GOVERNOR, AND AFTERWARD WHILE ON LECTURE TOURS—ENJOYS RICH REWARDS, TENDERED IN THE RIGHT WAY, FOR PAST OFFICIAL FAVORS, AS THE FOLLOWING PLEASING HAPPENINGS SHOW.

One morning in May, 1904, while en route from Union City to Memphis, Tenn., Bob and the writer entered a dining car to get breakfast. At the opposite end of the car we noticed a tall, handsome dining car conductor in uniform, who sharply eyed us as we entered. We sat down at the first table. A negro waiter stepped up and handed us a menu card, with tablet and pencil. Governor Taylor proceeded to select our bill-of-fare. Presently he handed it to the waiter, who stepped to the other end of the car, and was accosted by the young conductor, who held a conference with him in a low tone. The waiter then disappeared, and in due time reappeared with a tray containing our order and some additional delicacies. Being hungry, we enjoyed the breakfast immensely. After we had finished the Governor said to the waiter, "John, bring me the bill." The negro replied, "Boss, dar is no bill." Then the Governor said, "What is the matter with you, John? Give me the bill." The waiter replied, "Boss, de captain says dis breakfus is on him." Just at this time the conductor approached us and said, "Governor Taylor, I know you and your brother, but perhaps you do not recognize me. This is all right; I will pay for this breakfast myself." Then the Governor said, "Captain, I do

not understand this; please explain." Whereupon the captain answered: "Governor, you and your brother return to your Pullman, and in a few minutes I will come to you and give you a full explanation of the whole matter."

Very soon after we had returned to our seats in the car the conductor appeared with a box of fine Havana cigars under his arm. He handed the box to the Governor, and said: "Governor Taylor, this is my treat to you and your brother, and I beg you to accept it." Governor Taylor thanked him, and replied, "Captain, I don't understand all this. What can it mean? What have I ever done to merit this kind treatment at your hands?" Whereupon the captain said: "Governor, a few years ago, when you were Governor of Tennessee the second time I had the misfortune to enter into a controversy with a man in the town in which I resided. This controversy led up to a deadly misunderstanding. My enemy sent me word that he would kill me at first sight. I armed myself, naturally, thinking I would have to defend my life. Early one morning I was compelled to go down the street on a business errand, when I met my enemy, and seeing him attempting to draw his revolver, just as he had it ready to level upon me, I quickly fired with deadly effect. Of course I was very soon arrested and tried in court. There were but few, if any, direct witnesses to the affair, it being very early in the morning. The circumstances were nearly all against me. I lost in the trial and was sentenced to a life term in the penitentiary. I was the only dependence of my old gray-headed mother and father. My great misfortune nearly broke their hearts. They knew the circumstances that led up to this dreadful

tragedy. They knew that I was innocent, and that I was forced to kill this man in defense of my own life. Very soon after my trial and condemnation, many facts and circumstances coming to light that were unknown at the time of the trial, they secured the new evidence and a petition from the good citizens of my town and made a journey to Nashville. Appearing before you in the executive office at the Capitol in that city my old mother and father, upon bended knees and with streaming eyes, appealed to you to pardon their son. Presenting their petition, and a summary of the facts in the case, they asked you to give them back their boy, and promised they would stand responsible for his future conduct; that he was their only dependence in this world, and that he had always been a kind, dutiful and obedient son. It was just before Christmas when this appeal was made to you. In the kindness of your great heart you turned to my mother, and, taking her hand in yours, you assisted her to her feet and said, 'Don't worry; I will give your son back to you as a Christmas gift,' and then, immediately ordering the pardon, you signed it and put it in my mother's hand. My poor old mother and father blessed you and bade you goodbye; then went home with happy hearts, rejoicing that their son had been rescued from a life term in the penitentiary. Governor, by this act you have saved a soul from hell and made a man of me. I am trying to live right; I am trying to be a good Christian man, and, God helping me, I will win in the fight. I have a good position and am devoting the bulk of my salary for the support of that dear old mother and father, and I hope to continue to do so as long as they shall live. Governor Taylor, don't be offended at me

if, when any opportunity comes that I can extend to you a courtesy or do you a favor, if I should do so. Don't you ever ask to pay for anything where I am if I am able to do it, for my gratitude to you is without bounds, and I know that I shall never be able to do enough for you."

PARDON OF WILLIAM TAYLOR.

When Bob was Governor of Tennessee, for the first time, he received a letter from the capital city of a neighboring State, which said:

"My dear cousin Bob: I am in the penitentiary and want you to git me out, because I don't believe this is a fittin place for your kinfolks to be.

"WILLIAM TAYLOR."

Governor Taylor was personally acquainted with the then Governor of the neighboring State. In view of this intimate acquaintance, he turned the letter over and endorsed thereon the following:

"My Dear Governor:

"It appears from the within letter that one of my kinsman is in your State penitentiary. If you can see your way clear to let him out I promise you that if, while I am Governor of Tennessee, one of your kinsmen should get in the Tennessee penitentiary I will be sure to let him out!"

In due course of mail the Governor received this communication, read it carefully with its endorsement, and seemed disposed to treat it with great seriousness. He called his messenger and sent for the warden of the penitentiary. Soon the warden appeared, with his usual pleasant smile. The Governor

handed him the letter in question, and asked him to read it. The warden read it over carefully with a smile. Then he turned to the endorsement, read it slowly and broke out into a big laugh. The Governor, without a change in his serious countenance, asked the warden:

"Have you a man by the name of William Taylor in the penitentiary?"

The warden answered, "Yes, Governor; we have."

The Governor said: "Find out from him how he came to be akin to Governor Taylor of Tennessee. Get his criminal record and report to me tomorrow."

Whereupon the warden bowed himself out of the executive presence, and instituted the investigation thus ordered. The next day he returned to the executive office, and with a broad smile said:

"Governor, I have made the investigation you ordered yesterday, and I find the convict is unable to make out a clear case as to his kinship with Governor Bob Taylor of Tennessee. There are missing links in his chain of evidence—but he has a large family, consisting of a wife and several little children. His record for good behavior is excellent during the entire time he has been in prison—his crime was not a very grievous one"—and, with a twinkle in his eye, he remarked: "Governor, in view of all this, and in view of Governor Taylor's endorsement on the prisoner's petition, I regard this as a good case for clemency, and suggest, if I may, that you grant him a pardon."

Whereupon, the Governor had a pardon prepared and signed up, and thus secured a possible chance for the liberation of any of his kinsmen in Tennessee, who might have gotten into the penitentiary!

THE PARDONED CONVICT OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

On one occasion, as Governor Taylor had delivered his famous "Fiddle and the Bow" before a large and appreciative California audience, and while they were dispersing, a gentleman of splendid appearance, handsomely dressed and of a striking personality, approached the Governor and said:

"Governor Taylor, I wish to speak privately with you for a moment."

The Governor replied, "All right; let us go into the adjoining room."

Stepping into the room designated, where they were out of hearing of the crowd, the gentleman said:

"Governor, out in the suburbs of this beautiful city there is a sweet home, in which are a wife and five precious children. Near by is an orange grove and a fine vineyard. This little place of love is surrounded by a paradise of flowers and trees and fountains—all this is mine, and they are there awaiting your welcome. I have been a successful business man for several years. I am trying to be a good citizen, and have a world of loyal friends. A few years ago, Governor, when I was a much younger man, I got into trouble and had the misfortune to be sent to the penitentiary. There were extenuating circumstances in my case. These were brought to your attention—you then being Governor—and you granted me a pardon. I was conscious of my innocence, and you also were convinced of it. I immediately left for the Pacific Slope, and have been here ever since. I resolved from the day I was freed from that awful life, through your infinite kindness, to be a good citizen, and to spend the balance of my life in an effort to

Bob Taylor as He Looked at the Close of His Second Term as Governor in 1891.

build a home and to make others happy. I have prospered, and have fully realized all my beautiful dreams. It was not long after I came to this great Western world till I fell in love with the sweet woman who became my wife. I began to conjure up some plan whereby I might prove to you the deep gratitude I had in my heart for your most gracious and merciful act in granting me the pardon. I harrowed my brain night and day in search of some device or plan whereby I might with propriety make this proof to you, but failed until one bright morning my wife presented me with a baby boy. The solution of my problem then became manifest. I said, 'The greatest honor that I can confer upon my benefactor is to name my boy Bob Taylor.' My wife and I agreed upon it, and I now invite you to go to my home and see that boy and dine with us tomorrow."

Governor Taylor replied: "It would be my greatest delight to comply with your kind request, but my engagements for the next six weeks will prevent me from doing so. I hope at some future time that I may have an opportunity to visit you in your little 'palace of love.' I appreciate more than I can express to you the high honor conferred upon me by naming your boy for me."

SOME PARDON INCIDENTS AS RELATED BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR'S PRIVATE SECRETARY, COL. HARVEY H. HANNAH.

It was a cold, sunny day in December, 1887. Governor Taylor was entertaining the Governor of Virginia and his staff in the office of the Secretary of State in the State Capitol.

I was in the private office of the Governor, having some business to transact as his private secretary,

and I looked out of the window down toward the gate and saw a woman and six little children coming up to the Statehouse through the snow, and three of the children were barefooted. They were all thinly clad, and when they got up to the Capitol I went in the hall and met them, and saw at once that they were country people and in great trouble. I asked the woman if I could do anything for her, and she said that she wanted to see the Governor; that her husband was in prison, and that she had come to pray for mercy and get him out.

I took her and the little children into the Governor's office, and placed them near the radiator, and told her to wait, the Governor would be there presently.

The facts are that her husband had stolen two sides of meat, and had been convicted and sentenced to prison for three years. They lived near Winchester, about one hundred miles from Nashville. He had been in prison then two years, and the woman had worked and toiled to make a living for herself and the children, but her health had broken down, and her only hope was to get her husband out of prison. She, with these children, had walked from her home to Nashville.

They were thinly clad, as I have stated, and barefooted, but the woman had stopped the day before at some farmhouse and had washed up their clothes, and, while they were ragged, they were clean. She had a splendid face—the mother had—but it was all seamed with care and thin and pale with great sorrow and suffering.

Governor Taylor had just adjourned the reception to the Governor of Virginia in the Secretary of

State's office, and I went out in the hall and said to him:

"Did you have a fine time, Governor, at the banquet?"

He said: "You bet I did; you should have come in." I said: "I have been very busy."

I then said: "Are you feeling fine today?"

And he said: "Yes; I am feeling fine."

I said: "Then come into the office—I want to show you a picture."

He was full of life, joy, happiness with the pleasures of the morning at the banquet, and when we walked into his office and saw that woman there, with those little children around her, his face changed, and with that sad, dreamy way of his, looking away off, he stood and listened to her as she told the story. The little children gathered around his knee. He took up the smallest baby on his lap. He asked me to look up the record, and then he went down into his pocket and took out a ten dollar bill and handed it to the woman and said for her to go down and buy the children some shoes and to get her dinner, and when she had done that to come back up to the Capitol and he would pardon her husband. It was a scene that can never be forgotten; and I believe that God's angels were present to pour out a benediction on the gentlest, the truest and the bravest man that ever occupied a seat of power and authority.

No one can describe that woman's face. No one can ever tell in song or story her shouts of happiness; and, with the mother's song, the little ones all chimed in and the baby of them all put its arms around the Apostle of Sunshine's neck, and I thanked God that we had such a Governor in Tennessee.

When the Governor granted the pardon and sent for the poor convict that he might take his little family home the woman lost all control of herself, and there in the Governor's office there was an old-fashioned camp-meeting. She shouted with joy and praised God, and, grabbing hold of me, she beat me in the back, and exclaimed, amid her laughter and her tears:

"My God, ain't I glad! My God, ain't I glad!"

And every time she exclaimed, she would give me another jolt, while the Governor, stepping back in the inner office, laughed at my calamity.

After this experience with the shouting woman, who secured her husband's pardon, and after Governor Taylor had told it all over the State about her giving me such a beating, he refusing to come to my rescue, I resolved in my heart that if the opportunity ever came I would turn the tables on him and laugh at his calamity. I did not have to wait very long.

One day a little old Jewish woman, who lived in Louisville, Kentucky—I take it she was sixty-five years old—came into my office and said she wanted to see the Governor.

She was a small bright-faced little old mother of Israel, but you could see that she was bowed down under sorrow and grief. I said to her:

"All right; I will take you to the Governor."

We went in. She was at first very much awed and frightened, but in a few moments, under the kindly words of the great Chief Executive, her fear fled, and then she let pour out of her heart the story of her misfortune.

She said that she had an only boy, her little "Chakey," and that he had wandered off down to

Memphis with some other boys; he had no friends and nobody down there, and that the other boys had stolen some goods and given them to Chakey to keep, and that they arrested Chakey, and he had no money and no lawyer, and so they just sent him to the penitentiary for four years; that he was a good boy, and that he was never away from home before, and that his father was an old man and he was sick and he could not come, and he wanted to see the boy before he died, and that she was old, and that he was all she had in the world, and she prayed that the Governor would be merciful and let her take her boy home with her.

The Governor instructed me to look into the record, which I did at once, and told him that the woman had made a substantial statement of the facts; and then he asked her some questions. She was sitting near him. He looked at her for a moment, and I knew that his great heart was about to act; and he said:

"Grandma, I will let you take your boy home with you; I will pardon him."

And when he said it the old woman forgot everything but that her boy was her own. She gave one scream and fell on the Governor's knees and gathered her arms around him, and commenced praising God. It excited and embarrassed him for a moment; then he said:

"Madam, madam, you mustn't do that; now calm yourself; calm yourself, madam! You mustn't do that, Grandma; calm yourself now, calm yourself!" He looked around at me and said:

"Harve! Harve! come here and help me!"

I said: "Oh, no! You remember when that old sister beat me in the back and you laughed at me?"

He had a tussle there for about five minutes before he could get the old lady quiet.

She took her boy home, and her mother heart was bounding with infinite joy!

One Saturday I saw an old-fashioned mountain woman with a black sunbonnet on and one of those oilcloth grips in her hand come into the office. She had on a pair of spectacles and was wrinkled. You could see that she had never been in the city before. She put her spectacles on her forehead and said to me:

"Young man, where's Bob?"

I said: "Why, Grannie, Bob is out of town today; he's down in Alabama."

She said: "Lord have mercy! I want to see him."

I said: "Where are you from, Grannie?"

She said: "I'm from Scott County, Tennessee. I live near Hellenwood."

"Well," she continued, "you know that little pigeon-toed, black-faced attorney-general up thar? Well, he prosecuted my boy for a shooting scrape and he sent him to the penitentiary. The day they tried him at Huntsville I was in the court, and when the judge sentenced him it made me so all-fired mad I just jumped up and popped my fist, and I said to the judge:

" 'Send him if you want to; I'm goin' to see Bob about it.' "

"Well," I said, "Grannie, he won't get back till Monday, but I will get you a place to stay and look after you, and you come back Monday morning."

I sent her down with the old porter to a nice little boarding house, where she remained until Monday.

The Governor got back Sunday, and I told him all about Granny's visit, having, in the meantime, examined the record. He, of all men, knew the mountain people and appreciated and loved them. And so, when Granny came up Monday I asked her into the Governor's office, and I said:

"Governor, here is Granny from up in Scott."

He immediately got into the mountain lingo, and she commenced to tell her story. He asked her questions and she answered them. At last she opened that little oilcloth satchel and took out her red bandanna handkerchief, with a knot tied in one end of it, and, untying it, she said:

"Bob, here is three dollars; it's all the money I've got. The folks made up the most of the money for me to come down here on, and I will give you three dollars."

"Why, Granny," he said, "I can't take any money; it would be wrong for me to take money."

But the poor old simple woman, who had never been out of Scott County before, never understood what he meant.

"Well, Bob," she said, "it's all I've got. If I had any more I'd give it to you."

"No, no, Granny; you don't understand. Of course, now, if it was some big fellow who was to make that kind of a statement to me I would have to put him out of the office—it would be an insult—but I know you don't mean it that way. The Governor can't take money for pardons. We only pardon on account of mercy, and that after justice has been satisfied. We let them out that they may try again a new life."

"Well Bob," she said, "I didn't mean nothin', but I do want to take my boy home. His old dad is about to die with the rheumatics; he ain't walked a step in a year, and the other children they are cryin' for to see John; and Bob, I'm old and I want to take him home."

He said: "All right, Granny; you can take him home."

And that evening on the train the old mountain woman and her unfortunate boy went back to the mountains—back to begin life over—through the mercy and kindness of that great Tennessean.

* * * * * *

When Governor Taylor was sworn in as Governor for the third term he sent me, as his secretary, to make a personal inspection of the penitentiary. In carrying out his instructions I found that there were a great number of very young boys in prison. At that time Tennessee had no place to put young offenders save in the penitentiary, where they had to associate with hardened criminals, and instead of benefiting them, they came out of the penitentiary very much worse than they went in.

I rounded up fifteen or twenty of these unfortunate boys, many of them not over ten years old. I had the warden to give me a guard, and I took them up to the State Capitol and lined them up. It was a motley-looking crowd, clad in felon garbs. A more pathetic picture was never beheld than these children in stripes. After I got them in line I went in and told the Governor that I had Falstaff's army on parade and wanted him to review it.

He went out, and when he looked at these children I saw tears trickle down his cheeks. I had a copy of

each one's record and what his offense was. A vast majority were trivial charges. He looked them over, and then he made them the kindliest talk I believe I ever listened to. He told them of better things in life, and he said to them:

"Boys, I'm going to send you all home."

Thereupon he turned to the warden and said:

"Warden, give each one of these boys a suit of clothes and send them back to their mothers, and say that as long as I am Governor of Tennessee children shall not be sent to the penitentiary."

And they were not.

This act of the Governor, made public through the press, was generally approved by the people of the State.

* * * * * *

The Legislature had just adjourned *sine die*, and the members were crowding into the Governor's office to bid him good-bye with members of the Supreme Court and other distinguished men of the State, and they were all listening enraptured to the stories he was telling. The office was packed until you could hardly get through the crowd.

I was sitting at the desk in the inner office looking out into the corridor when I saw an old-fashioned, old-time negro woman. She was a little diminutive negress, with a plain gingham dress on and a gingham bonnet. Her hair was getting gray. I saw that she was wanting to see some one, and about that time the old negro porter at the Governor's office came in and said to me:

"Cuynel, there's a little old nigger woman out there in the hall that want's to see Marse Robert, but

ther's such a crowd in here of big folks I'd just better tell her to go and come back again, hadn't I?"

I said: "No Uncle Alf, Governor Taylor won't like it for you to turn anybody away. The Governor's door, since he has been in this office, has stood wide open to the poorest and humblest as to the richest and most mighty, and he wouldn't approve of anything like that. I'll go out directly and see the old woman and see what she wants."

So I got up and worked my way out through the crowd and I said:

"Mammy, what do you want?"

She said: "Why, young Marse, I wants to see Marse Robert."

I said: "What do you want to see him for, mammy?"

"Well," she said, "my old man is in the penitentiary, and the good folks at Murfreesboro, where I lives, have made up some money for me to come to Nashville on; and they said, 'Now, mammy, you go in and see Governor Taylor and tell him the facts, and he will give you your old man,' and so I just come on."

"Well," I said, "the crowd is so thick now you'd never get in, Mammy, but being secretary to the Governor they'll let me through, so you just catch hold of my coat behind and come on."

And so I started the procession, through the crowd of distinguished law makers, and when I got up to where the Governor was sitting he was telling one of his good stories; when he had reached the climax and the laughter had died away from the throng I turned to the crowd and said:

"Gentlemen, excuse me, but a citizen of Tennessee wants to see the Governor on business."

The Governor hadn't seen the old negro woman—she was behind me. So I said:

"Governor, here's a party who wants to talk to you," and I just stepped back, and the old negress made a "curtsy" in the old-fashioned way, and said: "How do you do, Marse Robert?"

In a minute he took in the situation and said:

"Why, how do you do, Mammy! What are you wanting?"

Then she told him about her old man being in the penitentiary, and said:

"Marse Robert, they accused him of taking some meat, and he has been out there for two years, and I am gettin' old, and he's no good to the State out there; he is gettin' to be an old man and all crippled up with rheumatics, and he is no good to the State, and I wants you to turn him out."

"Well," he said, "Mammy, if he's no good to the State he wouldn't be any good at home, and why do you want him?"

"Well," she said, "the truth is, Marse Robert, de meat's gettin' mighty low at my house."

The crowd present caught the humor of the old simple negro's statement and broke into cheering. She didn't know what they were cheering for; she was after the old man.

I examined the record, at the Governor's request, and he said: "Well, he ain't got but a few months, Mammy, so I have decided to let you take him home with you."

She forgot the presence of that great throng of distinguished Tennesseans and commenced shouting

and crooning and singing. After we got her quieted down, she said:

"Marse Robert, when can I get him?"

The Governor thought he was at the prison in Nashville, and he said: "Why, Mammy, you can take him home tonight."

I said: "No, she can't get him tonight, Governor; he is up at the State mines."

Then occurred what stamped the Governor, in my opinion, as a great humanitarian. He said:

"Now, let me see, Mammy. If he is up at the State mines, why you can go back to Murfreesboro, and now, let me count up and see; Harve, you send a telegram and have them turn him out and then it will take him until tomorrow evening—." "Why," he said, "Mammy, you can meet the train from Chattanooga tomorrow evening at 6 o'clock and your old man will be there."

He had stopped his story-telling to that brilliant throng long enough to reach way down and take up one of God's unfortunates and listen to the story of sorrow and trouble from the lips of the poor old negro woman.

* * * * * *

Growing out of the riots of the coal mines in Anderson County in the early 90's, when the convicts were liberated and the State had hundreds of miners arrested and filled the jails with them, one of the leaders in that unfortunate episode was D. B. Monroe, who was regarded as the chief or leader of the miners in that unfortunate conflict. When the trials came on the State centered its prosecution on Monroe, and he willingly accepted the burden and let hundreds of others go—those who had wives and chil-

dren. He was charged and indicted for conspiracy, etc, and was convicted and sent to prison for a long term of years.

At the time of the trial public opinion was very much against Monroe and his followers, but after he had been in prison for several years, making a model record as a prisoner, public opinion began to shift, and instead of regarding Monroe as a criminal the people over the State who knew the facts began to look upon him almost as a martyr. Prominent men all over the State, and all the leading labor organizations joined in petitions asking for his pardon. His conduct had been such that he had the respect and confidence of all the prison officials, and while in prison he worked in the hospital and was as attentive and kind and gentle to the sick and dying as it was possible for a man to be.

Governor Taylor went into office in January, 1897, and during the entire winter and summer letters and petitions poured in asking for Monroe's pardon. I had several interviews with Monroe while in prison, and he talked in a most manly and courageous way about his case. He was anxious to be free, but he did not want to gain his freedom by involving his friends or hurting the cause, as he called it, of the working men in the State. His chief object in seeking liberty was to prove to the world that he was not a criminal and that his intentions were not to bring about conflict, but to aid in bringing about amicable adjustments in all controversies between capital and labor.

Just before Christmas I took the voluminous record and laid it before Governor Taylor, with all the petitions, and he devoted a day or more in getting

over the entire case, reviewing it from every viewpoint. After having given it such careful consideration he came to the conclusion that D. B. Monroe had suffered enough.

He and I sat up for two or three nights before Christmas until after midnight going through the records, examining carefully the petitions and claims for clemency. Governor Taylor in cases that came before him always leaned toward the helpless and those who had nobody to speak for them. Hired attorneys in pardon cases found him a hard court before which to practice. He always looked after those who were crippled and broken and helpless and those who were in the shadow of the grave.

On this particular occasion we had prepared about thirty odd pardons to be handed out on Christmas morning to celebrate the anniversary of the Prince of Peace. In that batch of pardons was one for old man D. B. Monroe. He had no intimation that it was coming. I had only taken the prison physician and the prison warden into my confidence.

Early Christmas morning I went out to the penitentiary, gave the pardons for all to the warden except the one for Monroe. I kept that and sent for Monroe to come into the office. Despite the fact that he wore stripes he was a distinguished looking old man with snow-white hair and kindly face. I said to him:

"Mr. Monroe, I wish you a very Merry, Merry Christmas."

He looked at me for a moment, and said:

"Colonel, I thank you, and in many ways my Christmas is merry; merry because of the fact that

I have such good, loyal friends who have not forgotten me nor forsaken me even though I am in prison." And I said:

"Well, old man, liberty will come ere long."

And he said: "I pray God that I may be freed before I die. I want to show the world that I am an innocent man so far as any crime is concerned."

And I said: "Mr. Monroe, if you feel that way about it I want to say to you that I am commissioned by the Governor of this State to announce to you that you are at liberty."

The old man looked at me stunned, almost—overcome; and he said: "Do you mean that I am free?"

I said: "Yes, you are as free as I am, by the grace of Governor Taylor. Here is your pardon."

The old man trembled and broke down. Strong and brave as he was he sat there and sobbed like a child. It was a scene that repaid me for having given up my trip home for Christmas.

The warden had a new and handsome black suit of clothes which he gave to Mr. Monroe, and when he donned them, his face beaming with delight, he was one of the most distinguished looking men I ever saw, and the happiest. The prison officials had a carriage and a pair of horses, and they drove him up town, and his friends gathered at the hotel and gave him an ovation. It was indeed a Christmas when the angels could, so far as he was concerned, sing truthfully, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

* * * * * *

There was a man imprisoned who had technically violated the law and incurred the displeasure of very powerful interests who were determined to keep him in the penitentiary regardless of all and

everything. His wife was a brave little woman, the bravest that I ever saw. When her husband went to prison she had a little home and some money saved up, but in the long defense, trying to save him, most of her property was consumed. She never faltered, however, but followed him from a distant city and came to Nashville. He was sent to the penitentiary for seven years, as I now recall it, and had served about four years of his time.

His wife exhausted all her means and was forced to sell her jewelry, and then she was forced to sell some of her clothes that she might maintain herself and keep up a fight. She met all of these things bravely, but she at last had to surrender to bad health. She developed a case of heart trouble, and it was only a matter of a few months, the doctors all agreed, when she would die. She became almost a walking skeleton prematurely gray, but ever hopeful that she might get her husband out before she died.

She had been working to get his pardon for a year or more. When the long, hot summer came she would almost crawl to the capitol, having to stop many times as she came up the hill on account of her illness. Her doctor was a special friend of mine, and told me that she could not last long, so I got all of the papers and all of the petitions and the entire record in the case and took her one evening in July into the Governor's office. She sat down in a big leather chair, a little frail, emaciated woman, and I laid all of the papers before him and told him all of the facts, and then she entered her plea for mercy. The Governor listened to her story, carefully read all the papers, and he said to her:

"I will pardon your husband at Thanksgiving."

Ready for the Last March.

The little woman broke down. She said: "Governor, God knows I am grateful; God knows I pray that you will keep that promise even if I am dead, for you can look at me and see that I won't live until Thanksgiving, and I did hope that he might get out and that I might die in his arms at home."

I saw that her appeal, almost an appeal from the open grave, affected the Governor, and I broke in and said:

"Governor, you always give me a birthday present."

He said: "Yes."

I said: "My birthday is the 30th of August, and I don't want you to give me anything this year except this man's pardon for this poor woman."

Tears gathered on his lashes, and he said:

"I will give him to you a free man on your birthday."

And then I said: "Governor, it is just thirty days to my birthday, and I might die. Now, if I can trust you to give it to me when my birthday comes, why can't you trust me and give it to me now?"

And he looked at me for a minute, and said: "All right, Madam, have it now. I will pardon him now."

And the little woman just keeled over on the floor like she was dead. She had a bottle of camphor. I grabbed her up in my arms—she was almost as small as a child—and in my excitement I opened the camphor bottle, and her head fell back and I spilled it in her face and like to have strangled her to death, but she came through shouting.

And that was just another sigh for mercy which reached down and brought blessings.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRANSFER OF THE REMAINS OF GOVERNOR JOHN SEVIER FROM ALABAMA TO TENNESSEE—SPEECH DELIVERED JUNE 20, 1889—AT LAST—SEVIER'S REMAINS HAD RESTED IN THE SOIL HE SO GREATLY LOVED, AND WITHIN THE BORDER OF THE STATE WHICH HAD ITS BIRTH BY HIS VALOROUS DEEDS—GREATEST PAGEANT IN THE HISTORY OF TENNESSEE—THIRTY THOUSAND SPECTATORS VIEWED THE FUNERAL CORTEGE—MILITARY AND CIVIC SOCIETIES TAKE EQUALLY PROMINENT PARTS—REINTERMENT SPEECH BY GOVERNOR ROBERT L. TAYLOR, OF TENNESSEE—HERE SHALL HIS BODY REST—ON THE SPEAKERS' PLATFORM, BESIDES MANY CITIZENS, WERE THE SEVIER COMMITTEE, GOVERNOR TAYLOR AND STAFF, THE SPEAKERS OF THE DAY, AND THE GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF THE FAMOUS HERO, IN WHOSE MEMORY THE DAY WAS BEING OBSERVED, OCCUPIED SEVERAL SCORES OF CHAIRS.

It was a big crowd, and it had been waiting such a length of time that many of them were becoming impatient, and, even after the exercises commenced, were noisy, and it was quite a long time before quiet reigned.

Hon. Joshua W. Caldwell acted as chairman and introduced as the first speaker, His Excellency, Robert L. Taylor, Governor of Tennessee.

The Governor was received with great applause. In his true statesmanlike manner he delivered the full address, in which he turned over to the Sevier Committee all that was mortal of ex-Governor John Sevier.

"Fellow Citizens: We bring you today the dust of Tennessee's first hero. After a sleep of three-quarters of a century beyond her borders, it comes to rest under the soil of the State he was most instrumental in making, in the ancient capital over which

he presided, in the midst of the scenes of his wonderful activity, to be guarded by near kindred and the descendants of his compatriots, to repose forever in the beautiful land of the mountains he loved so well and where he wrought so gloriously.

The stalwart frame that had endured for nearly half a century the intensest strain of frontier hardship now lies in impalpable dust before us, silent, inert, shapeless, and yet each atom of that glorious dust has a voice to tell of the deeds of daring and acts that made a man renowned.

That brawny arm, now nerveless and withered to ashes, once flashed as bright a sword as ever gleamed in terror before a foeman's eyes. That lion heart, now pulseless in death, once heaved as brave a bosom as was ever bared in battle, courageous, impetuous, intrepid in war, yet tender, kind and magnanimous to a fault. That ample brain, now incogitant and relaxed into its primal element, was once the avenue of profoundest thought and wisdom. From the voiceless clay an exalted soul has gone to its God to reap the reward of the just, the true and the good.

He sleeps. Nature's direst enemy has done his worst and wrecked the human visage, on which God has set His seal of greatness, but he only sleeps. He cannot die.

His was

> 'One of the few immortal names,
> That were not born to die.
> He lives immortal in history and in the hearts of his countrymen.
> To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die.'

Standing over the perished corpse and in the presence of imperishable deeds of such a man, it is

right that we give some thought to his life and actions, to stamp them afresh on our own memories, to ponder and reverence and emulate.

Three separate times was it given under God to a handful of mountain riflemen, led by this great man, to foil the plots of the British crown to subjugate the Colonies; armies were massed on the sea borders, while agents with tons of powder and balls, and trinkets and bags of gold, crept stealthily among the Indians, inciting them to the invasion of the settlements.

Three separate times the armies bore in upon the interior with terrible fury on the one side, while the savages with tomahawk and torch threatened destruction from the other.

And three separate times was this gigantic plan of butchery and annihilation frustrated by Sevier and his "Yelling Devils of the Mountains," as they were called by the terrified legions of Cornwallis.

Thirty-five battles he fought and thirty-five victories won. Blood flowed like streams of water. Death held high carnival when his bright sword was drawn, and yet his heart melted with tenderness, even when deserters pleaded for mercy.

He could not bear the thought of woman's grief and helpless children's tears, and forgave the wretches who had betrayed him.

He more than once refused to shed his neighbor's blood in retaliation of wrong, even at the risk of being held a coward.

Not only did he give his service to his country, but pledged his honor and estate for money to equip his men to fight the British troops—not only pledged, but paid it back without reimbursement.

At King's Mountain today, tomorrow, without rest, and scarcely stopping to kiss his Bonnie Kate, he plunges into the wilderness and puts to flight the savage hordes.

The works of Sevier do follow him. The first of the royal race of the Tennessee Volunteers, the founder of a house of patriots and the progenitor of a line of heroes, he left his name as a heritage to his people, and upon every field of battle, in council of state, in the forum, in the quieter social walks, Tennesseans have ever emulated his great example.

Leaving Virginia in early youth, he was among the first to cross the Blue Ridge Mountains and look in upon the fertile valleys of the Holston, Watauga, and the Nolachuckey, nestled in pastoral beauty in the shadows of the towering peaks and enchanted with the rich environments, he made his first home and began the work of building a Commonwealth and training the heroes who were to turn the tide of the Revolution at King's Mountain.

Tennessee did not produce him; he produced Tennessee. Old Virginia—God bless her!—is his mother State, but Tennessee claims the fruits of his great life. From the beginning of his career he was naturally the leader of the sturdy frontiersmen, and his life was a series of glorious deeds of daring, his name a terror to his foes and a tower of strength to his brave followers.

History reveals no epoch when courage and endurance were put to a severer test. The story of the life of John Sevier and his comrades will live forever. They were not Don Quixotes, seeking ridiculous adventures, nor Hotspurs, risking fate for fame, but were men built from the ground up, with homes

and families to defend. Every man was a soldier. Every woman was a heroine and every cabin a fortress.

The man of wealth and ease who comes sweeping through Tennessee in the magnificent Pullman palace cars ought not to smile too derisively at the tow-headed children that crowd around the cabin doors, but let them remember that from such rugged thresholds came the soldiers of the Revolution, whose blood and sacrifice brought the priceless blessings that we now enjoy; and let them remember, too, that from such humble homes have come more brains and grit and true greatness than ever emanated from all the gilded mansions and palaces of earth.

These cabins gave to history the names of the heroes of King's Mountain, New Orleans, and Chapultepec, and have furnished men to adorn the highest civic stations under the sun.

With scanty numbers and scantier means, this great man whom we honor today and his brave compatriots began their wonderful work. They laid open an empire and broke through the savage walls that hid the setting sun, starting the course of empire westward on its way, culminating, in a hundred years, in the greatest nation ever known, expanding from the pent-up limits of thirteen colonies into an empire that touches the two greatest oceans that divide the world. Fiction has ransacked the realm of improbability to fashion tales more romantic than the history of these times, but in vain.

My countrymen, we stand today upon the sacred ground where this matchless drama was enacted and over the remains of the leading actor. His field was the whole Southwestern territory—a vast wilderness.

After rescuing it from its savage denisons, building one State which he saw overthrown, and erecting another in its stead, serving his countrymen for forty years on the trail, upon the battlefield, in the council of state, for twelve years in the gubernatorial chair, two terms in the national legislative hall, he started in his old age to the confines of the kingdom he had conquered, to run the dividing line of that which should mark its ultimate borders; and thus still in the line of duty, he died in camp September 25, 1815, and was buried quietly in that then remote region. No costly monument marked the spot, but tears of unaffected grief wet the cheeks of the veterans who had followed him.

When the mother State of North Carolina ceded her colony, Sevier's genius conceived the State of Franklin and set its machinery in graceful motion; and when the Old North State had rescinded her former acts and sought to reclaim her territory, Sevier saw his neighbors fall away from him by scores and hundreds and renew their allegiance to the parent State, but, undaunted, stood to the last, preferring to come down valiantly in the right rather than by its renunciation proclaim that treachery had conceived it; but though his life was sought and his person subjected to insulting assault, his great magnanimity of soul displayed itself proudly, is unshaken, refusing to draw his sword upon his neighbors whom he had so often led to victory; and thus his creation of the State of Franklin fell to pieces and lapsed again into territorial chaos.

But, my friends, it is not my purpose to recount in chronological detail instances of his life and deeds.

First, the acknowledged leader of his countrymen, commissioned by the mother State to command; conqueror and statesman, State-builder, law-maker, the first and only Governor of the new State of Franklin.

Overthrown, pursued, persecuted, carried into judicial captivity, rescued and returned to his people, he at once assumed supremacy. What a wonderful career!

Immediately the new State of Tennessee was formed, and John Sevier was its first Governor. It was his by right of conquest, of creation, of worthiness.

For twelve years he manned the helm of State as Governor. Then, in 1811, he was elected to Congress, re-elected in 1813 and again in 1815, this time without opposition, during his last expedition, and only a month before his death. The battle of King's Mountain was the turning point of the Revolution.

The tide was fairly set against the colonies, and disaster and defeat had crowded our armies back into the interior, decimated their ranks, cowed the spirit of the soldiers until despair brooded everywhere, 'and the golden sun of liberty had nearly set in the gloom of eternal night.'

At this critical hour the brilliant and daring descent of Virginia and Tennessee volunteers upon the section of the flower of Cornwallis' victorious army and its utter annihilation carried terror and dismay into the British camp and resounded like a bugle blast throughout the length and breadth of the colonies, awakening the war spirit afresh and summoning the patriots to take new courage, and prophesying the final triumphs.

'It was the tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to victory.'

Goaded by the taunting and insulting message of the British officer who sent a threatening demand that the Tennessee frontiersmen must at once abandon their opposition to the king's armies and pledge their allegiance to the crown, or he would lay waste their country with fire and sword, and hang the leaders, they sprang to their guns at the call of Sevier and Shelby and resolved to strike the first blow. Undisciplined as they were, knowing that they were to meet overwhelming odds and armies flushed with victory, they threaded the rugged defiles.

Like the mad torrents of their mountains, like the rushing waters of their impetuous rivers from gorge and glen and cove, from hilltop and valley, they poured to the rendezvous.

Shelby, and Carter, and Tipton, and Campbell were there; Snodgrass, Elliot, Wilson, Maxwell and Webb were there; a thousand fearless yeomen were there; sweethearts, wives and mothers gathered like Spartan women to cheer and bless and kiss a fond farewell.

Never before did such destiny hang by such a slender thread, and yet so safely hung. Every man is in line; over hill and stream and trackless wild they marched until the morning light of that memorable October day disclosed to view the heights of King's Mountain bristling with English bayonets; on they pressed up to the mountain's base and girdled it with a battle line as with a chain of steel.

Up to the mountain's very brow the line swiftly moved and poured with unerring aim a withering storm of lead into the serried ranks of the astonished foe.

Like the crimson leaves of autumn that fluttered and fell around them, dislodged by the terrible commotion, the red-coated British dropped to earth by scores.

'Light rolled the war clouds to the sky,
In fathoms tower, in columns high.'

And in one short hour the victory was won.

King's Mountain won the Revolution, made popular free government possible, inaugurated the most glorious epoch in the history of the earth—it created this Federal Union.

Sevier was the originator of the volunteer service. No draft was ever made on troops. When danger threatened they came like leaves in a whirlwind. The King's Mountain heroes were raw volunteers, but they were volunteers indeed, and as brave as ever leveled a gun.

From that day to this Tennessee has never forfeited her title to the proud name of the 'Volunteer State.'

Governor Sevier was practically and fittingly adapted to every station to which he was called, and with all that, and during the long term of his service, its trying vicissitudes and excessive hardships, he maintained a splendid character for sterling integrity, unswerving manliness, personal honor and official incorruptibility, and he was as kind and as genial and as simple in his social life as he was noble in action.

We found his sacred dust lying in the far-away borders of the country for which his life's efforts were spent, but not among strangers; we found him among the patriots who loved his memory and revered his name.

The disinterment of our chieftain was witnessed and honored by the Governor of Alabama, his staff, his State officials, his soldiers and his people, and we departed from the capital city of that great Commonwealth with our precious burden amid the flaunting of handkerchiefs and the music of bands and the booming of artillery.

I could not do less on this occasion than make public acknowledgment of the debt of gratitude which Tennessee owes to Alabama's distinguished Governor and her generous people for their aid, and comfort, and overflowing hospitality and kindness to us for him while on this pilgrimage of love and duty.

And this is the man whose crumbled bones we bring you today, my countrymen; let us bow before these sacred ashes in reverent recognition of the greatness and goodness of the leader of Tennessee's patriots and the exemplar of Tennessee chivalry.

Too long have we delayed this honor. We have been content to permit the recorded history of his virtues to be his monument; that is grand enough, but now we come to lay him beneath the soil he loved, where his triumphs were achieved, and let a proud monument carved from the mountains that sheltered him in life lift its head toward the abode of his glorified spirit, and inscribed with his own great name and synonym of glory, and an epitaph worthy of a god.

Sleeping here, he rests not alone in his glory. In every valley and upon every hillside the bones of his compatriots are entombed. Sleep on, sleep on, O deathless heroes! Generations yet unborn will keep your memory ever green.

My countrymen, let all who love noble deeds and patriotic actions honor the graves of our soldiers.

Each little hillock is a volume within itself of wild and thrilling adventures. Each tombstone tells a story touching as the soldier's last tear on the white bosom of his manhood's bride."

CHAPTER XVII.

AGAIN IN POLITICS.

The goal of Governor Taylor's political ambition was to reach the United States Senate. He had made several efforts in this direction, but, the politicians being against him, he had failed. He had endeavored time and again to get his case "before the jury," as he termed it—that is, he had tried to get the State Committee to order a preferential primary so that the people might settle the matter between him and his competitors. But he never could succeed in securing this action at the hands of the committee. Having made so many futile efforts to bring this about, he had consequently abandoned all hope of realizing his senatorial dream. Therefore, when he delivered his valedictory speech to the Legislature, he had given up all hope and had determined to retire from politics altogether. He was perfectly sincere in every word of that now famous retiring speech. He immediately returned to the platform and enjoyed many seasons of unparalleled success as a platform attraction. Finally, in the course of several years, a pressure was brought to bear on the "powers that be" on the part of the people of the State to remand the senatorial question to a primary. The feeling became so intense and the pressure so great upon the State Committee that it could no longer be resisted. So that in the senatorial contest of 1905 a primary election was ordered. Hon. Edward Ward Carmack, who was then occupying the senatorship, was a candidate for re-election, and submitted his

claims to this primary. Governor Taylor's friends set to work with a determination to nominate him for the position and demanded that he enter the contest as a candidate. Senator Carmack pleaded with the people to give him a second term on the ground that it had always been the custom in the case of Senators, as well as all other officers, National and State, to reward their services with a second term—if no special reason existed why this precedent should not be observed. Governor Taylor pleaded with the people to elect him on the ground that long-standing precedent heretofore had been overridden in his case, and that he had been ignored and cast aside when it was "his turn" to be promoted to the senatorship. Both candidates took the stump, and the "shelling-of-the-woods" process was effectively brought into play. Both of the candidates were in the field at the same time, each making an independent canvass, Governor Taylor refusing to accept the challenge of Senator Carmack for a joint discussion.

SENATOR CARMACK'S CHALLENGE.

"NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 9, 1905.

"To Hon. Robert L. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.:

"DEAR SIR—I have the honor formally to renew the proposal I have heretofore made to you, through the public press, that we agree upon a list of not less than sixty appointments for joint discussion in as many counties of the State, one-half of the places to be named by you and one-half by me. I further suggest that these debates begin early in the month of October and continue until the meeting of Congress in December, and be renewed from some future date

hereafter to be agreed upon. If this proposal meets your favorable consideration, I am ready to designate a friend to confer with any friend selected by you to arrange all further details.

"Very respectfully,

"E. W. CARMACK."

GOVERNOR TAYLOR'S REPLY.

"NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 13, 1905.

"Hon. E. W. Carmack, Nashville, Tenn.:

"DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your letter of the 9th inst., in which you suggest a joint discussion between us. In reply I have the honor to say that I must decline your suggestion, for the following reasons:

"It is contrary to all precedents in Tennessee for candidates for the United States Senate belonging to the same political party to enter into joint discussions for that high office. Senator Harris, when challenged by Col. John H. Savage and later by Gen. J. D. C. Atkins, declared that such joint discussions were contrary to the best interests of the Democratic party, and declined to enter into such discussions. You yourself refused to meet Judge D. L. Snodgrass in joint discussion, presumably for the same reasons, and our late lamented Senator Bate declined to meet Governor McMillin, I am informed, upon your advice, and I am sure upon my own. I stand upon the cardinal principles of Democracy and hold them above my own personal ambition and the ambition of every other man. It is presumed that you occupy the same position. If so, there can be no controversy between us on principles. I have fought a thousand

battles for the party and its leaders, and not one against them. I have had a hundred joint discussions with the Republicans and not one with a Democrat. I do not know how to fight a Democrat; therefore I cannot agree to your proposition. I repeat that there can be no issue between us, unless it be of personal rivalry and personal ambition, in the joint discussion of which the people are not concerned, and which could result in no good whatever to the Democratic party. My public record is known to the people of this State, and so is yours. I propose to make this canvass upon a high and honorable plane, discussing questions involving the happiness of the people and the peace and prosperity of our country. I propose to appeal to our people not only for popular favor for myself, but for the unity and harmony of the party which in the past has been so kind and generous to me, whose call I have always obeyed, and in whose service I have spent the best part of my life. Your letter to me having been published in the public press, presumably by your authority, I have given a copy of this letter to the press for publication.

"I have the honor to be,

"Very respectfully,

"ROBERT L. TAYLOR."

Without doubt, these two leaders now antagonizing one another were two of the most brilliant and popular men in the whole State. The people became more and more excited and interested as the speakers "warmed up." It did not take them long to "warm up." The interest and excitement soon reached fever heat. Every inch of the ground was most vigorously contested. It was a battle of giants—a fierce tilt be-

tween "plumed knights" in the political arena. It was soon plain to be seen that Carmack's cause was hopeless, because no "knight," however brave and brilliant, had the ghost of a chance when the white plume of Bob Taylor appeared in the ring of a united party.

Again, at this election, Governor Taylor came out victorious, and was duly nominated. When the Legislature of the State met in January, he was duly elected a Senator of the United States for the term ending March 4th, 1913.

Perhaps no man ever served in the Senate who was more popular with his fellow Senators on both sides of the chamber than "Our Bob." Perhaps there was never an individual Senator who was held in higher esteem and who enjoyed closer relations with the President than Senator Taylor. No constituent ever received the "cold shoulder" at his hands, or was ever denied a favor if it was in his power to grant it or to secure it. The truth is, his whole life, in and out of the Senate, was a life of a true patriot and a true friend of mankind—ever seeking to do something for others, and ever ready at all times and under all circumstances to render a helping hand that others might be made happy. A more unselfish man never lived in any age. A larger heart never throbbed in human breast.

Numerous striking instances, occurring almost every day along his journey of life, could be given, showing that this statement is by no means exaggerated.

Passing down Main Street of his town one morning with a friend, a very small barefoot, ragged, sickly-looking boy appealed to him to let him black

his shoes. When the boy had finished he flipped him a silver dollar. His friend remonstrated, saying: "The regular fee for that job in this town is a nickel. That boy would have considered it an accommodation at your hands to be allowed to black your shoes for the nickel."

"O, well," said the Senator, "that is a little sickly fellow who is really too little to be self-supporting and ought to be helped."

At Greenwood, Mississippi, the Senator and a friend were seated on the hotel veranda, waiting to be taken to their train, when a voice from the street called out: "Hello, Bob; come out; I want to see and must see you." The Senator responded, and in a moment the stranger and he were engaged in earnest conversation. It turned out that the importunate stranger was a stranded musician who had been discharged by his troupe for drunkenness. There was reason for his importunity, for he was a "sure enough" stranger in a strange land! Senator Taylor was seen to hand him a ten-dollar bill, and the stranded man went on his way rejoicing.

"Why did you do that?" said the Senator's friend. "Don't you know that with that he will only prolong his dissipation; besides, you have no right to thus waste your money."

"That is my business," retorted the Senator. "That fellow is hungry and sick and a stranger in distress. He may prolong his drunk, but at the same time he will satisfy his hunger, and I am happy!"

He was magnanimous and forgiving. Notwithstanding the fierce assaults upon him by Senator Carmack in their memorable campaign, which were more or less of a personal nature, and which were calcu-

lated to create a personal bitterness which never could be survived, yet the two subsequently met, shook hands, and became friends once more.

FIRST AND LAST SPEECHES IN THE SENATE.

TARIFF.

Extracts from the speech of Hon. Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, in the Senate of the United States, Tuesday, June 22nd, 1909.

MR. PRESIDENT—I have sat silent during the eternal debate upon this everlasting problem of tariff taxation, but I have been largely compensated by the consciousness that I have not only contributed to the dispatch of the public business, but given rest to the weary.

I have watched with deepest interest the storm which has been raging on the other side of this chamber, not upon the question of whether high tariff is right or wrong but upon how high a rate the American people will bear in these piping days of reform, so near to those days before the last election when the Republican party was a walking petition and a living prayer, and when melliflous streams of promises and pledges of revision poured from the lips of its orators like molasses from the bunghole of a barrel. (Laughter.)

I have been silent not for the lack of inclination to plunge into the discussion, but because I have been overawed by the fierceness of argument and by the keen flashes of repartee, which have thrilled me and filled me with fantastic terrors no mortal ever felt before.

I have sat speechless in my chair when the matchless Senator from Rhode Island (Mr. Aldrich) rose up, and, standing firm but a little stooped, with the

industrial world upon his back, pleaded with suppressed emotion for the wage-earners of our country and demanded that they shall have their one per cent of the profits of protection, blissfully indifferent as to who gets the other ninety-nine per cent. (Laughter.) I have dodged behind my desk in mute but uncontrollable agitation as the thunderbolts of Jove rolled from the esophagus of the senior Senator from Idaho (Mr. Heyburn) in defense of the American hog. (Laughter.)

I have been dumb with admiration as I watched the shepherd Senator from Wyoming (Mr. Warren) drive the wolves from the fold, with wool in their teeth, but without the loss of a single Wyoming sheep. (Laughter.) I have retreated to the cloak-room when the impetuous Senator from Utah (Mr. Smoot) flaunted his mercerized skirts in the face of the Senate and brandished his German razors in the air. (Laughter.)

I have watched New York, New England, and Pennsylvania, reenforced by Illinois and the Pacific slope, throw out their battle lines and close in on the rebels of the Middle West, and crush the spirit of secession against high tariff, once more letting down the bars of opportunity and joyously hugging the Goddess of Liberty, as the big fat calf of the East once more bounds forward to the flowing udder of the West, and walls his eyes and wiggles his tail in speechless bliss as he draws his daily tariff bounty. (Laughter.)

All these storms have blown for the honor and glory of protection. All these battles have been fought to preserve the dignity of labor. O, labor, labor,

how many crimes have been committed in thy name! O, protection, how often are thy garments made the cloak of greed!

Sir, I have looked and listened until I have become accustomed to storm, and I'm no longer frightened by wind. Therefore I have determined to get on the rear of this discussion and disturb the atmosphere of the Senate for an hour on general principles, only touching the tariff at the high places, because there are no low places, except on a few raw materials.

. . . . . .

In its (the Republican party's) platform of 1872 it still made revenue the purpose and protection the incident. And it was not until 1876 that it threw its loving arms around the wage-earner and pressed him to its bosom.

The wealth of the country has been shifting to a few great centers ever since in the name of the wage-earner, and a few magnates of finance in these few centers are manipulating and controlling all the chief manufactories, all the principal arteries of transportation, and all the banks between the two great oceans that divide the world. And, sir, the danger to our form of government lies in this continuous consolidation of corporate wealth and power, with its ever-increasing tendency to enlarge its demands and force the country to stand and deliver in the name of the wage-earner.

Agriculture is no longer the palladium of our free institutions; contentment no longer sings among the hills, but the restless millions are pouring out of the fields into the city and town and into the mine and the lumber camp in search of higher wages, and

we are building up a stupendous urban civilization, with every city a breeder of crime against God and man and the devil's own hothouse of corruption, under the outstretched wing of protection to the American wage-earner.

The Republican platform of 1908 calls for a tariff sufficient to cover the difference between wages at home and abroad plus a reasonable profit to the manufacturer. If this bill had been squared to the promise of the platform, there would have been no opposition to it by Republican Senators from the West and not many protests by Democratic Senators from any section, except against the tail end of it, promising a reasonable profit to the manufacturer. We could not foresee that when the schedules were made the tail would wag the dog.

But the platform and the bill are as different as the plan of salvation and Sherman's march to the sea; and God knows when Congress will adjourn. (Laughter.) I do not think that coveted event will happen until a few more eulogies are pronounced upon the wage-earner, and not even then until the rebels of the Middle West have been pacified. I think it will be done by the vigorous use of the plank favoring a tax on the income of corporations, recently jerked out of the national Democratic platform by our great President for the emergency.

What is the use to keep the country waiting? For the great transaction is almost done, and the "jokers" are still in the bill. Its framers have neither changed the policy nor reduced the average; they have neither heeded the appeals of Republican Senators representing great agricultural States in the Union nor the promises of their platform. They have banished

Democratic Senators from their star-chamber councils and forbidden them from participating in the hearings before their committee. They are again about to deliver the masses over to the classes, and sharp-faced and lynx-eyed avarice will still continue to throw mock kisses at the pouting lips of plundered confidence, and the carriage of Dives will still continue to throw contemptuous dust from its glittering wheels on the squalid rags of Lazarus. The sovereign people will soon wake from their iridescent dream of revision downward to find the same old vulture of protection rising far above the Dingley minimum and soaring to the blue cerulean of the Aldrich maximum, with the American consumer by the seat of the pantaloons in his talons. (Laughter.)

The grand old party used to tell us that the foreigner paid the duty, and that we did not pay a dollar of it, and they rode into power on it; but that proposition soon got in the condition of Mark Twain's boat in a storm.

Mark said:

> She heaved and sot, and sot and heaved,
> And high her rudder flung,
> And every time she heaved and sot
> A mighty leak she sprung.

(Laughter.)

. . . . . .

Protection has run men mad with lust for gold and hunger for power. There is the jingle of gold in the very laughter of modern financiers, the eyes of politicians are jaundiced with it, and I sometimes think that if the great Republic could be lifted up and spread out in the kingdom of heaven the Republican party would dig up the golden streets of the

New Jerusalem in three hours, and levy a tariff on the harps of the angels for the protection of American industry. (Laughter.)

. . . . . .

Sir, I hold that no better method of raising money to run the Government was ever invented by the ingenuity of man than that which is embodied in the principle of taxing all according to their ability to pay, and any other method is not only unjust, but vicious, and ought to be outlawed by all who love liberty and free government.

. . . . . .

France and Germany and other foreign powers are not asleep. They are gradually but surely checkmating us with measures of retaliation, and it is reasonable to believe that they will ultimately close their ports to us as long as we close our ports to them. The argument that they can undersell us is in their favor, for if it be true, they have the power to take from us the trade of the world and leave us without a market beyond the seas.

Sir, I warn the party in power now that long before the final judgment day shall come there will be a judgment at the ballot-box, and the party so jubilant today will lie helpless and disconsolate, as the old Tennessean who joined a great excursion to the beautiful city of Memphis in the days when the saloon was in flower. The old man, after lingering too long where Bacchus smiles, became hilarious and swore he could whip anybody in Memphis, and the crowd around him laughed. Then he swore again he could whip anybody in Shelby County, and the crowd laughed again. Then he swore he could whip anybody

in the State, and a stranger jumped him and beat him nearly to death, and left him writhing on the floor. But finally he rose in a sitting position and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I am afraid I kivered a leetle too much territory in that last proposition." (Great laughter.) They gave us the McKinley law, and the people stood it; they gave us the Dingley law, and the people endured it; but the Senator from Rhode Island will discover by and by that he has "kivered a leetle too much territory" in this last proposition.

The indications all point in that direction, for have we not witnessed the spectacle of many eloquent and far-seeing Senators on the other side of the aisle, who have had their ears to the ground, fleeing in the direction of low tariff? The time was, in the recent past, when the guides about the capitol were pointing out to visiting pilgrims the beetling-browed senior Senator from Iowa and the sun-crowned senior Senator from Indiana as the Elijah and Elisha of protection. But strange things happened in Indiana last fall, and coming events are casting their shadows before them in Iowa and other great agricultural States beyond the Mississippi. It is, therefore, clear to all who have witnessed the impassioned supplications of many Senators from that region for lighter bounties to the rich and lighter burdens upon the poor that the chariot of fire is about to descend, and some of the prophets are in great danger of being caught up and translated into the heaven of private life where politicians cease from troubling and statesmen are at rest. (Laughter.) Mr. President, Southern Senators have not been permitted to take any very prominent part in this legislation, nor in any other legislation affecting the national well-being.

The Southern States quickly adjusted themselves to the new conditions consequent upon the abolition of slavery, and our people went to work. We had no industry save agriculture; no protection save the beneficent influences of God's sunshine and showers upon our fields. The negro problem was a barrier to immigration. It shut out enterprise from our borders and turned the streams of commerce to other sections. Capital shunned us, and nothing reached us but the Internal Revenue Department and the tariff system.

Our mountains of coal and iron slept on, unjarred by the dynamite, undisturbed by the pick and the drill. Our marble and zinc and copper still slumbered in the quarry, and our vast forests of timber still waited for the woodman's axe.

Everything slept and slumbered but taxation. Our country had been decimated by war, humiliated by reconstruction, and weighed down by the highest tariff taxation this world has ever known, and we were in bad plight. We were in the condition of the good old praying member of the church who was afflicted all at once with every disease in the catalogue. He had rheumatism and aneurism and curvature of the spine and was finally stricken with paralysis; but after months of suffering he got better, and went shambling one evening to prayer-meeting. The old preacher rose and said: "Now, brethren, I want us to have a good time here tonight. I want every one of you to get up and tell what the Lord has done for you. There is Brother Jones, God bless him; he has been afflicted and hasn't been with us for many months. Brother Jones, get up and tell us what the

Lord has done for you." Brother Jones arose and hobbled out in the aisle, and said: "Well, he's about ruint me." (Great laughter.)

But, Mr. President, inspired by an unfaltering faith in the future, our people still marched on toward the summit of prosperity and happiness from which they had fallen.

. . . . . .

But now that we (the South) have accumulated capital of our own, supplemented by the capital of the generous men of other sections who believe in our future, we are going to convert our own raw materials into finished goods, tariff or no tariff. We believe that we can compete with other nations on a revenue basis. We are confident that we can put New England out of business in the years to come under the system you are forcing upon us now. We know the system is wrong, forever wrong, for we have felt its grinding power. I heard the Senator from West Virginia (Mr. Elkins) say not long ago, on this floor, that the South has paid four thousand millions since the war in tariff bounties to the North. We have been shipping our raw materials to the North for forty years, paying the freight and the bounty to the manufacturer, and then shipping them back in the finished goods and paying the freight on our mowers and reapers and shovels and hoes, and everything from a gang plow to a broom handle, and I am sure the Senator did not overestimate what it has cost our people who toil in the fields for their daily bread.

But let the curtain drop on that. The mill will never grind with the water that is passed.

But we are prepared for the future. And yet I do not believe that the United States will ever reach

the high tide of its glory until we apply the golden rule and deal justly not only with our own people at home, but with the people of other nations. We cannot hope to defend the principles of free government and to exemplify the blessings which they bring until we apply them impartially under our own flag. We cannot hope to lead all the nations of the earth in commerce and trade until we are willing to buy as well as to sell. We cannot hope to perpetuate our free institutions and to hand them down to posterity as a priceless heritage until we wipe from our statute books the last vestige of unequal and unjust taxation, the great destroyer of nations.

LAST SPEECH OF SENATOR TAYLOR IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE—MAKES ELOQUENT REPLY TO BITTER ATTACKS MADE BY SENATOR HEYBURN AGAINST THE SOUTH.

The following speech, in which Senator Robert L. Taylor defended the South against bitter remarks by Senator Heyburn, is the last that he delivered in the United States Senate:

MR. TAYLOR—Mr. President, I do not propose to speak with reference to the pending bill, but with reference to the remarks of the distinguished Senator from Idaho (Mr Heyburn). I think it is rather late in the day for Senators of the United States to stand upon this floor and re-open the wounds of the civil war. Like the Senator from Idaho, I belonged to the "infantry" during the war.

MR. HEYBURN—I will ask if the Senator is asking me a question.

MR. TAYLOR—I did not ask the Senator any question.

MR. HEYBURN—It was merely a passing remark?

Mr. Taylor—I decline to ask the Senator a question. I think all informed men know that the civil war did not begin in 1861. It began when this republic was born. It crept into the constitution and lay hidden there like some invisible cobra. It was fought out for sixty years in every forum, in the columns of the press, and everywhere, until it finally culminated in the clash of arms. It was a struggle between the doctrine of federal supremacy on the one hand and the doctrine of state sovereignty on the other. It culminated at last in 1861. It was the conflict that Webster foresaw when he exclaimed upon this floor:

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood."

It was the struggle that Clay put off for a quarter of a century with his great compromise measure. It was the struggle that Andrew Jackson delayed when he held up his bony hand toward heaven and swore:

"By the Eternal, the union must and shall be preserved!"

But neither Webster, nor Clay, nor Jackson, nor any other power under the sun could prevent it. It finally broke upon the land, and death stood grim and terrible on a hundred battle fields, beckoning a million men to the opening grave.

The North came out of the war the victor, but the men who wore the gray did not sulk. They laid down the musket and canteen and entered in good faith all the armies of industry.

I do not believe that a man can be a good citizen who will now stand anywhere under the flag and attempt to keep the sections of this union apart.

Mr. President, I am an American. I believe in American ideals and American institutions. Every State in the union is as much my State as Tennessee is my State, and the deeds of every great American soldier in that war are my heritage and the heritage of my children.

Many times I have stood out there in the rotunda before the statue of Ulysses S. Grant, the leader of the union armies, and my heart thrilled with pride that he was an American, and I admired him for his genius in war and his generosity to the South in peace and when I turned away from him and looked upon the statue of another great American soldier, standing there silent in the Hall of Fame in his Confederate uniform, I have wondered how any American, whether in the North or in the South, could be so oblivious to those noble and God-like qualities of brain and heart which make men truly great as to sneer at the name of Lee.

Mr. President, the war is over. Time has pulled down the forts and leveled the trenches. Time has healed and comforted, until now there is nothing left but precious memories. The men who wore the gray delight to honor the brave men who wore the blue, and who met them in battle for the settlement of a controversy that began with the republic. But they do not love the men who never smelt gunpowder and who now fight the war over again and unlimber their batteries of bitterness on the cemeteries of the South and upon the statues and monuments to her heroic dead.

The South has struggled to the front in all the elements of industry. The men who wore the gray are as true to the flag today as the men who wore the blue. Their sons have fought under the stars and stripes since the civil war. I was Governor of my State when the Spanish war came on, and when President McKinley called for volunteers I was one of the first Governors to put my quota in the field. I came here to beg the President to let me have more regiments. They joined the sons of the men who wore the blue to fight for their country.

Mr. President, this is the spirit that must animate the people of this country. The men of the South for forty years have contributed their part to build monuments to the federal dead. They have contributed their part in pensions to the men who wore the blue. Now, after forty-six years have come and gone, while we are building a monument in the South to commemorate the deeds of the brave men who followed the federal flag, is it asking too much to build a monument to the brave men who met them face to face on the battle field and upon the water?

Why not build it? The Southern people were not guilty of treason. They fought for what they believed was right. No man will die for a cause which he does not believe is right.

Mr. President, it is the best way in the world to wipe out the sectional lines. It is the best way in the world to make us truly one people, with common hopes, common fears, and a common destiny. I appeal to the Senate, especially to the men of the North, to vote for this pittance to honor the courage and the bravery of the men who fought under the stars and bars and we will stand there under Old Glory and say

to the men who followed it, "Unfurl it to the breezes, for it is the flag of our reunited country," and the men who wore the gray will stand under it with uncovered heads and acknowledge it as their flag. But who will chide them if they sometimes bring to light that other flag, the blood-stained stars and bars, to look upon it and weep over it and press it to their bosoms, for it is hallowed with memories of the blessed past? And they know that it is furled forever.

Mr. President and Senators, I have but little patience with the man either in private or in public life, who awakens the passions of the past. I do not believe it is good patriotism or good Americanism. So far as I am concerned, I have sat upon the committee on pensions and for four years voted pensions to the men who wore the blue, and ex-confederate soldiers have sat there by me.

What the South wants is peace, and I stand here today as a representative of the generation that came on after the war, to declare to Senators who represent the States of the North that if there is ever another war in this country it will not come from the South, but her sons will be ever ready to march shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart with the men who wore the blue for the preservation of our union forever. This is the sentiment of the Southern people.

The Procession that "Moved Through a Mist of Tears."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SENATOR TAYLOR'S LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH.

On the evening of March 16th, 1912, while at Union Station, Washington, D. C., whither he had gone to board the train for a business trip to North Carolina, he was suddenly seized with a violent attack of gallstones. He immediately returned to his quarters at Stoneleigh Court, where he was promptly treated by his physician, Dr. Harrison Crook. The doctor deemed a surgical operation necessary in the case, but could not obtain the consent of his patient. Finally, after the lapse of some ten or eleven days, Senator Taylor reluctantly, it is said, consented to an operation. Thereupon he was taken to Providence Hospital, where the operation was performed—but it was too late. He lingered only a few days, when, on Sunday morning, March 31st, 1912, at 9:40 o'clock, his spirit took flight, and all that was mortal of "Our Bob" was left to return to pathetic dust.

"When I die, I expect my mother to be around and about my death-bed, waiting to take me where she is."

This beautiful statement was made by Senator Taylor in the presence of a circle of friends during his last trip to Tennessee. The writer, who was one of the circle, had heard him make the same statement before. On Saturday before he died, about midday, he suddenly returned to a moment of consciousness, opened wide his eyes, and with a smile brighter than had ever been seen to light his countenance in the vigor of health, he raised himself off of his pillow, and

at the same time extending his arms as if to embrace her, he exclaimed: "Mother! Mother! Mother!" Then he sank back, and this was his last conscious moment. The smile on his face was never brighter, his eyes were never more brilliant, and his voice never clearer. His watchers affirm that he was entirely conscious.

This happy incident, taken in connection with the Senator's touching remark, oft repeated, inspires the consoling thought that the spirit of "Our Bob" did not depart alone. It must have been accompanied by the Angel Mother.

Col. R. M. Gates, correspondent of the Memphis Commercial Appeal, in announcing the sad event, writes tenderly and beautifully of the deceased, as follows:

Washington, D. C., March 31.—"Our Bob" is dead. Upon every hearthstone in Tennessee this simple announcement will fall with the weight of a personal sorrow, and in thousands of homes within the borders of other states it will receive the spontaneous tribute of a tear.

Robert Love Taylor, senior United States Senator from Tennessee, has passed from among men. His soul took its flight at 9:40 o'clock this morning at Providence Hospital, to which institution Senator Taylor was carried Wednesday night and where an operation for gallstones was performed Thursday morning. Death stilled his good and noble heart, in a room which overlooked a little park whose reviving symbols of life and resurrection and message of gladness to mankind he was wont to interpret in eloquent tongue.

For three days he has looked with dimming eyes upon that little square whose budding grass, swelling

boughs and bursting buds are in joyous response to the warmth of spring's sunshine. It was an ideal day —just such a day that the lips now forever dumb have so many times described in words of matchless eloquence and beautiful meaning. It was a glorious day for "Our Bob" to take final leave of a world into which he has poured a wealth of cheer and happiness and sunshine. It was as if God had mercifully given his genial soul as an escort the tender beauties of an ideal spring day. There is a reverent suggestion of the eternal fitness of things, for "Bob" Taylor to pass from earth amid the splendors of a perfect day, for his bouyant and happy spirit to return to its Maker on the breath of a glorious morning.

Senator Taylor began to sink following the operation Thursday morning, lapsing into unconsciousness at 3 o'clock this morning, and he passed away without having regained consciousness even for a moment.

There were present at the bedside when the final summons came Mrs. Taylor, worn and wan, from a racking vigil of three days and nights, and Dr. Harrison Crook.

Senator Luke Lea, junior member of the Senate from Tennessee, was at the hospital throughout the night.

It became known today that Senator Taylor's physicians regarded his ailment as extremely grave from its inception, and immediately after diagnosing the trouble as gallstones suggested the advisability of an operation. This heroic alternative was combated by Senator Taylor, whose assent to the use of the knife was given only upon the positive and frank statement of his physicians that an operation was ab-

solutely imperative. But he had waited too long. The terrific suffering accompanying the passage of the gallstones had reduced the vitality and so affected his digestive organs as to preclude the chances of favorable reaction from the operation.

"Bob" Taylor was of the stock that made Tennessee. His father was of pioneer descent and the laws of heredity cut no inconsiderable figure in the making of men. His mother was also of pioneer descent, whose father was David Haynes and whose brother was Landon C. Haynes, a Confederate Senator from Tennessee, and one of the most eloquent men the nation has produced. "Bob" was born in 1850, in Happy Valley, appropriately named, in Carter County, over in East Tennessee.

The world is called upon to produce its best to equal the grand scenery of that glorious section. Through it the beautiful Watauga and the purling French Broad rivulets, so to speak, ripple their happy way through the sun-kissed mountains to the sea. It was within voice reach of his boyhood environment that Shelby and Sevier organized the "Mountain Boys" for defensive purposes in revolutionary days, to be led later on by those indomitable patriots to King's Mountain, where was fought and won by them the really decisive battle of the long series.

. . . . . .

Two years ago—this history is too recent to dwell upon—he was forced by a majority of his party to become the Democratic candidate for Governor—a fourth term—and once more he could not withstand his party's call. He accepted in the face of an or-

ganized line-up that no Democrat could have overcome. Over the State he went, and with his old-time vigor made a plea for the integrity of his party. That he failed was through no fault of his, nor from any lack of personal popularity. He simply faced irreconcilable conditions. The present year he would have gone again to the Senate. He would have been without opposition, and his return was contingent only upon his life.

HIS TRIBUTE TO M'LAURIN.

With his "infinite zest" and boundless humor, Senator Taylor was of profound religious convictions. It is not many months since he was one of the Senators to pronounce a eulogy over the dead Senator McLaurin of Mississippi, who was a close friend. His closing words in referring to the subject of immortality were:

"The flowers of the field rising from countless graves, the unfolding leaves of the forest heralding the approach of summer, the orchards and the meadows bursting into bloom, and myriads of winged minstrels filling the world with melody, are all the evangels of the Lord, demonstrating before our very eyes the universal victory of life over death.

"Mr. President, look how the rose hears the far away call of the sun and blushes in the presence of its God. Look how the violet comes forth from its tiny tomb and opens its glad blue eyes to greet the spring. Are they not God's own answer to the question: 'If a man die, shall he live again?'

"If the germs of inanimate life, buried beneath the sod, so surely respond to the silent command of summer, who can doubt that man shall spring up out

of the unconscious dust into eternal life when God shall call? Can it be that the grass and the flowers are resurrected from the sod of earth, while man, for whom they were made, must sleep on forever?"

All Tennesseans will mourn the death of "Bob" Taylor, who, of all the public men the state has honored, had the strongest hold on their hearts and affections. He was essentially a man of the people.

He loved the "common folk," and they loved him. He was so intensely human that every man instinctively felt drawn to him. His heart was overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," and he found his most exquisite joy in the consciousness of having made somebody else happy. Many the loads of grief "Bob" Taylor has lifted from stooping shoulders; many the tears he has wiped from the cheek of sorrow. Indeed was he the "Apostle of Sunshine" and the "Evangel of Love and Laughter and Fine Fellowship."

John Trotwood Moore speaks feelingly of his deceased friend and former associate in magazine work, as follows:

"Tennessee is hard hit—and not only Tennessee, but the South and the nation. As for Tennessee's grief and hurt and loss, he was our own—rare and distinct—and to my mind our greatest living genius. Our State, which has produced so many rare men of great and marked individuality and talent, great as they were in their different spheres, has never produced, nor ever can again produce, as remarkable a genius as Robert Love Taylor.

"Nothing is an accident; and the cause which produced him and his wonderful original mind and goodness of heart and soul, beginning with our pioneer

orators and statesmen and culminating in the genius of the greatest of them that ever held and swayed the masses of the people who idolized him, can never again return to make another like him.

"I am grieved like all the thousands of his people who loved him, not alone because a great and true and sweet friend has gone, but doubly shocked as if last night the Hermitage of Andrew Jackson had burned, or the capitol; or a cyclone had swept Nashville away."

FROM THE KNOXVILLE JOURNAL AND TRIBUNE.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

"We shall never look upon his like again,"

No one knew Bob Taylor better or loved him more.

Major A. H. Pettibone gives reminiscenses of campaigns for Congress in the First District.

Nashville, Tenn., March 31.—Probably no man in Tennessee knew "Bob" Taylor better, especially in his early political life, fought him harder politically and loved him more sincerely than Major A. H. Pettibone, now connected with the department of agriculture at the Nashville custom house, and formerly for many years representative in Congress from the First District. He was the Republican "Bob" Taylor defeated for Congress in a remarkable campaign in the first district in 1878.

When seen at his home today, Major Pettibone expressed deep feeling over the death of the senior Senator.

"On the whole," said Major Pettibone, "'Bob' Taylor was the most lovable man I ever met in pub-

lic life. He was always ready to do a kindness for the lowliest of God's creatures. I sincerely regret his death, for he was one of the closest personal friends I had. I cannot say more. The last words I had with 'Bob' Taylor were during the occasion of his last visit to Nashville, and I went to his rooms in the Maxwell House to thank him for a very great kindness he had done me in Washington. We had a long talk then about the various incidents of our campaign, which we did every time we met, and at the close of the conversation we shook hands and again pledged our undying friendship.

"At that time I was impressed with the fact that the Senator was not himself physically, and I had an inward feeling that the man was approaching his end, although he was still as cherry and jovial as ever. He said to me that the pain his gallstones were giving him was the most excruciating that he had ever suffered in his life."

In speaking of three Congressional campaigns participated in by himself and Senator Taylor, when the latter was just budding forth into State politics, Major Pettibone said that they were the hottest times ever had in Tennessee. "We contested in the first district in three consecutive campaigns," said Major Pettibone, "and during this time we had 120 joint discussions, about 40 in each campaign. In the first of these when Senator Taylor defeated me by 700 votes in the district, excitement grew so high that he and I agreed as Free Masons not to indulge in personalities, and we stood by the agreement all through the following campaigns and all the years that followed. I have never said an unkind word about him,

and I have heard of him saying a thousand kindly things about me. Our first campaign was in 1878, and the other two in '80 and '82.

"The funniest incident of our campaigns occurred during the last Congressional race, and many are the times Senator Taylor and myself have laughed together over the incident. It was an occasion when we were having a joint debate at Crab Orchard, above Elizabethton, and everybody in the audience was at fever heat, and each faction was only waiting for the opportunity to get together. I felt that something was brewing long before I finished my speech, and in closing I told them that Bob would follow me and give them a lot of Democratic thunder, but for them not to give it serious consideration. I then got down from the stand and immediately sidled down toward the railroad station to be on the safe side if anything started.

"It was just in the middle of Bob's speech that the fireworks broke loose. The station happened to be between me and the crowd, and directly I heard a noise like a thousand brickbats flopping against the old station. The crowd had begun to fight with rocks. In a minute I saw Bob coming around the other side of the station and we met in the middle.

" 'Bob,' I said, 'this is the time that absence of body is better than presence of mind.' "

" 'You're right, Major,' he agreed, and then locking arms we did a double quick march to our train and told the conductor to make fast time out of the town, which he was glad to do.

"The last time I saw Bob he told me he believed they were throwing rocks up there 'yit.'

"But, oh, it's too bad to think we have seen him for the last time. On the whole, we certainly shall never look upon his like again, but 'after life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF VARIOUS FRATERNAL ORDERS RELATIVE TO SENATOR TAYLOR'S DEATH — PROCEEDINGS OF THE SENATE, MONDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1912.

The Senate met at 2 o'clock p.m.

The chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D.D., offered the following prayer:

"Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who hast been our refuge in all generations, we come before Thee with bowed heads and saddened hearts over the great loss we have suffered. We know indeed that the way of man is not in himself alone, and that it is not in us who walk to direct our steps. Therefore we submit our lives unto Thee, whose we are. Though Thou slay us, yet will we put our trust in Thee. Deepen in us, we pray Thee, the confidence that amid all earth's changes Thou changest not, and fulfill unto us the promise that Thine unfailing love shall be sufficient for our deepest sorrow.

"And unto Thee, our Father, who hast loved us with an everlasting love and hast given us comfort and good hope through the gospel, be glory and praise now and forevermore. Amen."

DEATH OF SENATOR ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR.

Mr. Lea.—Mr. President, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the Senate the death of my colleague, Hon. Robert Love Taylor, a distinguished member of this body and three times Governor of the State he represented in the Senate. He died yesterday at Providence Hospital in this city.

I fully appreciate the profound sorrow which his death has occasioned in the hearts of the members of this body, for in my short experience here I have learned of the affectionate regard in which he was held by Senators on both sides of the chamber.

It is not now the proper time for any extended remarks upon Senator Taylor's distinguished public services and his eminent character, but at the proper time I shall ask the Senate to suspend temporarily its business that fitting tribute may be paid to his high character and distinguished public service.

At the present time I offer the following resolutions, and ask for their adoption:

The Vice President—The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions were read, considered by unanimous consent and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. Robert Love Taylor, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That a committee of 12 Senators be appointed by the Vice President to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. Taylor

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect his remains be removed from Washington to Nashville, Tenn., for burial, in charge of the Sergeant at Arms, attended by the committee, who shall have full power to carry these resolutions into effect.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

The Vice President appointed as a committee under the second resolution Mr. Lea, Mr. Bacon,

Mr. Culberson, Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Bourne, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Overman, Mr. Johnson, of Alabama, Mr. Fletcher Mr. Page, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Kern.

MR. LEA—Mr President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to, and at 2 o'clock and 5 minutes p.m., the Senate adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, April 2, 1912, at 2 o'clock p.m.

ACTION OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—THE LATE SENATOR ROBERT L. TAYLOR.

MR. SIMS—Mr. Speaker. I send the following resolutions to the desk and ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of the same.

THE SPEAKER—The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. Robert Love Taylor, a Senator of the United States from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That a committee of 18 members be appointed on the part of the House to join the committee appointed on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral.

THE SPEAKER—The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to, and the Speaker appointed as the committee on the part of the House,

Mr. Moon, of Tennessee; Mr. Hull, Mr. Houston, Mr. Byrns of Tennessee, Mr. Padgett, Mr. Sims, Mr. Garrett, Mr. McKellar, Mr. Austin, Mr. Sells, Mr. Tilson, Mr. Gudger, Mr. Jacoway, Mr. Langley, Mr. House, Mr. Lee of Georgia, Mr. Heflin, and Mr. Beall of Texas.

THE SPEAKER—The Clerk will report the additional resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

THE SPEAKER—The question is on agreeing on the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 34 minutes p.m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, April 2, 1912, at 12 o'clock noon.

ACTION OF SENATOR TAYLOR'S HOME LODGE F. & A. M.

A Tribute of Fraternity and Respect to the Late Robert Love Taylor, 1850-1912. Issued by Dashiel Lodge No. 238, F. & A. M., Elizabethton, Tennessee.

We have had a sad and solemn admonition to consider the uncertainty of mortal life and the certainty of its end, in the death of our greatly beloved brother, Robert Love Taylor, which occurred in the City of Washington, D. C., on the 31st day of March, 1912, being stricken while present attending the sessions of Congress in discharge of his duties as senior Senator from Tennessee.

Senator Taylor was born at the old Taylor homestead in Happy Valley, Carter County, on the 31st day of July, 1850, and was, therefore, in his sixty-second year at the time of his death.

It should be the honest pride of every one in this county to know that, while he became one of the great men of the nation, and the most popular and best loved man in his native State, he never lost any of his attachment for his childhood home. Born upon the banks of the Watauga, he never ceased to sing the praises of that spot, and, like Byron, who rendered imperishable "Newstead Abbey," Bob Taylor has immortalized Happy Valley and the "Beautiful Watauga."

Bob Taylor, as he was affectionately known to all Tennesseans was a descendant of the most prominent family of our section—a family which has given to the country a number of great and distinguished men. On the paternal line of his father's side, he descended from General Nathaniel Taylor, who commanded a division of Tennessee troops under Old Hickory Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, distinguishing himself by his bravery in that bloody engagement. He also commanded the last military expedition against the Indians, now known as the five civilized tribes, which resulted in their being removed to the Indian Territory. The son of this great soldier was James P. Taylor, who was a leading lawyer of his day, and for many years was District Attorney General of the First Judicial Circuit of the State. His son, Nathaniel G. Taylor, was the father of our distinguished Senator, and is well remembered by the older members of the community as one of its great men. He was twice a representative in Congress from the First District of the State; was elector for the State-at-large on the Bell and Everett Presidential ticket, in which canvass he made a national reputation as an orator in joint debate with W.

C. Whitthorn, one of the titans of Democracy. He was also a clergyman of great force and influence in the M. E. Church, taking first rank as a popular preacher in that great denomination of the Christian church.

On the maternal line of his father, the Senator descended from John Carter, who was President of the Original Commission for the government, which was formed at the time of the Watauga settlement, and who was most prominent as one of the pioneers who laid the foundation of our great commonwealth, which we are proud to call the Volunteer State. General Landon Carter was a son of John Carter, and was one of the bravest and most accomplished soldiers Tesnnessee ever produced, and for whom our county was named, the county seat, Elizabethton, being named in honor of his noble wife. Their daughter married James P. Taylor, and was the mother of Nathaniel G. Taylor, and grandmother of the great Senator, Robert Love Taylor. It may be further remarked here that the two grandsons of General Landon Carter—who was near collateral kindred of the Senator—reached the rank of general in the army, one of them being General James Taylor Carter, whose remains lie in the old Carter burying ground situated one mile from town. This distinguished man was the first worshipful Master of Dashiell Lodge No. 238. He was a son of Wm. B. Carter, who was President of the Constitutional Convention of Tennessee in the thirties, and for a number of years was our Representative in Congress. Another member of the family to reach the highest rank in military life was Samuel P. Carter. He has the proud distinction of having been the only man in American life to reach

In Death, as in Life, the Multitudes Follow the Magic of His Name.

the highest rank in the line of the military service, that of Major General, and also the highest rank in the navy, that of Rear Admiral. General Carter had a brother, James P. Taylor Carter, who was colonel in the general's command. Another brother, William Blount Carter, was a prominent member of the Constitutional Convention of 1870. Senator Taylor's mother was Emma Haynes Taylor, a daughter of David Haynes, a man of revolutionary stock. She was a sister of Landon Carter Haynes, one of the South's greatest lawyers, most gifted orators and a distinguished member of the Confederate Senate from Tennessee.

So we see that our brother came from a race of heroes and patriots, and it can be truly said that in his life and character he has added lustre to the history of a family of great names. Splendid as is his lineage, the fame and wealth of character which marked the career of "Our Bob" was unique, resulting from an individuality and nobleness of heart rarely found in men. He will be remembered for his own intrinsic worth.

Brother Taylor was educated at Pennington, N. J., and the East Tennessee Wesleyan University. After completing the school course, he engaged for a short time in making iron at the old O'Brien Forge, but was unsuccessful and came to town, and became a clerk in the dry goods store of H. H. Snyder, who was at that time the leading business man in Elizabethton. In the meantime he commenced the study of law, which he pursued for a time, and then went to Jonesboro, where he completed his course under Judge S. J. Kirkpatrick, and was admitted to the bar in the court at that place. Just at this time, his

brother, A. A. Taylor, was a prominent candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket, but was defeated for the nomination by A. H. Pettibone, resulting in a split in the Republican party in the district. The Democrats, seeing a chance to elect their man, chose the brother of the defeated candidate, the good-natured Bob Taylor. The canvass was an exciting one, but Taylor was elected. Two years later he was succeeded by Pettibone. He then returned to Happy Valley and engaged in the lumber business for a time, after which he formed a partnership with Col. Robert Burrow for the practice of his profession, using the firm name of Taylor and Burrow, and continued in the practice until nominated as candidate of the Democracy for elector for State-at-large on the Cleveland ticket in 1884. Mr. Cleveland being elected, Taylor was appointed to the position of Pension Agent at Knoxville, Tennessee. He held the position for only a short time, when he was nominated by his party as a candidate for Governor of the State against his brother, A. A. Taylor, who was the candidate of the Republicans, and thus was fought the "War of the Roses" in Tennessee. His election as Governor developed most intense opposition to him in the ranks of his party, resulting in a prolonged struggle in the next State convention, but he was renominated and elected. During his two terms of office as chief executive, he was sharply criticized for the extent to which he exercised the pardoning power, but a calm and candid review of his course will show that his error, if one, was on the side of the God-given principle of mercy, the noblest trait in the human heart. After the expiration of his second term as Governor, Senator Taylor entered the lecture

field, his first lecture being "The Fiddle and the Bow." He met with instant success in his new field and became the leading light on the American platform. He delivered a number of lectures on different subjects, drawing larger crowds than any other public speaker.

In 1896 his party again nominated him a third time for Governor, and, after what was probably the most intense and exciting canvass of his life, he was again elected, defeating the Hon. George N. Tillman.

At the expiration of his third term as Governor he was an unsuccessful candidate for United States Senator, against General W. B. Bate, and returned to the lecture field and pursued his chosen calling until his election to the Senate. His term would have expired the coming year, and he was again a candidate when death removed him from the scenes of earth. The only defeat that Senator Taylor ever suffered before the people of the State was in his race for Governor last year, when Governor Hooper was elected over him, it being known that he was induced, against the judgment of his friends and his own inclination, to enter the race in the hope of saving his party from defeat. It was in no sense a personal defeat, but as a result of conditions for which he was not in the least responsible, and it may be justly said that Senator Taylor died in the confidence and love of the people of the State, as much as any man who ever lived in it. His popularity and the esteem in which he was held was not confined to any one political party nor circumscribed by religious views. He was personally popular with all classes. His power, as a born leader of men, was his great store of wit,

his quaint though natural good humor, his congeniality of spirit, and his ability to sympathize with suffering humanity.

Senator Taylor's first wife was Miss Sallie Baird, who was the mother of his children. His last wife was Miss Mamie St. John.

Brother Taylor was initiated an Entered Apprentice Mason in this Lodge August 27, 1877, was passed to degree of a Fellow Craft February 20, 1882, and was raised to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason September 18, 1882.

At a meeting of Dashiell Lodge No. 238, F. & A. M., on the 15th day of April, 1912, the following resolutions were passed:

Be it resolved, That we, the brethren of the lodge in which Brother Taylor was made a Mason and kept his membership during the many shifting scenes of his great career, most deeply lament his death as a national calamity, a loss to the State, which he served with conspicuous ability, that can never be repaired, and creates a void in his home that brings inconsolable grief to his bereaved widow and children and deepest sorrow to all his kindred and friends.

Be it further resolved, That we tender to his widow and family and his kindred our tenderest sympathy in their great affliction, and implore for them the love and fatherly care of the God of Love and Infinite Mercy to whom alone the mourner can go for consolation, and beg them to remember that the deceased lived and died in the blissful hope and great assurance of immortality. May they each and all emulate the noble life of that tender and loving father,

husband, brother and friend who could trustingly say, "Our Father in heaven, Thy will be done."

Be it further resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the lodge, and that a copy be furnished the widow of the deceased. It is also directed that they be published in the Carter County News and such other papers as may be willing to insert them.

Respectfully submitted,
W. P. DUNGAN,
C. C. COLLINS,
LEE F. MILLER,
Committee.

Attested:
W. T. JOHNSON, W. M.
SEXTON W. DUNGAN, Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY KNOXVILLE LODGE NO. 160, B. P. O. ELKS, ON THE DEATH OF BROTHER ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR.

Death has again invaded our home and has taken from us one of our most brilliant and lovable brothers, Senator Robert Love Taylor.

It is with no common sorrow that we deplore his loss. His nature was one which embraced the qualities which go to make an ideal member of the Order of Elks.

He was a true Elk in that he was an optimist. For him there was in life more of sunshine than shadow, more of smiling than weeping, more of joy than of sorrow. He saw the best of things; he was without petty malice or spite. His spoken words were those

of commendation, not of condemnation. He had no personal enemies.

He was an ideal Elk in that he was no narrow ascetic. His was a life of toleration. He had no jealously sensitive creed to fasten upon his fellow man. The Golden Rule was his motive power. He understood the springs of human action and demanded nothing of others which he did not possess. Hypocrisy found no place in his nature.

He was a true Elk—ah, how true!— in his universal charity and his sympathy for the unfortunate. If "his good deeds do follow him," his future life will be blessed by the love of those whom he has helped. He gave abundantly, freely of his talents, his influence and his means. Perhaps we have never seen a man who was more lavish with life's resources in the service of others. Whether as Governor of our State, pardoning the unfortunate, or whether by his winning words or cheering smile bringing sunshine into the life of some despondent fellow man, Robert Love Taylor showed constantly in his life his devotion to the groundwork and foundation of our order.

He has been taken from life when yet in manhood's prime, and we, as a body of fraternal brothers, deeply mourn his loss. In common with thousands who feel a personal loss in his death, we testify to our own deep feeling at his passing away. By his native talent and genius he was a marked man among the famous men of our State, and long will it be before we shall behold his like again.

Be it further resolved, By Knoxville Lodge No. 160, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks,

That we adopt the above memorial tribute to our friend and brother, Robert Love Taylor, and that this be spread upon the minutes of this meeting.

W. E. MILLER,
W. M. EPPS,
WILEY L. MORGAN,
Committee.

Knoxville, Tenn., April 15, 1912.

DEMOCRACY'S TRIBUTE TO THE LATE SENATOR TAYLOR.

"The tribune of the common people has fallen! Bob Taylor is dead—Governor, Senator, leader, chieftain, citizen, counsellor, friend—humanity and society have suffered a most lamentable loss. All over the land countless thousands mourn the death of one of the most lovable characters the world has ever known. To those matchless qualities that set him apart a prince among his fellows, through which he achieved distinction and renown and won the universal heart, the press and the people have paid most fervent tribute. Reigning supreme in the court of optimism, the apostle of sunshine said and did and gave more than any other man of modern times to cheer the hearts of his fellow men, to exercise and put to flight the demons of wretchedness and despair that prey upon the human heart, and to invoke the angels of contentment and happiness.

"The Democratic party of Tennessee, in convention at Nashville on May 15, 1912, acclaiming these incomparable traits, and joining in the universal grief, would add an expression of its own loss and sorrow and pay tribute to the attributes that set Senator Robert Love Taylor above his fellows and made him a leader among men. He was truly great in the

range and rare versatility of his genius and powers. If he did not attain to that standard of cold and unbending dignity set for itself by the United States Senate, so much the worse for the United States Senate. A true Jeffersonian Democrat, after the old-fashioned ideas and ideals, he held steadfastly to the faith and expounded its doctrines with marvelously convincing power. No man of his generation excelled him in fidelity and devotion to his party's doctrines and teachings or bore more faithful allegiance to its organization; and these distinguishing traits will be long remembered to his honor in Tennessee, where he was called so often to the breach in the hour of party danger.

"In the hour it needed him most, when his matchless voice, attuned to harmony and amity, was being raised again in behalf of Democratic unity, he fell; but let us cherish the hope that his lamented death may give greater potency to his latest and most fervent admonitions, when, with sorrowing heart and appealing solicitude, he counseled his party to lay down its animosities, silence its batteries of bitterness and sheathe the fratricidal sword. A wonderfully gifted man of the times, he devoted it all to humanity, for he made more than half a million dollars and gave it all away, leaving to his children the rich legacy of a good name.

"The Democratic party of Tennessee, in assembled organization, voicing a universal sorrow, records thus its tribute of lamentation to the memory of its trusted chieftain—the best loved man Tennessee has ever known."

CHAPTER XX.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN FROM WASHINGTON TO NASHVILLE, AND FINAL INTERMENT AT KNOXVILLE.

The special train bearing the body of Senator Taylor and the funeral party left the Union Station, Washington, D. C., at ten o'clock P.M., April 1, 1912. Owing to a freight wreck near Wytheville, Va., the funeral was delayed twenty-four hours. This necessitated a change in the funeral arrangements and a postponement of the burial at Knoxville to Friday instead of Thursday. A large number of telegrams from the people of Nashville having been received by members of Senator Taylor's family at Stoneleigh Court, urgently requesting that his remains be taken to Nashville to the end that the people might pay a last tribute, and consent having been given, the train proceeded direct to Nashville, arriving Wednesday, April 3, at nine o'clock P.M. The body was not removed from the train until six o'clock Thursday morning. At that hour a crowd was at the station and thronged the line of march. The cortege was headed by mounted police, followed by the First Tennessee Regiment Band, then a battalion of that regiment, the congressional committees, the hearse, drawn by four black horses, attended by a special escort of guardsmen, State and city officials and local committees. With the band playing a funeral march and the city bells tolling, the procession moved by a direct route to the State House, where the casket was placed in front of the Speaker's stand, "in the sombre-shadowed hall of the House of Representatives, where

he had three times taken the oath of office as Governor, and within whose walls he had known defeat and victory in achieving his senatorial ambition." The hall was draped in black streamers, interspersed with American flags. A great array of flowers was banked about the Speaker's stand in the rear of the casket.

The body lay in state during the day. A continuous stream of humanity passed in twos through the Capitol to view the remains. In the throngs were people of all classes, all factions and all parties. Out of respect to the memory of Senator Taylor, the Mayor of the city called upon the citizens of Nashville to suspend all business during the afternoon. The proclamation was observed. It was said by the guardsmen that sixty thousand people passed through the building during the day to view the remains of Tennessee's most beloved son.

At six o'clock P.M. the casket was removed to the funeral train, accompanied by the same escort, and immediately the train left for Knoxville, where it arrived at eight-twenty o'clock Friday morning, April 5. Thousands had gathered from all sections of the State to shed a tear at his grave.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

At Knoxville the casket was taken to the Auditorium, where it was accompanied by an escort of committees of citizens and the members of the congressional committees. The doors of the Auditorium were opened at nine-thirty o'clock, although long before that time a great crowd had assembled in front of the building, waiting for a last look at the man who in life had been loved so well.

Beautiful in the extreme were the floral pieces, of which there was a greater profusion than was ever noted on a similar occasion in the City of Knoxville. White roses, ever the emblem of the deceased since the "War of the Roses," and Easter lilies predominated, although American Beauty roses, carnations, violets and other flowers were woven into pieces of almost every conceivable form. A handsome design of roses was sent by President Taft, and another by Lee McClung, Treasurer of the United States, while scores of other statesmen of Washington paid a tribute by sending some handsome floral designs. A pyramid of roses of wondrous beauty stood more than six feet in height, surmounted by a violin with a broken bow. Flowers and designs of nearly every description were banked upon the platform, in front of which the casket was placed as the body lay in state. Thousands viewed the remains.

The immense Auditorium was filled to overflowing when the time came for the services to begin. Every particle of available space was occupied, and nearly as many were unable to gain entrance to the building as attended the exercises.

Members of the Elks' Lodge filed in, in a body; after them the members of Coeur de Lion Commandery, Knights Templars, of which the deceased was a member, and under whose auspices the funeral was held. Seats had been reserved for these organizations in the front of the Auditorium. The honorary pall-bearers, for whom seats had also been reserved, were present, among whom were five ex-Governors of the State, all present, namely: Governors Malcolm R. Patterson, Benton McMillin, J. B. Frazier, John I. Cox and John P. Buchanan.

As Dr. Neighbors, President of Sullins College at Bristol, signalled the choir to rise, the silence was intense. Following the rendition of the hymn, "My Jesus, As Thou Wilt," by the choir, Rev. Josiah Sibley, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Knoxville, led in prayer. The Scripture reading was by Dr. I. P. Martin, pastor of the Church Street Methodist Church, South, of which Senator Taylor was a member during his residence in Knoxville. The choir then sang "There Is a Land of Pure Delight," one of the favorites of the deceased, and sung by him when he delivered the memorial address for the Elks' Lodge in Knoxville two years ago.

The address of Dr. Neighbors is as follows:

FUNERAL ADDRESS BY DR. W. S. NEIGHBORS.

"Of the public life of Senator Taylor I shall not try to speak, except incidentally. I am in nowise furnished for such a duty, and, besides, the nation has spoken. Almost every State in the Union has spoken. Every railroad station from Washington to Nashville and back to Knoxville has spoken. Every great daily newspaper has spoken, and most wisely, of Senator Taylor's public career.

"I wish I were fully able to unfold to you the secrets of Senator Taylor's marvelous power over men. When, years ago, I knew him less intimately than when he died, if I had been asked for these wonderful secrets, I would have given them without hesitation and perhaps quite dogmatically.

"First of all, I would have said that the secret of his power over men was his unbounded friendship for all sorts and conditions of humanity, reaching its climax in that proverb, 'He who would have

friends must show himself friendly.' I still hold to this as a general proposition, but what is friendship? It is not a baseless fabric. It must be founded on something that makes it secure.

"In the second place, I would have years ago told you that the secret of this man's power was in the beautiful songs and stories that he sang and told all over his native State—songs and stories that touched every chord in every human heart. But then songs and stories are not in themselves complete. There must be something back of them to give them point, and pathos, and pungency, and power. I might have sung all of his songs and told all of his stories to all of his audiences and yet have won no heart.

"In the third place, I would have said that the secret of his power over men was due to the simple way in which he uttered his thoughts. I still hold to that as a reasonable trade proposition, but what is simplicity? It is not shallowness—the mere play upon the surface of things. It is not a natural or a common product, belonging to men in general. Only the greatest men can be simple; only the great men are capable of going to the very heart of things, bringing up the hidden depths and making them transparent.

"Fourth, I made the statement years ago that his power with an audience was due to the fact that his soul was full of music; that in every other human being there are musical chords slumbering in the hidden recesses of their nature, waiting only for the touch of a master hand to respond, and that Senator Taylor's was that master hand. But what made it a master hand? I used to have little enough musical sense to believe that if a score of persons were playing upon

the same kind of instruments, all tuned alike and playing the same piece, that there would be the same results, but I very recently learned that that is not true. Some time ago I saw that tested in my own school. A number were playing upon pianos. They were all tuned alike. The players were playing the same piece, and yet as I walked through the campus I could easily pick out some players from others. Somehow or other there was something within their very souls going into their instruments and bringing forth strains of music that were mellow, full of pathos and sentiment, winning all hearts who heard them that day.

"Senator Taylor had that indescribable combination of rare gifts and graces that made him a master before all sorts and conditions of humanity. If I had to state any one thing as the secret of his great power, I would say it was his great heart—a heart that overflowed all bounds and actuated every movement of his life and made him absolutely invincible before humanity. I have said it before, and I say it again, if Senator Taylor had moved to any other State in this Union and they had given him his citizenship in fifteen minutes after he arrived, he could have run for the highest honor in the gift of that State and under all reasonable conditions would have won out over any man pitted against him.

"Some have been so ungrateful or unthoughtful as to hint that Senator Taylor was not a deep nor a strong man in the affairs of state. I am sure that those who knew him best never made such a statement. He was always deep enough to get to the bottom of things, and that is deep enough. He was always strong enough to tear down the fortifications

of all of his opponents and carry the day, and that was strong enough.

"I have seen him when whole multitudes came floating into port upon the tears that flowed down his manly cheeks; I have seen him with a mere wave of his hand silence or stir the crowds just as he willed. I have seen the mere cut or twinkle of his eye change the whole atmosphere of the listening crowds. I have seen the pucker of his lips make his hearers laugh or cry.

"But it is of the humbler things in his life that I wish to speak today. He was a complete exception to the old rule, 'A prophet is not without honor save in his own country.' He was most highly honored at home. The people believed in him and followed him. Again and again I have seen him step off of the train at his home town after weeks of absence and his way was literally blocked by people of all grades and distinctions; even the negro and the little children followed him. Anxious though he was to get home, the crowds about him often exacted a speech before they would let him go. I have seen his family play a trick on the town people by sending a closed carriage to some secret place, and notify him to get off on the opposite side, slip to his carriage and steal away to his home.

"His relation to the negroes was remarkable. In his dealings with them there was that same open and frank and tender interest. With him there was no axe to grind. He simply cared for them and they responded graciously to his great spirit. In some of his great lectures, where he mentions the name of 'Rastus" and 'Ephraham,' you may have thought those were fancy names, but they were the real names

of the real negroes that belonged to the Senator's father before the war. In one of his lectures he tells at length the story of 'Uncle Rufus,' and how he had come to his home from time to time, and how that one afternoon he stayed with him in his yard and talked of the days 'before the war' till in memory the boy was again upon the old negro's back riding along the banks of the beautiful Watauga. But as he tells it, when the evening shadows were lengthening, Uncle Rufus grew serious and said:

" 'Bob, my boy, I'se not gwine to be heah much longer. I'se already had two visions of the chariot of de Lord, and when it comes de third time I'se a-gwine to step in and go home;' and, sure enough, in just a few days after that afternoon, the chariot of the Lord descended for the third time and Uncle Rufus went home. He tells you this in one of his lectures, but there is another part of that story his personal modesty would not allow him to tell. I tell it to you today. When the old darkey died 'Bob' Taylor bought his shroud and casket, and chartered a whole train to take the darkeys and all of the white people who wished to go back to Happy Valley, the burying ground of the Taylor family. As they put the remains of the old darkey away close beside his master, Taylor stood at his grave and wept, as on another day he stood at his father's grave and wept.

"Here is another story setting forth his tender relationship to his father's old darkeys. Returning from one of his lecture tours, he said to me: 'I have had the greatest trip of my life this time. Over in Arkansas I found that I had a few days to spare between my lecture engagements, and I found that I was within a few miles of some of my father's old

darkeys, who moved away to that State after the war, whom I had not seen for thirty years. I gave Rice, my manager, the dodge and went to spend the time with these old negroes. When I got to the community and told them that I was Bob Taylor they gathered around me in a circle and looked me in the face and cried out in unison, "Is dat you, Bob?" and I said, "This is Bob." They fell back and laughed. They gathered around me again and more excitedly said, "Is dat you, Bob?" and I said, "This is Bob Taylor." Then they cried and said: "Bob, we are mighty glad to see you. We haven' seed you since you's a boy back at the old home." One of them said: "Bob, my son Jim's been gone for three years, but if anybody was to ask me which I'd rudder see, Bob Taylor or my son Jim, I swear 'fore the Lord I could not tell." '

"If you never knew Senator Taylor in his home, much of the best and most remarkable in him you never knew. No one set of words can adequately describe him here. He was the liveliest of the lively, the greatest of the great, the saddest of the sad, and the sickest of the sick, according to the conditions that obtained at home. If every member of his family was happy and strong, he was the jolliest boy there—into every kind of mischief and playing every kind of prank, a perfect child among the children—but if any member of his family was sick the whole scene was changed. He was the sickest of the sick. I have seen the dear, sensitive soul walk the floor in agony, face all pinched and drawn over the sufferings of any member of his household. I have seen him again, when the doctor had announced that the patient was out of danger, stir the whole household with

laughter almost before the tears of grief were gone from his face.

"Happy Valley, the home of his childhood, and Robin's Roost, the home of his later years, were not poetic fancies with him. They were to him the best of all he held sacred and dear. As a statesman he held lofty aspirations, but these things were mere visions and dreams that attracted only the paradise of fools as compared with his home. Only a few weeks ago it was my pleasure to spend a day with him in Sullivan County. I was sent for to dedicate a school-house. Senator Taylor was sent for to make the occasion a great good day for those honest sons of toil. He made it. There were no Republicans there that day. Whatever they were elsewhere and on other days, they were all blended into a great brotherhood that day. The Senator reached his climax when he urged the boys to stay on the farm, build up good homes and be true to 'Sallie and the children.'

"To him the church was a very sacred place. It was verily the house of God, and never a place for merriment, or even light things, with him. He was never quite willing to give any of his lectures in a church, though they were as pure as the snow. 'No, no,' he would say. 'Let me speak in a warehouse, or a barn, or out under the spreading oaks, but not there. That is the house of God.'

"When home from his public duties you could count on his being at church every Sunday, and he was always reverent and responsive. The hardest time I ever had with him as his pastor was to control him in his gifts to charity. I have held for years that this thing of charity is often a very doubtful propo-

sition, that the only charity worth the name is to help people to help themselves; but Senator Taylor's heart frequently got the upper hand of his head and the upper hand of me. His great, tender soul made him so acute to the sufferings of others that it seemed he could hear a little child's cry of want clear across the city, and the murmur of hunger stirred him so completely that he would give all he had and ask no questions. I used to almost wish I could send him away from home at Christmas time. I found that designing people, the professional tramp and beggars had found out his nature and were preying upon him. He would not stop at buying apples by the barrel for the poor and to make them happy, but would buy whole wagon loads and give them out to all grades and distinctions of human beings, white or black, it made no difference with him.

"Senator Taylor had a large religious nature, and the last time I ever talked with him on the subject of religion was out there in front of the church. He and I had driven over to hear Bishop Hendricks preach. When we got here a love feast was going on. The doors were closed and locked. A large crowd on the outside was trying to get in. He turned to me, and, with a pathetic expression on his face, said: 'Neighbors, that reminds me of the final judgment, with many getting there too late and finding the door locked. I hope when my little day is done I will not get there too late, and somehow, through God's infinite mercy, He will let me in.'

"A friend of his and mine said to me just a few days ago: 'Senator Taylor was in my home recently. My children gathered about him and asked him to sing for them. He sang several little songs that

amused them very much, but finally he said: 'Children, I want to sing you one more song' He then beautifully and tenderly sang 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul, Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly.'

"Friends, as I hasten to a close, Senator Taylor would not allow me to pronounce him faultless if he could speak. He would say in his own inimitable way: 'Neighbors, you know me. You know I am just a human being, with limitations like other men, full of mistakes and blunders.' But I would be compelled to say: 'Yes, Senator Taylor, I know that, and I will be true to your wishes, but you must allow me to say another thing upon my own responsibility—this—it was never any part of your program to wrong any human being or harm anything God has ever made. Senator, as I have seen you and known you, allow me to say most gently, your great nature was too large to be little and too good to be mean.'

"When Dickens was bringing out 'Old Curiosity Shop' by chapters, the readers appealed to him: 'Do not let Little Nell die! It's a life so beautiful.' But Dickens replied: 'I have to let her die. I can't help it. She must die to complete the story and her life-work.'

"When Senator Taylor was reported seriously ill, hearts from all over Tennessee and this nation went up, 'Oh, God, don't let him die,' but God had to let him die—die to complete his life story—die to bury out of sight all little human defects and blemishes, and lift him into that sublimer light and life where men are blended into such a brotherhood as to remember only what is good and true.

"And this his epitaph shall be
When ended are his days:
None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

"Like a dream floating from out the far away, there comes to me a story: A long and doubtful conflict had been raging between contending armies. A regiment of one of the armies determined one day to dislodge the enemy fortified on yonder summit; said that was the key to victory. Early in the day they made a desperate charge and were repulsed; they rallied and charged again; the standard-bearer fell, pierced by a cruel shot; they were about to retreat, when an Irish lad seized the flag, bravely rallied and led the regiment in a final charge and won the day. But just as this day was won the Irish lad fell, mortally wounded. Some days afterward the regiment was marching through a stretch of country, and, coming near a village, Bridget, as by intuition knowing whose regiment it was, seized her broom and went forth to meet it. When she got there she straightened herself, shouldered her broom and fell in line. A jeer swept down the line. The Colonel said sternly: 'By what right dare you march in this regiment?' Looking up through her tears, she jabbered: 'Me Jamie's regiment! Me Jamie's regiment!' A hush close akin to the sacred and holy swept down the line; every man stood attention; the Colonel said in subdued tones: 'Madam, do you mean to say that you are the mother of that Irish lad who fell at yonder summit the other day?' She jabbered back, 'Me boy! Me boy!' Then said the Colonel: 'A mother who can present to the world such a son as that has a right to march in this regiment! Fall in line! Forward, march!'

"Senator Taylor, this State's standard-bearer, fell in the thick of the fight, the other day, with his face to the foe. O Tennessee! thou who didst give to this nation such a gifted son, hast the right to march in the front rank of States! And surely the life of such a noble brother will inspire ten thousand younger brothers to fall in line and march to the nation's strength and glory!"

FROM CITY HALL TO OLD GREY CEMETERY.

(By Dr. Neighbors.)

Admirers and lovers of Senator Taylor came from all over the State to his funeral. They came by rail, on horseback, in wagons, on foot. They came from city and town and village, from workshop and farm, from mountains and plains. All classes, colors and creeds were there. The funeral procession reached from the City Hall to the cemetery gate; each side of Gay Street, along which moved the funeral cortege, was crowded with people; they looked from every window, while many were on top of the houses. When the ministers stepped out of their carriage at the grave and looked back, the scene beggared description; people were coming from every direction, through every gate, climbing fences, even running, that they might get in sight of the grave. The scene was like ten thousand waves of the sea coming in from old ocean wild and wide. Within five minutes forty thousand people stood with uncovered and reverently bowed heads and listened to the University of Tennessee band play "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Never in the history of Tennessee had her people witnessed such honors paid to any other of her gifted sons.

CHAPTER XXI.

BOB TAYLOR AS A LECTURER.

Tribute by DeLong Rice, who illumines the lecture career of Senator Taylor; tells in thrilling allegory how he created "The Fiddle and the Bow," and crowns him "King of the American Platform," with startling picture "encores him from the silence of death" to speak to our imaginations.

Mr. Rice was for twenty years the lecture manager, friend and companion of Senator Taylor, and writes from the fullness of first and intimate knowledge. His estimate and extraordinary tribute are presented in this chapter by his permission.

"Sweet as honey flowed his stream of speech."

For twenty years Robert Love Taylor was the most successful lecturer on the American platform. If all of his audiences could be gathered together they would make a multitude of millions of people.

This estimate includes the tour in 1895-6 with his brother, Hon. Alfred A. Taylor, in their joint lecture, "Yankee Doodle and Dixie," which, in its splendid balance and reciprocal beauty, was one of the most unique and sensationally successful attractions ever presented in America. Differing widely in manner and style, each served as a foil to develop the brilliance of the other.

A careful estimate shows the gross earnings of Senator Taylor's lectures to have run far into the hundreds of thousands of dollars—a sum which, had he hoarded it and invested it, might have easily made him a millionaire. But Bob Taylor's riches were of the soul.

You ask, what became of his money? It went through the sieve of his great, generous heart for the

happiness of those he loved; for the betterment of mankind, and the advancement of civilization. Some of it has crossed the oceans to spread the light of religion; some of it is crooning above the cradles of orphan asylums; some of it is ministering to the sick in hospitals; some of it is built into the walls of libraries; much of it is standing in bronze and marble grace throughout the South, to perpetuate the glory of the Confederate soldier; and still more of it is pointing toward Heaven in the gleaming spires of churches. Not one dollar of it was spent to serve a sordid purpose.

No more appropriate epitaph could be carved upon the tomb of Robert L. Taylor than this: He loved everybody and everything, except money.

That he was an extraordinary man is a fact which will pass unquestioned into history. As the viewpoints of those who knew him differ, so will their opinions differ as to the extent of his greatness and the fineness of his genius. In the effort to correctly focus the eyes of the future upon him, truth must inevitably wrangle with error, and though truth shall prevail, the written page can never do him justice; no analysis can clearly define him. Not even a Shakespeare or a Milton can paint the flavor of a peach or picture the odor of a rose. Poets may sing forever of moonlit rivers, but unless you have looked upon their shimmering silver flowing through hours that belong to dreams, you are a stranger to their beauty.

Only those who have seen and heard Bob Taylor can enjoy anything approaching a true conception of the man. Like all remarkable men, he followed no guide and walked no beaten road. His success mocked all precedents and defied all rules. Though

he occupied for thirty years the throne of fame, his severest dignity was the simplicity of his nature, and love was the sword of his strength. His perennial humor was only the tinsel draping of his power—like the sun-embroidered shawl of mist that wraps Niagara's mighty shoulders.

This man of marvelous personality was a veritable human magnet. Wherever he chose to cast the zone of his influence the multitudes were drawn to him by the unseen cords of his fascination. An incomparable stump speaker, a brilliant young Congressman, a splendid Governor, he nevertheless soared above these accomplishments, and left them far below; for it was on the lecture platform that he found the true destiny of his talents and reached the noon of his glory.

It was in October of 1891 that he determined to leave the harbor of political achievement and set forth on a strange sea. Contemplating its inhospitable waters, he gathered no assurances of certain success, for he remembered that beneath its treacherous tides were the sunken hopes of many a statesman. But with the buoyant heart of an adventurous mariner he prepared for the first voyage. He built a ship of wondrous beauty and christened her "The Fiddle and the Bow." His foreman was inspiration and the muses were his carpenters. Softly moved their invisible planes and saws, and silently fell their hammers of fancy. The master whose mind conceived this phantom craft wrought with dubious care, for he knew that she must travel the dead waters of indifference, breast the green waves of envy, and meet the fierce tempests of criticism. Her timbers were as light as the foam of a fairy ocean, and her frame was

shaped to the grace of a swan. Her rigging was roped with moonbeams, and her sails were set to catch the winds from a thousand islands of laughter and song. She flew the flag of universal love. Her gunners were Cupids, and her guns were Cupid's bows. On her deck of sentiment skipped and strolled the spirit of mirth and the soul of pathos, while o'er her keel was spilled the mellow wine of long ago.

"The Fiddle and the Bow" was launched in the cold gloom of a December evening in 1891, and when she sailed back home amid the melting ice of March she was blazoned with victory and freighted with gold.

Bob Taylor's other ships that were launched in the years that followed were: "The Paradise of Fools," "Visions and Dreams," "Dixie," "Love, Laughter and Song," "The Old Plantation," "Sentiment," "Temptation," "Castles in the Air," and "Uncle Sam." All of these were masterpieces; all were the bearers of visions as voluptuous and fair as e'er floated in the festivals of Cleopatra above the drowsy currents of the Nile; all returned with cargoes of wealth to their builder, and all were monuments to his memory; but no vessel ever sailed from the port of his dreams which so completely explored and conquered the vast deep of human emotions as did the firstborn of his genius.

Having glanced at Bob Taylor's successful advent into the Lyceum world, and having briefly studied by suggestion and allegory the mould and fiber of his first lecture, let us consider for a moment the temper of the public toward lecturers, and the difficulties which confront them.

The purely educational lecture is the one which was originally intended for the platform, but at the time the Lyceum idea began to assert itself in the Untied States that class of lecture was far more of a necessity than it is today. This is the age of printed literature. Because a man can pursue the classics at his own fireside, and learn from the periodicals of the day the most advanced theories on all current questions, he finds it less necessary and less desirable to spend his money for instruction from the platform.

But still less attractive is the lecture which lives only from lips to ear, and dies within the hour of its delivery, which leaves no lesson, imparts no knowledge, and gives no stimulus to the nobility of our natures. It is the strong drink of the platform which buoys us into the garden of false fancy for an instant, and then leaves us in dullness and remorse when its temporary effect has flown.

Behold the two dangers of the platformist! Unsweetened facts and unilluminated figures on the one hand, and superficial nonsense on the other. Happy is the man, and rare indeed, who can steer his course, clear and true, between the deadly Scylla of statistical dry dust, and the fatal Charybdis of verbal froth. 'Tis in this narrow, though bright and sunny strait, that the jewel of success is found.

He who would win must be able to interest and fascinate, while giving delightful and substantial nourishment to the intellect. He must know how to gem the dullest fact with pleasing lustre, and point the most frivolous joke with lofty purpose. To be a savant is not sufficient. Scholarly attainments are only his raw materials. Though there be folded within

his brain the countless pages of a Carnegie library, the voice of his knowledge may rasp the air with discord, and the words of his learning may fall from a tuneless tongue. And, even with scholarship and music of speech, he may fail, without that other and greatest essential—that quality which, in our ignorance, we sometimes call individuality, sometimes magnetism, sometimes personality, always genius. Wherever we meet it we bow before its scepter, but when we seek to comprehend it, it flees from us like the wraith of a myth. It is as evasive, as intangible and indescribible as the power of electricity which holds the universe in its unseen clutch. It sometimes shows itself in a glance of the eye or flits before us on the wings of a smile. Unapproachable as a spirit, it is the divine dower of an immortal; it is the copyright of a soul.

It is this bewitching force that weaves the laurels and moulds the crowns of history. It was this mysterious power, softened with love, and seasoned with humor, which made Bob Taylor king of the American platform for twenty years.

It seems but an hour since the sun of his life went down. While yet we linger in the twilight of recollection, before the night of forgetfulness blurs the picture of memory, let us, in imagination, look at him again. We will erect a great auditorium in the realm of the mind, people it with the phantom forms of those who loved him, and encore him from the silence of death to speak to us once more.

There he is in the dressing room, impatiently waiting to begin, absent minded and uncommunicative to those who have the bad judgment to persist in talking to him while he is massing his faculties for his effort.

The glow of intense interest is in his face. He is a general preparing to send his troops to victory. Observing him, a man near by asks if his lecture is to be extemporaneous. Oh, foolish question! It would be as sensible to ask if Napoleon manufactured powder on the thundering field of Marengo, or moulded cannon balls amid the roaring guns of Austerlitz.

Now the curtain rises on fluttering fans and radiant faces, the eager expectants of a joyous hour. The droning murmur of the multitude is hushed, and many a conversation dies on the lips of whispering lovers. This is the most dangerous moment that comes to a speaker, and the keen sense of our orator feels it. He learns with a look of satisfaction that the useless introductory speech is to be omitted, and that he is to appear unannounced. He does not slouch to the front with that unembarrassed awkwardness and insolent brass so common among successful speakers. Straightening himself to his full height, with a quick and springing grace, he advances to the footlights with military precision of step. A gentle wave of applause rolls through the audience, but he gives it no acknowledgment. He does not smile; he does not bow—only stands still and waits for quiet. In the extreme straightness of his posture he appears to lean back a little above the waist line. His face is slightly uplifted, and his left hand is raised to rest lightly over his heart. Though perfectly calm, he is not careless. Every nerve of concentration is on duty. He does not persecute us with a prelude, or bore us with a preamble. The music of his discourse starts with his first word, and his opening sentence thrills us as when a master sweeps the strings of his harp in the full flow of its melody. He is no solemn-browed

teacher, vexing us with major premise and minor premise, and assailing us with logical conclusions. Such matters are left to Socrates and Plato and Aristotle, the crystal fountains of philosophy. He is telling us of things we already know, though we have never known them as we see them now. He opens the doors of an endless picture gallery, and when we step into its enchanted halls, lo! it is only the old familiar earth through which we have walked with unseeing eyes. Yonder, where we have looked upon ragged cliffs and crags, he shows us the towering mountains, subdued and toned in their gigantic grandeur by the poetic haze of Indian summer. The hills, up which we have toiled, and the valleys where we have labored, are adorned with new-found charms. We learn that the gold of harvest fields is more than a promise of biscuits and pies, and that the foaming beauty of cascade and cataract will quench the thirst of our souls.

Lashing us to the pinions of his mind, he leaves the picture gallery of earth, and soars aloft to where worlds are born, reveals our weakness, and unveils the power of God in the light of wheeling suns.

Now, on the easy wings of his daring art, he descends from boundless tracts of stars to a thicket of jabbering apes, and sings a simian love song under a cocoanut tree.

Fresh from zones of comets and astral climes we are convulsed with laughter. He smiles at us while waiting for the storm of mirth to pass, and then leads us back to the happy land of childhood; becomes a boy himself, reacts the reckless deeds of barefoot days, and convicts us of forgotten crimes; besieges forbidden orchards and throws headlong courage against

the red-hot bayonet of charging hornets; he plunders pantries and loots cupboards; and, while we laugh, and laugh again, he wipes his cherry-stained lips upon his ragged sleeve.

Deftly he closes the gates of the realm of yesterday, and the eyes of merriment are dimmed with tears.

E'er we are aware of it he wafts us into a new kingdom, where every melodious sound is the fragment of an anthem. In the deep forest, cool with shadows and morning dew, he coaxes from the golden throats of wild birds the sweet concord of bands and choirs; and where the dusk of evening falls on meadow and grove and stream he marshals the voices of the night in grand rehearsal. With master baton he conducts a chorus of crickets and katydids, of beetles and bullfrogs, and all the countless creatures of chirping throats and whining wings.

The end of the lecture is near; he leaves the scenes of grandeur and of levity, takes us into the purple chamber of his heart, and talks to us of the intimate things of life; divines with eyes of love the dimpling dreams of little babes, and counts the striped marbles of our children; hallows the faces of father and mother, and consecrates the home.

Eighty minutes have swiftly flown while he has swept the keys and chords of human sentiment. Applause is clamoring for more, but his finishing note has been struck. He bows and walks rapidly off the stage, and the curtain falls, while laughter sighs and pathos smiles.

Oh, unique character among men! We salute thee e'er we say farewell. No mind could soar in beauty's skies with freer flight. Who but thee could drop with

grace from flying planets to grimacing monkeys? Who but thee could hold us spellbound with discourse on such little things as beetles and frogs and butterflies? Only Shakespeare, in all the pages of literature; and, in this particular art, thou didst outdo him; for, in the endless scale of thy matchless voice were all the mimic sounds of forest and field and flowing waters; and thou couldst glorify or distort thy noble face to impersonate whatsoever thou wouldst! In thee speechless nature found a voice, and thou didst become the tongue of dumb beauty. Thy like shall not appear; the centuries shall sigh in vain for thy duplicate. Would that we could hold and fix thee here in the fullness of thy wonted power, as a lasting legacy to millions yet to be; but barren is our wish, for, while broken-hearted music sobbed in sacred song above thy open grave, we saw all that earth could claim of thee sink to everlasting rest beneath sheaves and shocks of roses.

Beautiful Emblem Among the Funeral Flowers.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LESSONS OF BOB TAYLOR'S LIFE: HEREDITY, ENVIRONMENT, A CONSUMMATE GENIUS, REAPING AS YOU SOW.

(By Dr. W. S. Neighbors.)

HEREDITY.

We have commercialized the terms "inheritance," "bequest," "endowment" and "patrimony" for so long that we have almost lost sight of their having any other meaning. They are entitled to a much larger treatment. It is only the few that can bequeath to their children material wealth. But parents everywhere bequeath to their children something—physical health or disease; mental strength or weakness. Every bias, taint, trend or tendency of a little child is an inherited one.

When Oliver Wendell Holmes was asked the best time to educate a child his answer was, "Fifty years before it is born."

It is said that the Cremona of the old master, Stradivarius of the Sixteenth Century, was a mass of condensed music, and when asked why, the answer was, "Because every atom has been soaked in so many melodies that its whole being is reeking with the sweetest harmonies."

Plato says, "The child is a charioteer driving two steeds up the long life-hill; one steed is white, representing our best impulse; one steed is dark, standing for our worst passions. Who gives these steeds their color? Answer: the parents."

"The ancestral ground slopes upward toward the mountain-minded man. The great never appear sud-

denly. Seven generations of clergymen make ready for Emerson, each a signboard pointing to the coming philosopher."

"The Mississippi has power to bear up fleets for war or peace, because the storms of a thousand summers and the snows of a thousand winters have lent depth and power. The measure of greatness in a man is determined by the intellectual streams and moral tides flowing down from the ancestral hills."

One has said that every child is like unto a cask whose staves were taken from trees growing upon distant and widely separated hills; that some staves are sound and solid, standing for right living ancestors; that some are worm-eaten, standing for ancestors consumed by sin; that at birth all the staves are brought together in the infant cask; that if every stave is from sound ancestral trees the child is royally endowed, but if from the other kind the child is not so much born as damned into life.

It is Easter day in St. Petersburg; yonder the worshipers go to the great cathedral; a vase bearing the deft touches of the world's greatest artists stands by the altar, and as the solemn procession moves up the aisles from every hand is cast into the vase gifts, frankincense and myrrh and gold and pearls. Every well-born child is that beautiful vase by which moves the long ancestral line, filling it with those elements, traits, trends and tendencies which are more precious than gold or pearls.

Robert Love Taylor was born rich in all the essential elements of a splendid manhood. On the paternal side of his people were cavalier English; on the maternal side they were German. His parents were strong of body and of mind, and possessed no mean

estates in the kingdoms of patriotism, ideality, sublimity, morality. And out of their combined possessions they lavished richly upon their son. He was born when their blood was richest, fancies sublimest, and their spirits were happiest and soared aloft in sweetest song.

When we pause to analyze carefully and calmly all the forces back of the boy, all the streams that flowed into his life, it would have been a shame if Bob Taylor had made only an ordinary man. It would have meant the misuse and abuse of his inheritance, the devolution instead of the evolution of his native endowments.

ENVIRONMENT.

Environment is the sum total of the influences that play or prey, or smile or frown upon the potentialities with which a human being begins his earthly and immortal career. It adds nothing to one's original endowment. A baby one hour old has all the faculties, nerve and brain cells it will ever have; but wholesome environment, like regeneration, takes hold of everything it finds there and purifies, tones up, and urges on to fullest development.

Every human being is the center of a world all his own, if he has native capacity to claim and utilize it. To a sensitive soul every step of the journey from cradle to grave and beyond trembles with possibilities and is big with destiny. For the glories of Heaven and earth, for the majesties of the season, for the sublimities of mountains and seas, and for the sanctities of a people of world thought and enterprise to play all upon a single life is to stir it with

holy ambitions, to inspire it with an all-conquering courage, and to vitalize with noblest aspirations of manhood.

Who is able to appropriate and appreciate the thousand influences that stream in upon him? Who is able to tell the story of the influence of a great people upon a young life well-born? They need not all be rich, learned, or prominent after the world standards. But if there is virility, aspiration, breadth of vision, faith in God and confidence in man they will engender in the young life all that is best within themselves. The early Puritans still dominate New England; the Cavaliers were not only once Tidewater Virginia, but are still; even their dwelling houses, public buildings, modes of agriculture and business in general speak the language of Colonial days.

And, too, the influence of climate is as positive and inexorable as are the laws of the Medes and Persians. The laws governing vegetation just as truly govern human life. The torrid, the temperate and the frigid zones each produces its own kind of every order of life. You cannot produce an Eskimo in the torrid zone, nor can you produce a Hottentot in a frigid zone; and you will neither get nor desire either in a temperate zone.

And of all the parts of the temperate zones richest in their production of a great people, give us those that abound in mountains and seas. It is upon these that the imagination is fed; and it is from the imagination that the great works of art are born. Every mountain range pulsates with inspiration; and every peak towering above the range stands as a sentinel of God crying to every human being, "Come up higher!" Oh, the music and poetry and sculpture and

painting of the mountains! Sacred history is richly burdened with visions, dreams, deeds of daring, transfigurations and the meetings of men with God upon the mountains. More than three hundred times mountains are referred to in the Bible. It was upon the mountain top the Law was given; it was there the schools of the prophets were founded; it was there the judges and prophets and kings and poets and musicians were born and reared and wrought; and it was there the world's greatest tragedy and greatest triumph were enacted.

Secular history is no less a record of great deeds of men from the hill countries. The greatest musicians of the world, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, Paganini, and Ole Bull were perhaps more largely the sons of mountains and seas than of women. The best poetry of the whole earth found its incarnation in Shakespeare, Burns, Tennyson, Goethe, Schiller, Longfellow, Poe and Lanier, all the products of the mountains and hill countries, either by heredity or environment. The sculptors that have stood highest in history stood first upon top or under the shadow of peaks and ledges from which they drew inspiration and design; for instance, Praxiteles, Phidias, Angelo and Valentine. The master painters, Raphael, Rubens, Correggio, Turner, Millet and Sir Joshua Reynolds astonished the world with their brushes, but first of all they dipped those brushes into the radiant splendors of mountain shades of blue and green and gold.

Robert Love Taylor was not only rich in a splendid parentage, but also in environment. The people of his nativity were English, German, and Scotch-Irish. They were a people with a purpose and a will to push

it. They may not have always run upon the right track, but they were always running. They were a liberty-loving people; not always did all of them make sharp distinctions between liberty and license; sometimes liberty to some of them meant to get out of their way and let them worship God and run the government to suit themselves.

Physically and mentally they were a rugged people, but possessed some of the finer touches of romance and poetry. It was impossible to lead a dull life in their midst; everyone had to be up and doing, fiddling and dancing, corn-shucking, log-rolling, house-raising, 'possum, coon and fox-hunting, political gatherings, debating societies, all day singings, camp-meetings.

It was among these people that Robert L. Taylor was reared. Full of life himself, these people kept every power within busy; always something to do; and every incentive of nature and friend and foe urged him on.

And there were his native mountains. He used to say, "I was born in East Tennessee, where the mountains are so tall I could stand upon their summits and tickle the feet of the angels." The Appalachian system bequeathed to him largely; he was truly a son of her lofty, romantic nature; he breathed her sighs and moans, bathed in her sunshine, drank in her invigorating spirit, and gave out to the world just what she gave him. Like a chameleon, he partook of his native surroundings so completely that he was like them. Every bush, bird, flower, field and stream made its impress upon him; he caught their spirits and gave them back in story and song. Watauga and Doe rivers were far more than mere

streams of water to him. Full of fish? Yes; but fuller still of God's benedictions, and so glad to give them out that they came leaping, rollicking and laughing out of the mountains and went singing down the valley, making it Happy Valley indeed!

A CONSUMMATE GENIUS.

The oldest meaning of a genius is that of one having a guardian spirit or deity accompanying him through life. "Call up Socrates with his protecting genius, which always told him what not to do."

Here are some of the present-day meanings: "Exalted intellectual power, capable of operating independently of tuition and training, and marked by an extraordinary faculty for original production or achievement; as a poet, painter, orator, inventor or soldier of genius."

"Remarkable endowment or aptitude for some special pursuit, art or study; a distinguishing natural capacity."

"The spontaneous, involuntary force of the untrammelled soul."

The foregoing meanings are all alike in one regard; that is, a genius is one especially gifted or endowed for some *one* thing. If this is the true and the whole meaning of a genius, then the subject of this chapter was more than a genius, more than a highly endowed man for some one thing. He was a composite, unusually gifted along many lines, a soul spontaneous and untrammellel in many directions.

A genius in song. Like the mockingbird in its own native land, he could mock everybody and everything that could sing. From the buzz of the mos-

quito by way of the frog pond on to the serenade of an orchestra made up of the whole order of animal creation, he was perfectly at home. He could sing coon songs and old Southern melodies till you felt like you had drifted back to your boyhood days before the war; he could take his part in the grand opera as if he had had years of training for it; he could turn from these to the great hymns of the church and sing them with an ease and power born of a life time devotion to such.

A genius of poetry. Not a writer of poetry, and yet his writings were prose poems; his language in set speech was highly poetic. His love of poetry was large and intense. Who could recite all grades and styles of poetry like Bob Taylor? In burlesque or for the amusement of children he could recite "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," "Mary Had a Little Lamb," and "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" as no one else. In the sweet little poems of the lighter vein he was perfectly at home; and yet equally at home was he among the poet laureates, striking his highest key among the nature poets, like Burns, Longfellow and Lanier.

A genius in politics. During his political career, reaching over a period of thirty-five years, he discussed all the issues of State and Nation, discussed them before all classes of people, measured swords with the mightiest of his own and opposing parties, and under all normal or reasonable conditions was always a victor. He was by some called a weak statesman; they said that there were plenty of men in each party stronger than he. Stronger in *what way* and for *what purpose?* Were such statements the chil-

dren of a wish, or born of jealousy? Only in small part. Almost the sole ground of such statements was that of his marvelous power to make things plain. He could solve the hardest political problems so easily and show up the answer so clearly that some people construed the process as child's play, lightness, weakness. Other speakers tug, toil, vamp, charge and perspire, and they call them strong men; Taylor with ease and grace would get to the very heart's core of the profoundest questions and carry the day, and yet some said he was not a strong statesman.

Another remarkable fact about this political genius was that he could slaughter his antagonist, run off with his constituency, and yet leave no bad stings behind. There was such a magnanimity of spirit, with such humor mixed up with his arguments as to down his enemies, and yet win them. A staunch Republican said to the writer one day: "We make the best show we can, claim that our leaders are the smartest and greatest in Tennessee, but Bob Taylor is the greatest man in the State. When that man runs for office we have the hardest time to keep our own party from jumping the fence and voting for him. He is a genius in unfolding political issues, putting down strife and blending all parties into one great brotherhood."

A genius in his love for humanity. Everybody loves somebody, but Bob Taylor loved everybody. It was never a question of who, when, where or how much with him. It was simply all men always, everywhere, and to the full capacity of his great nature. Learned or ignorant, rich or poor, great or small, white or black, good or bad, made no difference with him.

If Bob Taylor had really known all men, would not his love for many been turned into hate? Was not his love for all men only apparent—the politician's love— love for a purpose, love with a big axe to grind? No, no; his love was so large, natural and spontaneous that it overflowed party lines and State lines. When for years he was on the lecture platform and traversing the whole nation, he was just as busy loving humanity in other States as when back in Tennessee.

Was not his love for general humanity based upon his ignorance of the real inwardness of many of them? To ask such a question is to open wide the gate into the veritable wonderland of his genius. Who else ever knew everybody like this man? He was as familiar with them all as a twin brother, nurtured at the same breast, rocked in the same cradle, taught in the same school. He knew the mountaineers, hill Billies, plantation hands, the shop boys, Jews and Gentiles so well that he could walk like them, talk like them, sing, laugh and cry like them.

REAPING AS YOU SOW.

God has spoken; the eternal law holds fast that, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Upon a spring morning a little boy planted one tiny seed; it bloomed and dropped its harvest; another spring there was a bed of violets; by and by the hillside was festooned with beauty.

A little more than sixty years ago a little boy made his appearance in the old home at Happy Valley, Tennessee.

"The child to manhood grew,
And blest many a soul;
His blessings multiplied
Like the stars of night,
For lo, an immortal soul
Is more lasting than granite monuments."

Sowed filial devotion. Bob Taylor was no exception to the other members of the large family; they are all noted for their devotion to their people. They are a much divided people politically; their parents before them were divided—the father a staunch Republican, and the mother an equally staunch Democrat. But such divisions never marred their love for each other. Some of the most beautiful traits of this son's life were manifested in his efforts to make glad the hearts of his parents; and from this filial sowing he reaped a golden harvest—reaped it while they lived, and when they slipped away from earth their precious memory still stood him in hand.

The day Robert L. Taylor took his seat the first time as Governor of Tennessee there was placed in his hands a letter from his father. Having seen it in print but once, and believing it worthy of public preservation, I insert it here:

"Happy Valley, Tenn., Jan. 17, 1887.

"Hon. Robt. L. Taylor:

"My Dear Son—As you enter today on your official career as Governor of Tennessee, I want to say a few things by way of encouragement and warning.

"As a public officer, you will meet success or failure just in proportion to your observance or non-observance of certain simple rules:

"1. Learn all your duties.

"2. Then promptly and fearlessly discharge them.

"3. In every transaction be governed—

"(*a*) By the requirements of the law.

"(*b*) By the demands of an enlightened conscience.

"(*c*) By the Supreme Divine Code.

"4. Let no temptation induce you to ignore the requirements of your self-respect.

"5. Let your promises be few and strictly performed.

"6. Do not forget that the eyes and ears of enemies are open to all you say or do. Therefore, think much, and let your words be well chosen.

"7. In all questionable cases choose to say and do those things that are clearly right and never doubtful.

"8. Remember and forget not that all the material treasures of this world can't restore a bankrupt character or replace a ruined reputation.

"9. Place your hand in the hand of Jesus and beg His guidance and protection in every condition of life, and may the love and peace of God be with you always. Affectionately, your father,

"N. G. TAYLOR."

Laughter and Song's Harvest. His many thousands of friends were glad to help send him to the United States Senate, but almost wept at the thought of his leaving the Lyceum platform. He was doing a great work there, more than any other man of his day to enlarge and enrich that field. One of the great dailies of New York pronounced him easily the star of the American platform. Of the multitudes there was never a complaint of uncomfortable seats, and even standing was made easy. The only adverse

feeling produced by his lectures was that they were limited to never more than an hour and a quarter. Why all this? Simply because he sowed laughter and song—that kind that sparkled with wit, humor and sentiment—that kind that made his hearers feel the mighty throb of his own great heart. No wonder the people followed him, smiled upon him, loved him and were ready to do his bidding. It was his own legitimate harvest.

The harvest of unselfishness. Bob Taylor lived in and for others. Whether in or out of office, he was busy serving his fellow men. For a number of years his income was large, yet he saved practically nothing. The humblest man had access to his purse, while charities and churches of all denominations drew upon him and never in vain. One of his brothers said: "If Bob had been born a Dives, he would have died a Lazarus." Lacked business ability? On the earthly side, yes, but—

"All you can hold in your cold, dead hand is what you have given away."

No wonder all classes and distinctions of humanity believed in and followed him! No wonder those of other political affiliations broke rank and voted for him! He was simply reaping what he had sowed.

Sunshine's harvest. No other man of his day dispersed so much mist and cloud as he; for no other man of his day disbursed so much sunshine as he. Wherever this sun careered in the firmament of men there was light. Among little children the brightest day was brighter still if Bob Taylor was there. Whitcomb Riley's "Knee Deep in June" is fully understood only by those who have seen this man out in a big yard surrounded by children. There they are,

climbing his chair, two in his lap, one on his back, many sitting around, and all the happiest larks you ever saw in a sunlit meadow.

Multitudes of overworked, overburdened, discouraged men have been lifted out of the depths by this Apostle of Sunshine. He has smoothed out ten thousand wrinkles of care and lifted the stoop from ten thousand shoulders by his great, sunny spirit. No doubt many a man on his way to the grave has turned back to his family and to a manly, self-respecting life because he met this man.

Bob Taylor was from cradle to grave a politician; born of political parents, reared in a political atmosphere, he seriously entered the political arena in early manhood. And taking all things into consideration, no other man so long in politics has ever had his journey so little obscured. Only a time or two did the clouds gather about him, and they emanated neither from him nor his friends, but from abnormal conditions for which he was in no wise responsible. As an apostle of sunshine, making life brighter and sweeter wherever he went, he gathered as he sowed; under all normal conditions his pathway was luminous with noontide glory.

Bob Taylor had faith in God. He was born of religious parents; his father was a Methodist preacher of note. A deep religious vein ran through the Taylors and the Haynes; not one was ever irreligious or even tinged with skepticism. The subject of this chapter never grew away from his childhood faith, but rather mellowed toward it with the passing years. Through all the stress and storm of political life his faith, like an anchor, held him steady, and enabled

him more to look beyond things of earth. I quote a few paragraphs of his own utterances:

(1) "Man stands on that wondrous plane where mortality and immortality meet. Below him is animal life, lighted only by the dim lamp of instinct; above him is spiritual life, illuminated by the light of reason and the glory of God."

(2) "The flowers of the field rising from countless graves; the unfolding leaves of the forest heralding the approach of summer; the orchards and meadows bursting into bloom, and myriads of winged minstrels filling the world with melody are all the evangels of the Lord, demonstrating before our very eyes the universal victory of life over death."

SUNSET AND HARVEST HOME.

Such are some of the lessons of Bob Taylor's life. Rich in heredity, rich in environment, the two estates blending into one, and culminating in a consummate genius, and the genius going forth and investing all in the interest of his country and of his God.

Perhaps never before in America, and certainly not in all the Southland, has any other man's funeral been so largely attended. From all over his native State and beyond the people of all classes and grades came, came on trains, horseback, in wagons and on foot.

It is said that when the hearse bearing the body of Lord Shaftesbury moved along from Pall Mall and Trafalgar Square to Westminster Abbey the streets were packed with innumerable thousands; that the costermongers, bootblacks, the boys from the "Ragged Schools," the chimney sweeps, and the prod-

igals rescued from Waterloo or Blackfriar's bridge swung into line with banners on which were inscribed the words: "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me;" "I was hungry and ye fed me, naked and ye clothed me;" "I was a stranger and ye took me in;" "I was an outcast and ye gave me a home."

As the hearse bearing Bob Taylor's body moved out from City Hall, Knoxville, Tennessee, to Old Grey Cemetery each side of Gay Street, and every window and balcony was thronged with humanity; churchmen and statesmen, hardy sons of toil, mothers with their little children, and the negroes were there, and all moved by one mighty impulse—their love for the great-hearted man whom they would see no more on earth.

Here is a poem, written by his old friend, Rufus M. Fields, of Lebanon, Tennessee, fifteen years ago, which gives full answer why so many followed him through life and to his grave:

Your master hand in a master way
  Plays a master's master arts—
Plays a thousand tunes on a thousand strings,
  On a thousand human hearts.

Your life's a dream, your soul a song—
  Your voice a melody;
Your heart an urn of love and hope
  For all humanity.

The sun grows brighter when you laugh—
  The dew falls when you weep;
The stars come out and watch with love
  And tenderness your sleep.

Whene'er you pass along the way,
  The rose bursts into bloom,
And violets lift up their heads
  To breathe a sweet perfume.

The mocking bird from overhead
  Sings you his sweetest lays,
And every warbler in the grove
  Engages in the praise.

Sleeping Beneath Sheaves and Shocks of Roses.

The very dumb brutes love to feel
The joy of your caress,
And little children meet your smiles
With childish happiness.

Your life has been a life of love—
Of sunshine and of song—
And you have sown the seeds of joy
Where you have passed along.

Your fellow man has profited
By your unselfish life,
For you have poured contentment on
The surging waves of strife.

So brave, so brilliant, and so big—
Of heart and brain!—so free
To help the poor and shield the weak—
O pride of Tennessee!

On Sunday morning, March 31, 1912, Robert Love Taylor passed away. He did not die; that was only an episode along the journey, an ordeal through which he passed, as every other man must to his eternal reward.

"He did not die;
His deathless spirit took its noiseless flight
Like the summer evening's last sigh that shuts the rose."
He did not die;
He fell at his post with a record clean,
Life rounded and work well done,
No tarnish upon his fair fame's sheen—
Declining as sets the sun
Going down full-orbed in cloudless night,
Foretokening a dawn serene and bright.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR AS AN ORATOR, BY JUDGE BAXTER TAYLOR, OF OKLAHOMA, WHO WAS TUTORED BY HIM, AND WHO ACCOMPANIED HIM ON MANY LECTURE TOURS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

Whatever may be written of the unusual and varied natural gifts of Robert Love Taylor, it possibly can be asserted with perfect truth that his one supreme talent was that of an orator.

By a master Roman orator eloquence is declared to be man's noblest gift. Certainly in those highest civilizations of the ancient world oratory exerted a most powerful influence. As in the days of Athens, or when Cicero lived, or when Paul preached, or now and then through other centuries, when tongues of fire moved stolid men to heroic action, as in the dead past this subtle and divine power gave him who possessed it supremacy over men, so now, in the living present, he who hath it possesses a power yet more potent than wealth and an influence which exalts him among men.

Eloquence is as difficult of definition as music. We know it when we hear it, for we experience it; but what it is, who can tell? Nor can oratory be classified. It is as varied and different in style as are men. And yet its effect, in the deepest sense, is the same. It touches; it thrills; it masters. Possibly no one ever heard Robert Love Taylor without realizing the genius of the man. His was a sphere peculiar to himself and all his own. He was beyond doubt one of the greatest entertainers on the platform of the

day, but he was more. A poet, a humorist? Yes, these and more. A mimic? Yes, unrivalled. A story-teller? Perhaps without an equal in his time. An actor? To a marked degree. He was an interpreter of the human heart. He was a master delineator of human nature. He was dowered by nature with those talents only found in extraordinary men. He had emotion, imagination, sentiment, feeling, wit, sympathy; he had intellect; he had a noble presence, and withal a voice as pure and clear in tone as a bell of silver, as sweet and mellow and subduing as the violin's song. His being glowed with that divine something called magnetism. He was an orator.

But his success as an orator came not without effort. It is a mistaken idea that he or any other speaker of marked success often spoke extemporaneously. Indeed, he very seldom appeared before the public without preparation. His speeches came at the cost of toil, ofttimes mental drudgery. His method of preparation was to reduce to writing every word, anecdotes and all, that he intended to deliver. In literary construction he would sometimes spend hours on a sentence or a figure of speech. He strove to clothe every thought in words of music. His anecdotes were inserted with equal care. And to him a good "yarn," as he called it, was as a pearl of great price. He constantly sought after them, and the fellow who was full of tales was, in his estimation, greater than a king. He always loved the traveling men, the "drummers," and doubtless this was one of the reasons. When engaged in work of preparing a lecture he would often call on his old yarn-telling friends for some of their newest and choicest.

It was always his practice to commit his speech to memory. And in this he displayed remarkable powers. To the ordinary man, to commit to memory a speech of an hour and a half would be a well-nigh impossible task. But he often did it. To see him in the midst of such labors you would probably be impressed with the idea that he was an insane man. He would beat a path in the woods walking to and fro, oblivious to the world about him, repeating sentence after sentence; when memorized he delighted to "practice it" on any friend who chanced to be a good listener.

But he did not consider a lecture or a campaign speech thus prepared as finished. As every speaker of experience knows, and as he well knew, a production for platform purposes must be tried out; that is to say, after a speech or lecture has been delivered several times, the speaker may know what "goes" well and what does not. By its effect he may judge of its merit. Like an author who is about to issue his latest volume, Senator Taylor was never quite sure of a lecture's success until passed on by the public and either approved or disapproved. Those parts that were not received well were either revised or omitted altogether. So with his humor and yarns. Sometimes a story or a passage which was expected to be of most effect would prove a failure and fall flat. And, on the other hand, a yarn or a passage in which there seemed to be but small merit would ofttimes turn out a success. He evolved his lectures from the experiences of the platform.

The late Senator Hoar, that scholarly statesman of the old school from New England, says: "It sometimes almost seems as if the voice were nine-tenths

and everything else but the one-tenth of the consummate orator. It is impossible to overrate the importance to his purpose of that matchless instrument, the human voice."

Robert L. Taylor was not lacking in this natural equipment of the orator. The thousands, yea, the tens of thousands, who have heard him will never forget that voice of peculiar melody and sweetness. It was neither harsh nor shrill. It was heavy enough to carry well, but not too coarse to be pleasant to the ear.

He understood the rare art of using his voice, and was so practiced that, even with the most constant and what appeared to be the most strenuous use, it seemed to increase in richness and power, rather than diminish as is usually the case with most men. In the hardest political campaign his voice never wavered.

To the young and aspiring who would be orators it may be of interest to know how he used his voice. In his advice to young men along this line he urged deep breathing and talking from the lungs rather than from the throat. He would speak from the mouth rather than through the nose. The critical observer has doubtless noticed that he always elevated his head and threw back his shoulders, which had a tendency to expand the chest and rendered deep breathing easy and speaking out from the lungs less difficult. These were the simple rules that he adhered to all his life, and by so doing he developed that wondrous organ of expression until it well-nigh approached perfection.

Among other essentials pertaining to excellence in speaking, he placed a great emphasis on the neces-

sity of articulation. He possibly had some good training along this line during his school days. Certain it was that he deemed it an almost unpardonable fault of any speaker who either had a nasal twang or talked from his throat instead of his lungs, or who articulated poorly. When speaking, unlike many speakers, he refrained from drinking very much water. Just a sip—enough to relieve the throat and moisten the mouth—was all that was taken.

Like most men of talent, he had his ideals of what constituted true oratory, and he also had his ideals among those great orators of the earlier days of the country. Among those of the old school for whom he had exalted admiration, if not reverence, were Patrick Henry, and after him, in time, Clay and Webster. But for marvelous power, for pure genius, he possibly placed a higher estimate upon the brilliant S. S. Prentiss than any other of the antebellum orators.

In his earlier years Senator Taylor had the good fortune of hearing many talented men. He heard Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Andrew Johnson, Landon C. Haynes, John Bell, John C. Breckenridge and others. He was thereby greatly influenced. But of all men, his prototype, guide and star-ideal was his own maternal uncle, Landon C. Haynes. Haynes and Gustavus A. Henry, a descendant of Patrick Henry, were the Senators from Tennessee in the Senate of the Confederacy. Beyond doubt Haynes was one of the most gifted men the State has ever produced, and his influence over his to-be illustrious nephew was very great.

Senator Taylor, by nature, was of a deeply poetical temperament. He had a great fondness for pas-

toral poems. Of the English poets, he was fond of Byron next to Shakespeare, but for beauty and sentiment he perhaps loved Burns best of all the poets.

In his lecture it is but simple justice to the man to state that he never intended to be didactic or scholarly at the expense of beauty. Through all his lectures and all his speeches there is a moral tone, a spirit of reverence for sacred things, and a deep religious sentiment. He sought in his lectures to teach lessons of life. Happiness was the sweet angel that kept watch over his own heart and whose shimmering wings filled the heavens of his own life. "I believe in the religion of love and the gospel of sunshine," were his words, and this was his creed.

His aim was to make men better by throwing on the canvas of the heart pictures of the beautiful and the good of this world. He believed it was as noble and grand to make people laugh as it is to lift their burdens in any other conceivable way. He had a horror of boring his audience and burdening them with dry, dead facts. He had the genius of making a timely story more convincing, enlightening and effective than would be a whole arithmetic of statistics, and for that reason he used facts and figures of the dry-as-dust variety very sparingly. He endeavored at all times to so speak, to employ such words, that the simplest could grasp it. He was an orator in the truest sense because he had the rare power of reaching all classes of people.

In life there are certain planes of equality whereon all meet, where the taste of the most aesthetic and cultured agrees with that of the most unlettered and simple. For instance, to the untutored eye and the artistic eye alike there is beauty in

the violet, and to the untaught toiler of the fields the rose is no less glorious than to the artist and the poet. The peasant sees the splendor of the sunset as does the prince, and the warbled song of the bird is that common music which is equally enchanting to every ear. The man, therefore, who with equal effect charms the humble and the great, the untutored and the learned, does but use nature's highest powers, for it is nature that most nearly pleases all. A man thus endowed is, therefore, a genius.

Senator Taylor's style as a political speaker was animated. There was much action and fervor. Now a sunburst of humor, now a tender note of pathos, now a flight of eloquence. At times he became terribly in earnest and wrought up to a high tension of feeling, but never beyond self-control. It was under such spell that he swayed even the strongest men.

On the stump, as a political orator, he was truly a man of exceptional power. In this capacity his unique personal characteristics and mannerisms were most strongly manifested. His very presence had a magical effect on the crowd. They were ready to shout or to weep at a look or a gesture. On a great political field day, as he came to the place of the meeting, he waved his hat aloft and exclaimed, "Great heavens, fellow-citizens, where did you all come from?" And a great shout went up from the crowd amid laughter and cheers.

In his campaign for Governor in 1896 he was charged with the too liberal use of the pardoning power. That was a great campaign. Excitement was at highest tension. On this particular occasion the sentiment in that certain locality was against him. He arose and began by saying. "From my mother's

Bible I take my text today," and he read: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Then those mystical powers of the orator were aroused. He played upon their hearts as the bow upon the violin strings. No preacher ever spoke sweeter words of grace. Strong men were silenced and stood in tears, and women wept. And in his climax, with uplifted hands and in manner and voice as none but Bob Taylor possessed, he declared: "Let the heartless world condemn. Let the critics frown and wail, but he who hath power and doth not temper justice with mercy will cry in vain for mercy in that great day when God shall judge the merciful and the unmerciful." Some old-time women rose up and shouted hallelujah, for it was like a camp meeting of olden times.

In 1892 in Tennessee many Democrats had joined the Populist party, and the outlook was anything but encouraging to the Democracy. In fact, the Populist sentiment was widespread, and the Democrats felt that party supremacy in the State was in peril. To overcome this, if possible, it was decided to hold a series of political rallies in different parts of the State.

The particular rally here referred to was a great political field day, the like of which is now almost a thing of the past. The crowd numbered thousands. There was a band and a barbecue, and all things else necessary and requisite for a successful meeting of that character.

The "war horses" and "wheel horses" of the Tennessee Democracy were present. Senator Isham G. Harris was there, and Senator Bate and Governor Porter and numerous other great men of the party. They had all spoken except Bob Taylor. It was decided to have him close the meeting.

The County Chairman of the Populist party was seated on the edge of the platform. Bob Taylor began by saying that the old prophet of Democracy had foretold the coming victory and the election of Grover Cleveland; that the Democratic apostles had preached the undefiled word of political gospel, and now he proposed to lead in a "word of song," and he wanted everybody to "join in." And he began singing, to the tune of "John Brown's Body":

"We'll seat Grover Cleveland in the presidential chair,
As we go marching on.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
As we go marching on."

"Let everybody sing!" he shouted as he led the singing, and five thousand people joined in amid an enthusiasm which was irresistible. "Come on back, boys," was his slogan and his text. And while they sang he began shaking hands, and the crowd did likewise. The old Populist Chairman chewed hard on his tobacco and pulled his whiskers. At last, unable to further withstand the enthusiasm and the appeal to "Come on back, boys," he sprang to his feet, and, grasping Bob by the hand, he declared: "By gosh, I'm coming back!"

Bob Taylor was a political revivalist who never lacked for crowds and who never failed to kindle an enthusiasm that was contagious.

To speak from conviction and to feel what we say, and to be able to transmit that feeling to others, to form sympathetic connection with the reason of men, to make the voice audible to the ear of men's souls, to

woo and to lead out into the light the better angels of our nature—that is oratory. And thus endowed was Robert Love Taylor, who lived and wrought for the betterment of this world.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INCIDENTS OF SENATOR TAYLOR'S LAST VISIT TO JONESBORO, TENNESSEE.

(By Prof. R. H. Lankford.)

Senator Robert Love Taylor visited Jonesboro twice within the last year of his life, and on each occasion was received with marked evidence of esteem by friends who had known him long and who loved him much.

The first of these visits was on September 1, 1911, when he came to lecture in the interest of the "Civic Improvement League," an organization of ladies of the town. In accepting the invitation to lecture in Jonesboro, the Senator, with his characteristic spirit of generosity, wrote: "You must know it would be against my feelings to go among those people and lecture for pay, and it must be understood that my part of it is as much a contribution to Jonesboro as the part the audience pays. I should decline if this were not made a condition of my accepting your invitation." Afterward, when urged to accept enough of the receipts from the sale of tickets to reimburse him for actual expenses incurred by the visit, he said: "Don't talk to me about any reimbursements for any contribution I may have made to the people of old Jonesboro," and no amount of persuasion could induce him to accept his expenses from the committee having the affair in charge.

Every man in Jonesboro had been appointed on a committee of reception, and every one wore a white

and a red rose—reminders of the political campaign in which the distinguished Taylor brothers were opposing candidates for Governor, and which had attracted so much attention, not only in Tennessee, but all over the country.

Bob and Alf Taylor were again guests of Jonesboro. They were to contest again, but not for political preferment. This time the contest was one in which they were passively and unconsciously engaged—a contest for highest place in the affections of a people who loved and honored them both.

It had been extensively advertised that Senator Taylor would deliver his famous lecture, "The Fiddle and the Bow," at the auditorium of the school building on the evening of September 1, 1911. Tickets were on sale for several days previous to the date of the proposed lecture, and by nine o'clock in the forenoon of that day every ticket had been sold. There were still a number of improvised seats in the hall, and when the doors were opened, nearly two hours before the time scheduled for the lecture, the anxious crowd jammed and pushed and almost fought for general admission tickets for these seats. Two wagon loads of chairs were borrowed and hastily brought and placed so as to occupy all available space, and these were quickly sold. Every available foot of room on the stage, in the hall and in the aisles was utilized in an effort to accommodate the great throng of people that had assembled from all over Washington County and from sections of a number of other counties to hear their own "Apostle of Sunshine." But, notwithstanding these efforts, it has been conservatively estimated that not fewer than two hundred disappointed people were unable to gain admission to the hall.

It was a happy occasion. A band of old-time fiddlers, headed by Hon. Alf Taylor, and including "Little Shell" Shipley, R. H. ("Dick") Decker, John Hayes, Tom Baine and others, were seated on the stage, and were entertaining those assembled with such familiar old tunes as "Chicken in the Dough Tray," "Sour Wood Mountain," etc.—music that none save those skilled in the use of the fiddle and the bow could produce—music the character of which, years ago, had inspired in the distinguished guest of the evening that famous production with which he had delighted so many thousand souls, and with which he was about to delight the friends of his old home.

The writer has seen Senator Robert L. Taylor in evening dress and heard him before cultured and cosmopolitan audiences in large cities, but never did he appear so sublime, yet so simple—never so happy, yet so sympathetic, so full of the sentiments of which his soul was so capable—as he did on this occasion, when, in a plain gray business suit, he came simply as Bob Taylor to bring a message of cheer and hope and love to those whom he knew in the long, long ago.

The speaker reviewed some of his early experiences and told of many amusing incidents that had occurred in and around Jonesboro when he used to play "Bob Acres" or measure strength in intellectual combat with Major Pettibone.

The lecture need not here be reviewed. In its written form it is the familiar and valued possession of all who may chance to read this, and nothing that could be added would give interest to this attempt to recount some of the incidents of a happy occasion in the closing days of the Senator's life.

At the conclusion of the lecture about a hundred friends of the visitors gathered at Hotel Russell, where, under the direction of the host, J. R. Russell, a splendid feast of good things to eat had been prepared. S. S. Kirkpatrick acted as toastmaster. It was fitting that he, a son of the late Judge S. J. Kirkpatrick, the old law tutor of the Senator, and a young man of eminent attainments, should be the chosen person to drink (cold water) to the health of him who occupied the place of honor in the hall. When all were seated, and before the feast was served, Mr. Kirkpatrick arose and said:

"I drink (cold water) to the Western Hemisphere; to America, the fairyland; to the United States, the home of the brave and free; to Tennessee, the promised paradise; to Washington County—may God bless her every hill and dale, her every rock and rill. I love her crooked fences and muddy roads; her chinkapin, chestnut and persimmon trees; her apples, grapes and pears; the bullfrog pond; the 'possum, rabbit, quail and hare. Oh, take me back to Tennessee, to Jonesboro on the 'crick;' to Mill Spring, the town clock, and horse rack, and courthouse on the square; to Green's Pond and the swimming hole; the straw stack; and the barn loft, with its games of 'fox, tag, and Hick-a-ma-dick, halicummo, dick, slew, halicum-slum, hulker, pulker, peters gum-FRANCIS.'

"Let me see once more Julia Snow, Bob Parker, Abner Lights and Tom Whitehorn, and old Joe Marshall with his raw-boned nag, 'whose all four feet the gravels grind, while she walks before and trots behind.' Let me hear once more the battle cry, 'Hurray for Tilden and Hendrix, Bob Taylor and Pettibone.'

"Our guest of honor has wandered far away; his feet have trod the paths that lead to glory; his head is with honor crowned. His soul has drunk ambition's cup to its full. But he has come back home, and Jonesboro once more claims him as her own—for

" 'Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Following this "toast," Senator Taylor told a number of funny stories relating to his associations with the people of Jonesboro. He told of his election to Congress when he defeated Pettibone; of a visit to Washington, D. C., accompanied by the late Elbert Shipley.

"We were on a sleeper," said the Senator, "and were just entering the outskirts of the city. It was in the days when torchlight processions were in the fullness of their glory. We had only a few days before had a big procession of this kind in Jonesboro. Elbert awoke, looked out of the car and saw the first electric lights his eyes had ever beheld. He ran excitedly to my berth and shook me with all his strength. 'Get up! Quick!! Quick!!!' he said. 'They are coming to meet us with a torchlight procession.' "

He told a good one on his old friend, J. C. H. Smith. Everybody in Washington County knows "Uncle Cramp Smith," as he is familiarly known. He is one of those unpretentious, honest men of good lineage—the noblest of God's creatures—who are in evidence in the mountain towns of East Tennessee.

"Senator Isham G. Harris controlled the Federal patronage in Tennessee," he said, "and 'Cramp' wanted the post office at this place (Jonesboro). I was serving my first term in Congress. 'Cramp' went to Washington to consult Harris and me, and to secure, if possible, Harris' endorsement for the appointment. 'Cramp' had been in Washington for several days and was growing impatient. Finally I managed to make an engagement with the Senator to present to him 'Cramp' Smith, applicant for the post office at Jonesboro, Tenn. At the time fixed for the meeting we went to Harris' room, where we found him besieged by a hungry horde of office-seekers. He seemed very much out of humor. His brow was knit. His eyes flashed fire. He snapped some sort of an answer to each one who approached him, and not infrequently emphasized his displeasure with expressions not appropriate in a Sunday school lecture. Finally I pushed 'Cramp' up to the Senator and introduced him. 'What do YOU want?' snapped Harris. 'Nothing at all,' said 'Cramp'; 'I just thought I'd come around this morning and pay my respects to you.' "

The speaker then grew serious and addressed the young men present, advising them to keep out of politics. He spoke of the vicissitudes incident to the life of the politician, of the uncertainty, the worry, the discontent. He impressed upon them the importance of civic virtues. "You must soon take the places of us who are older," he continued, "but I hope none of you will take my place for the next six years."

After the banquet there was a reunion of old friends in the parlors of the Russell House. In speaking of this affair to some friends after he had returned to Washington, Senator Taylor said:

"Had a little speakin' that night, and then we got together and had a reunion. Old Bob Thomas was there, and Henry Jackson, and the rest of them. Alf was there with his fiddle. Alf Taylor is to the fiddle what Ole Bull was to the violin; can't anybody beat Alf Taylor playin' the fiddle. Alf got out his fiddle, and when he drew the bow across the strings I knew then he would play SOME that night. He struck up 'Old Granny Rattletrap,' and soon the building rocked as hundreds of feet beat time to the rhythm of the music. Alf was in a 'weavin' way. He played 'Arkansaw Traveler' and then 'Sour Wood Mountain,' and the first thing I knew old Bob Thomas jumped out into the center of the floor and began to cut the pigeon wing. I joined him in a moment. Then Alf handed the fiddle over to another and got into the ring; and we danced the dances of old times in Tennessee—and were boys again together."

All the forenoon of September 2 music by some of the best fiddlers in East Tennessee made merry a group of people assembled on the porch of the old, historic Jonesboro Inn. In that group of people was noticed every class of men. Many country folk had come to town to see Bob Taylor, and, attracted by the music from the fiddles on the hotel porch, had gathered themselves together around this ancient hostelry. Business and professional men left their offices and joined in the merriment. Everybody was happy. "The Apostle of Sunshine" walked and talked with the friends of his boyhood, and no distinction was made of men on that occasion. He visited Mrs. S. J. Kirkpatrick, whom he feelingly referred to as his "Godmother." He went out to Ed

Boyd's and ate watermelons with a party of friends. At Frank Britton's he was entertained along with his brother, Alf, and others.

On this occasion both Senator Taylor and his brother, Hon. A. A. Taylor, were in their happiest moods. For more than two hours the little group of friends sat in the dining hall, Bob Taylor telling stories to the endless delight of the rest of the company.

Before Senator Taylor left Jonesboro, "Dick" Decker, at the request of some friends, sang "He Never Came Back," with a banjo accompaniment.

"But I'm coming back," said Senator Taylor, as he arose to leave; and he did—but it was for the last time!

CHAPTER XXV.

BOB TAYLOR IN THE FLESH; BOB TAYLOR IN THE SPIRIT.

Our Labor of Love in the preparation of these memoirs of Senator Robert Love Taylor, undertaken at the request of his friends, is now finished; and it seems to us fitting that we, as the authors and his surviving brothers, should add an after-word expressive of our personal feelings toward him, of our personal estimate of his worth as a man and brother, of our deep and poignant sense of bereavement in his loss, and to offer our poor tribute of personal affection to his memory. In our feeble efforts to give to the public and his friends a brief history of his life and career, it was neither our aim nor desire, had it been within our power, to set him on the pedestal of a saint or a superman, but to truly and faithfully portray him as he was in childhood, youth and manhood—a simple unit of humanity like all the rest of us, endowed with most of the human virtues and with intellectual capacities, yet handicapped and marred by some of the human weaknesses and imperfections common to us all.

One may exhaust the riches of genius and of language to praise him, and to praise him justly; but, after all, he was but a man. A mortal may be great and famous by the merit of great achievements or great intellectual attainments, may be beloved by his countrymen above all others for his virtues, and yet—"a man's a man for a' that and a' that." There is nothing in any man that makes him more than man while in the flesh, no matter to what height he

may rise. For do we not all, from the lowest to the highest, from the meanest hod-carrier to the grandest prince of earth, possess the same spark of Divinity, the same vital flame of God, differing only in degree? And do we not all sink to the same level in the grave and become equals in the democracy of Death?

With his fame, his achievements, his hold on the hearts of the people as a public figure, whatever they may have been, we no longer have to do; but it becomes our province now to speak of Robert Love Taylor in the flesh as the man, the brother, the neighbor, the friend, in all the relations of private life.

The true estimate of human character is best formed from the closest contact and the nearest view, and under circumstances where the conduct of daily life is least influenced and warped by self-interest and the aims, policies and ends of selfish ambition and the lust of self-aggrandizement. The words and actions which flow from disinterested motives most clearly reveal the true characters of men; and it is in the obscurity of private life, unspoiled by great wealth, unembittered by great poverty, uninfluenced by the greed of gain or the lust of power, that these conditions may be found in their most propitious state. Such were the conditions attending our relations with Bob Taylor, the brother. However enviable may be his record and fair and lustrous his fame in his public career, it was in private life, in his relations with kindred, family, friends, neighbors, and all with whom he came in contact, that he shone brightest and was best beloved, for here his true worth was most clearly revealed. The basic principle and motive force of his being was *love*—

love of his kind, love of justice and truth, love of nature, love of all that God has made, reverential love of the Divine Author and Maker of all things that are. Out of these evolved the whole character of the man. Of these were born those beautiful virtues, those rare gifts and graces which most ennoble human nature and lift the world nearer to the gates of heaven. From these sprang into being that boundless charity, that unflagging benevolence, that all-embracing sympathy which glorified his life and bloomed and fruited into that Christ-like beneficence and service to others which disarm the enmity and conquer the heart of the world!

From these developed all those minor graces and charms manifested in courtesy, complaisance, tact, regard for the feelings and sensibilities of others, self-effacement and small personal sacrifices and services which distinguished the character and conduct of the true Christian gentleman. From these, it may be said, arose his incomparable sense of harmless humor and the art of using it, the passion for eloquence and poetry, his admiration for the fine arts, for painting and sculpture, his fondness for music and the drama, for the beautiful and sublime in nature, and for all the higher and nobler things of life. To the minds and hearts of friends, neighbors and all who came within the circle of his influence his unconquerable optimism was what the sun is to nature. In him it was a power almost miraculous. To them he was like a spiritual sun. There never hovered an iceberg of discontent or resentment on the deeps of the human soul, freezing the heart and chilling the air of its cheerfulness and its affections, which his genial warmth could not melt away; never

a tempest raged on the Genesaret of a human life that his wondrous power could not still; never lowered in the spiritual skies a cloud of sorrow gloomed with falling tears which his sunshine could not dispel, or glorify and gladden with a bow of peace and promise. At the sound of his gentle voice, dead Faith leaped into newness of life, and buried Hope rose smiling from the tomb of broken hearts that were healed and restored to happiness. To Childhood he was the dawn, making glorious its horizon with the light and music of awakening life; to Youth he was a sunrise, illumining its future with hope and inspiring it with courage, ambition, and aspiration to achievement in the higher ideals of life; to ripe Manhood he was the midsummer noon of geniality, of friendship, of sympathy, of encouragement, of good-fellowship and good cheer; to Old Age he was the amber sunshine of October, warming its heart with love, reverence and tenderness, melting away the icicles and frosts of its deepening winter, and making radiant and beautiful its sunset horizon with the rainbow tints of faith and hope as the coming shadows of its night approached. He was the children's every-day Santa Claus. They loved the Santa Claus of Christmas chiefly for his material gifts; they loved Bob Taylor for his love. He was their flower, and they were his bees and butterflies. They delighted in the sunshine of his smile and the sweetness of the honey of his words. Wherever he went, home and playground were left tenantless, and the scene around him was a pageant of flitting colors, made gayer by the hum of glad voices that was like the hum of May among the apple blossoms. There was not a home in his state where he was not re-

ceived with rejoicing, and no home, be it ever so bright, but was made brighter by his presence. If he passed through the country, the farm-houses by the wayside were emptied for his greeting; if he walked the streets of town, or village, or city, he was mobbed by his friends; if he stood for a moment on a street corner, an eager crowd would gather round him to catch his words, as if they contained some joke from another planet, or bore a message from heaven. There never was one like him, and there never will be another Bob Taylor in character.

But he has passed into the shadowy mysteries that obscure and deepen the starless night of death. He has escaped from the chrysalis of mortality and now lives in the immortality of the spirit. And yet he is near us and about us still; for his words of love and his kindly deeds of service, quickened, as planted seeds, by the tears of Sorrow, spring immortal from his grave into perennial bloom to hallow his dust and to bless the living with their glory and their fragrance. And the angel Memory lifts the veil of the Past and we see him face to face as he was, and call him "Our Bob;" we hear the music of his magic voice and we thrill at the pressure of his hand. And on the mere of mortal life, that narrow boundary line that divides the Hither side from the Beyond, the angel Mercy has planted a Cross, and above it the angel Hope has set the Morning Star of Bethlehem; and the angel Faith lifts another veil and we catch a faint gleam of another Sunrise and the low murmurings of a silvery surf that beats on another shore; and we hear the ripple of ineffable music from the river of harmony that flows eternal from another Orchestra and another choir; and then our

spiritual eyes glimpse *him,* transfigured, glorified, redeemed, and clothed with the radiant beauty of immortal youth; and as the shining curtain gently falls he smiles and beckons us; and then our rapt souls join in that sweet old refrain,

"Nearer, My God, to Thee!"

(THE END.)

ADDENDUM.

Major Pettibone, in his reply, which came too late to be inserted in its proper place, made use of the following doggerel of similar kind:

"Come all you people and gaze on me,
Bobbie Taylor from Tennessee,
And I write my name with a big M. C.,
And when my middle name I spell,
I put an H Before the L;
And Bob can fiddle and Bob can sing,
And Bob can cut the pigeon wing,
And little Bobbie Taylor, he
Is the biggest fiddler in Tennessee.

"That carpet-bagger from Michigan,
What sort of right has he
To run for Congress against a man
Of the Tennessee Democracy?
What could *he do* in Congress hall?
The majority are Democrats all,
And they'd rather hear Bob's fiddle squeak
Than to hear the ablest statesman speak.
He can't fiddle and *he* can't sing,
And *he* can't dance or *anything;*
But little Bobbie Taylor, he
Is the biggest dancer in Tennessee."

SENATOR TAYLOR'S LIFE BY YEARS.

1850—Born at Happy Valley, Carter County, Tennessee.

1878—Admitted to the practice of law.
Married Miss Sarah L. Baird, of Asheville.
Elected to Congress, First District of Tennessee.

1880—Defeated for re-election to Congress.

1882—Candidate for Congress; defeated.

1884—Presidential Elector, National Democratic Convention.

1885—Appointed United States Pension Agent, Knoxville.

1886—Elected Governor of Tennessee.

1888—Re-elected Governor of Tennessee.

1892—Presidential Elector, National Democratic Convention.

1892—Attained success on the lecture platform.

1893—Unsuccessful candidate for the United States Senate.

1896—Elected Governor of Tennessee for third term.

1904—Married Miss Mamie L. St. John, of Chilhowie, Va.

1905—Editor of Taylor Magazine.

1906—Editor Taylor-Trotwood Magazine.

1906—Defeated Senator E. W. Carmack in primary.

1907—Elected United States Senator by Legislature.

1912—Died, March 31, in Washington.

AS OTHERS SAW HIM.

Lees-McRae Library
Banner Elk, N. C.

AS OTHERS SAW HIM.

LETTERS OF EULOGY ON THE GENIUS AND WORTH OF BOB TAYLOR BY DISINTERESTED AND DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS THROUGHOUT THE NATION.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 8, 1912.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR:

You are right in saying that a warm friendship existed between your brother, Senator Robert Love Taylor, of Tennessee, and myself. He was one of the most lovable and entertaining companions I ever met. Stories and phrases of delightful humor rippled over his lips, and it seemed as if his fund of things which pleased and amused was inexhaustible. No one had a more kindly nature. He saw through fraud and chicanery and detested them, but he liked to ignore those unpleasant sides of life and keep before himself and those with whom he talked only the genial, the good and the generous traits of his fellow man. I have no doubt that he contributed more than most men to the happiness of his fellows.

He was an honest and earnest public servant, and stood for the right as he knew it. The confidence that his fellow-citizens placed in him is seen in the high offices to which he was called. I mourn his going.

Sincerely yours,

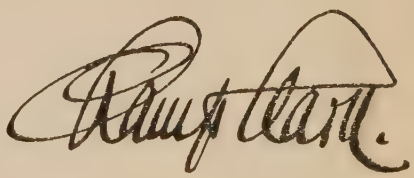
THE SPEAKER'S ROOM, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 25, 1912.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR:

Senator Robert Love Taylor was the prince of platform orators. In my judgment, he was far and away the finest platform entertainer in America. I said that repeatedly when he was living, and I am glad to say it after he is dead. One of the most enjoyable hours that I ever spent in my entire life was in listening to his lecture, "Castles in the Air," at Fulton, Mo., where I introduced him to an audience the first time I ever saw him.

A person was made happier, wiser and better by listening to his remarkable oratorical performance, which was a strange commingling of wit, humor, philosophy, pathos, eloquence, common sense and good morals. I loved him in his life, and I will love his memory as long as I live. He was one of the best and truest friends I ever had.

Your friend,



MUSKOGEE, OKLA., November 7, 1912.

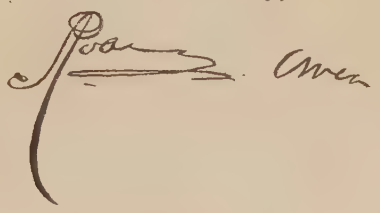
MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR:

Bob Taylor was a genius. He was a poet. The music of good-fellowship, of love for his fellow man, poured in a continuous stream of melody from his soul. His charming personality was always a delight to me. No companionship was more genial, more delightful than his. He had a strange power as an orator and as a delightful entertainer. He was fascinating. His native wit and splendid good humor made him the life of every gathering.

I was greatly attached to him, and I wish that you might send me such available matter relative to him, that I might come into a closer understanding of this great man. I am to deliver one of the eulogies in February on him. Send me such data as you can.

Tennessee is not alone in her grief over the death of Bob Taylor. All who knew him join in a sense of profound sorrow at losing this genial, gifted son of nature, who never had an unkind word for anybody, but was always glad to serve others, to promote their happiness and to give them pleasure.

Yours sincerely,



COMMITTEE ON JUDICIARY, UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 6, 1912.

GENTLEMEN:

It is not easy to reduce to words a just estimate of the late Senator Robert Love Taylor, of Tennessee, as an orator and writer. Eloquent as he was, entertaining and inspiring as were his written and spoken words, to those who knew him the beautiful character of the man stands out as an absorbing subject of affectionate tribute.

It was the rare combination of generous heart and fertile brain that gave to his speeches and writings that indefinable charm which gripped the auditor and reader. He wrote and spoke the language of the heart. Rich in the milk of human kindness, he contributed generously to the happiness of all who came within the influence of his manly, gentle nature. A distributor of sunshine, his words warmed into blossoms the latent thoughts of man's better nature, and made the days brighter for those with whom he walked.

James A. Tawney

ST. PAUL, MINN., November 13, 1912.

DEAR SIR:

Few men have lived who have contributed more to the sum total of genuine happiness than the late Senator Robert L. Taylor. Every one recognized his power as an orator and his fascinating style, but his real hold upon those who heard him was in the fact that he was intensely human. Wherever he went he let in the sunshine and dispelled the clouds, and the world was better and happier for his having lived.

Moses E. Clapp

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., November 1, 1912.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR:

It is a pleasure to say that I knew Bob Taylor and held him in a very special regard. I look upon him as one of the most striking and original humorists of our country. No one mourns his untimely death more than I.

Very sincerely yours,

James Whitcomb Riley

UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 15, 1912.

MY DEAR SIR:

Senator Robert Love Taylor was, without exception, one of the most attractive orators of his generation. He combined in a striking manner humor, wit, sarcasm, pathos, eloquence and logic. His unique and pleasing personality always bespoke for him, before he began an address, the attention and good will of an audience. From the beginning to the conclusion of his address he enchained the attention of all, and delighted and pleased every one. His addresses and lectures were ever replete with wit and humor. He possessed, in a peculiar and pre-eminent degree, the power of word-painting and the recording of interesting scenes. No one could surpass him in the ability to bring an audience to tears. He was one of America's great orators and lecturers, possessing a style peculiar to himself. His warm heart, his generous nature, his happy, humorous personality, his poetic temperament and bright intellect scintillated through his addresses.

With kind regards, I am,

Yours very truly,

Claude A. Swanson

GONZALES, TEX., November 2, 1912.

GENTLEMEN:

I knew the late Senator Robert L. Taylor, and I take this opportunity to testify to his wonderful personality and his gift of expressing in clear and forceful language the thoughts of his soul. He was a genius undoubtedly, and the most remarkable thing about him was his love for humanity, which creeps out in everything he said and wrote.

Yours very truly,

Geo F Burgess

DEMOPOLIS, ALA., November 7, 1912.

GENTLEMEN:

Bob Taylor—Cousin Bob, as I was wont to call him—was a most lovable man, filled to the brim with great love for humanity. It was this that made him the wonderful orator and fascinating writer. He touched the hearts of the people because he had a heart of his own in tune with them—at all times that touch of nature that makes the whole world akin.

He had the wonderful power over men to raise them up to tears and dry their eyes with exquisite fun and laughter.

His speeches will charm the scholar and educate the young men and women of the future.

Your work deserves and will receive success.

Yours truly,

Geo. W. Taylor

ARCADE BUILDING,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., October 29, 1912.

DEAR SIR:

I had frequent occasion to enjoy the society of the late Senator Robert Love Taylor, and was always impressed with his remarkable qualities of humor and literary expression. He deserves a foremost place among American authors, and especially among the great American humorists for whom our country has been noted.

I am glad to note that his lectures and writings are to be published in permanent form.

Yours sincerely,

Boies Penrose

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVE, U. S.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 13, 1912.

MY DEAR SIR:

I knew the late Senator Robert L. Taylor and prized his friendship very highly. His writings and lectures bear the charm and fascination of his personality, radiating kindness, generosity and brightness, and a love of humanity unique in the literary works of his day.

Very truly yours,

A. A. Hoben

CANTON, OHIO, November 5, 1912.

GENTLEMEN:

I am pleased to note that you are about to publish the lectures and writings of the late Senator Robert L. Taylor.

The American people will delight to read what he has written, though they can no longer hear him. His thought was always clear, his diction always pure, and his wit and humor always delightful without wounding.

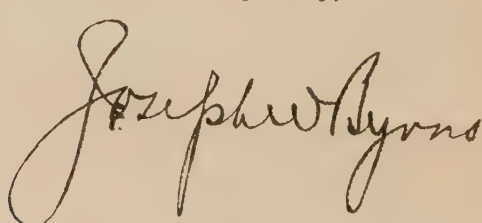
Very truly,

NASHVILLE, TENN., November 13, 1912.

MY DEAR SIR:

I regarded Senator Robert L. Taylor as one of the most eloquent and pleasing orators the South has produced since the war. His literary productions as well as his orations have a distinctive charm and strike a responsive chord in every heart.

Yours very truly,



UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 9, 1912.

MY DEAR SIR:

I knew Senator Robert L. Taylor about one year, but in that time we became firm friends. His seat in the United States Senate was just in front of mine. His genial face was a veritable fascination to me. In common with every other member in that body, I loved him. His rich voice was wonderfully attractive and forceful. His stories made the hearer feel that he was in the very presence of the principals told about; in this faculty he was unequaled. When appealing to the sympathies of his hearers he was masterful and wonderful. The world is sadder and poorer because of his death.

If there is published a volume of his stories, I should be pleased to receive one.

With highest regards, I am,

Sincerely,

James E Martin

THE COURIER-JOURNAL,
LOUISVILLE, KY., November 15, 1912.

MY DEAR SIR:

No one had greater respect or regard for the late Governor Taylor than myself. He was an orator of the first class; a brave, tender and noble gentleman. His death was a personal bereavement to me.

Sincerely,

Henry Watterson

NEW YORK, November 11, 1912.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have known long and intimately the late, lamented Bob Taylor, and knew his great power as an orator and conversationalist. He was unsurpassed in the range of my acquaintance as a speaker with ability to expose wrong without bitterness and to advocate right without exaggeration. None of the disappointments of public life nor the private misfortunes which frequently overtook him were ever sufficient to embitter him against his God, his country or his fellow man. He remained to the last the golden-spirited minstrel of the South, capable of translating into song all of its chivalry, heroism and beauty.

Very sincerely yours,

Morton W. Sweeton

UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 28, 1912.

GENTLEMEN:

I knew the Hon. Robert Love Taylor well, and he was to me personally one of the most attractive men I ever met. He had most notable and remarkable powers as a public orator and speaker, and the originality of his thoughts and the style of his address made him one of the most popular public lecturers who has ever been upon the platform in this country.

Yours truly,

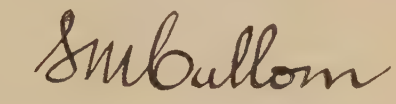
Ind W Raynes

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., October 28, 1912.

MY DEAR SIR:

I thought very highly of Senator Taylor and regretted his death exceedingly. He was a lovable character and a fine speaker. He had a particular capacity for saying things in such a way as to please his audience, and at the same time he was a man of discriminating power and of conscience on all questions. His death was a loss to the country.

Very sincerely yours,



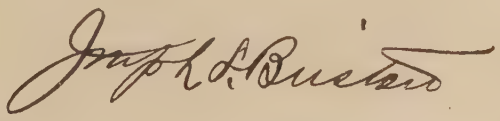
SALINA, KANS., November 4, 1912.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR:

Senator Robert Love Taylor was one of the most interesting and entertaining orators in public life. He had a fund of wholesome stories that was rare, and his untimely death was a great loss to the American people.

With kind regards, I am,

Very truly yours,



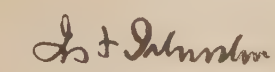
PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS., October 49, 1912.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR:

I knew and loved Senator Taylor. His life brought sunshine and joy to every one, and his death was a sincere personal loss.

I propose to submit some remarks to the Senate that will show my respect and love for him.

Yours truly,



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
COMMITTEE ON NAVAL AFFAIRS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., December 7, 1912.

DEAR SIR:

In the death of Senator Robert Love Taylor the State of Tennessee lost one of its most eminent and best beloved citizens and the nation lost a man in every way worthy of American citizenship and the civilization of the age in which he lived. Humanity lost a worthy friend.

Senator Taylor's mind was full of gentle thoughts; his heart was full of tender love; his life was full of charity and kindly deeds, and he was the evangel of sunshine and happiness to the multitudes. His gentle spirit was in tune with all the melodies of nature, his words were like sweetest music, and his oratory was of the kind that inspired his hearers with the noblest thoughts and sentiments of the soul.

Very truly,

L P Padgett

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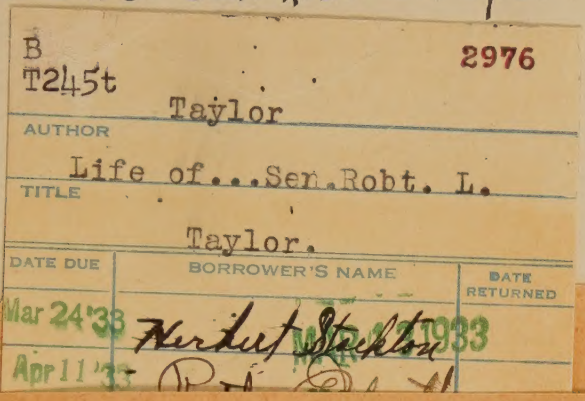

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